

MAY

★
1931

The American
MERCURY



Edited by
H · L · M E N C K E N

RIO GRANDE
I. THE RIVER, THE VALLEY, AND THE PEOPLE

Harvey Fergusson

THE SAGE OF TISHOMINGO	<i>George Milburn</i>
DO THE RICH GIVE TO CHARITY?	<i>Abraham Epstein</i>
THIRD PARTY FANTASY	<i>Mauritz A. Hallgren</i>
HAIR	<i>William Faulkner</i>
RIVERS OF BLOOD	<i>Lloyd Lewis</i>
THE GOLDEN AGE OF MENTAL HYGIENE	<i>Grace Adams</i>
BOYHOOD IN A COAL TOWN	<i>Jack Conroy</i>

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

POLITICS

A HISTORY OF SOCIALISM.

By S. F. Markham. The Macmillan Company
\$2.75 7½ x 5; 328 pp. New York

Thomas Kirkup's "History of Socialism", first published in 1895 and revised by E. R. Pease in 1913, has been put so far out of date by events in Russia, Germany, Italy and England that revising it further would amount to rewriting it. So Mr. Markham has ventured to do an entirely new history, based upon Kirkup but organized upon a different plan. He has done his job very well. The work of such pioneers as Owen, Saint-Simon and Fourier is described briefly but adequately, and there is an excellent consideration of the contribution of Karl Marx, with a shrewd criticism of it. After that Mr. Markham deals with the growth of the movement in each of the civilized countries, with chief stress, naturally enough, upon developments in Russia and England. In appendices he prints the Gotha programme of 1875, the Erfurt programme of 1891, and the programme of the British Labor party. There is a good index. Incidentally, Mr. Markham shows that Robert Owen, the founder of Socialism, died "a firm believer in spiritualism". It is not surprising. Practically all Socialists believe also in some other quackery.

MASTER OF MANHATTAN: *The Life of Richard Croker.*

By Lothrop Stoddard.
Longmans, Green & Company
\$3.50 8½ x 5½; 279 pp. New York

Mr. Stoddard has little to tell about Croker that was not already on record, but he presents his facts in an orderly manner, with heavy documentation, and makes an interesting narrative. There is no pious moralizing in it: the story is allowed to speak for itself. It is very unlikely that a boss as crude and unconscionable in his methods could get control of Tammany today. The Wigwam is still far from a Sunday-school, but it has at least improved its manners, and the machinery for detecting and exposing its transgressions is far more effective than it was in Croker's heyday. Thus the Tammany bigwigs tend to walk warily, and some of them even devote themselves to good works. Croker belonged to a more barbaric era. Ignorant, prehensible and careless of public opinion, he banged his way to leadership like an ataman of Cossacks, and in his earlier years he used his fists far oftener than he used his

head. Once he was tried for murder and narrowly escaped the noose, though his friends thought him innocent. Mr. Stoddard's book is well illustrated, and has ample notes, a good bibliography, and an index.

AMERICA'S WAY OUT: *A Program for Democracy.*

By Norman Thomas. The Macmillan Company
\$2.50 7½ x 5½; 324 pp. New York

Mr. Thomas is happily innocent of that dreadful cocksureness which so often marks political revolutionists. He is a Socialist, but his Socialism is of a generally mild and pacific type, and he presents it tentatively, and not as a sovereign and certain cure for all the sorrows of the world. Both capitalism and communism, he believes, have failed to set up enduring and endurable world orders, the former because it can't get rid of exploitation and the latter because it seems to be incompatible with even the most elementary liberty. He proposes in place of either or both a Socialism based primarily upon government ownership of natural resources and monopolies, but avoiding the creation of an autonomous bureaucracy. He sets forth his plan in some detail, and discusses its probable effects upon international affairs with much good sense. Altogether, his book is the most engaging presentation of the Socialist scheme of things that has appeared in a long while. The author himself is by no means sure that he is on the right track, but he at least makes an intelligent effort to find it. There is a useful bibliography, followed by an index. Mr. Thomas was the Socialist candidate for the Presidency at the last election.

CRITICISM

POETRY & THE CRITICISM OF LIFE.

By H. W. Garrod. The Harvard University Press
\$2 8½ x 5½; 168 pp. Cambridge

Dr. Garrod was formerly professor of poetry at Oxford, and is now Charles Eliot Norton professor of poetry at Harvard. In the present book he discusses the criticism of poetry and the work of Matthew Arnold, Emerson, Clough, and Bridges. His general critical position is of the safe and sound kind. He thinks that modern poetry suffers chiefly from its lack of contact with moral ideas, which accounts for its deficiency in "magnificence of mind." Matthew Arnold, he says, was "the greatest elegiac poet in our language." Bridges' "Testament of Beauty" is one of "the greatest and youngest" poems in English.

Continued on page vi

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Continued from page iv

IMAGISM & THE IMAGISTS.

By Glenn Hughes. The Stanford University Press
\$4 9¼ x 6½; 283 pp. Stanford University

On the evening of Friday, July 17, 1914, Amy Lowell gave an "Imagist dinner" at the Dieu Donnes Restaurant in Paris, and among those present were Richard Aldington, John Cournos, H.D., John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, F. M. Hueffer (now Ford Madox Ford), Ezra Pound, and Allen Upward. There and then Imagism was born, to plague readers of English verse until the Spring of 1917, when the third and last official anthology of Imagist poetry was published. The movement died about then; the attempt made to revive it in 1930 by the publication of a fourth anthology was almost an instant failure. The General Staff of the rebels of 1914-1917 was made up of H. D., F. S. Flint, Richard Aldington, John Gould Fletcher, D. H. Lawrence, Ezra Pound, and Amy Lowell. Dr. Hughes, who is professor of English at the University of Washington, here presents brief biographical sketches of them, together with analyses of their Imagistic output. He attempts little detailed criticism, but he is plainly an admirer of the work of all of them. There are eight illustrations, a bibliography, and an index.

INNOCENCE ABROAD.

By Emily Clark. Alfred A. Knopf
\$3 8½ x 5½; 270 pp. New York

Miss Clark (now Mrs. Balch) here tells the story of one of the most curious and stimulating episodes in American literary history. It is the story of the *Reviewer*, launched in Richmond, Va., in 1920, and carried triumphantly through thirty-one issues, though its editors were wholly without capital or experience and were never able to pay a cent to its contributors. Nevertheless, those contributors included writers as much in demand as Joseph Hergesheimer, John Galsworthy, Amy Lowell, Mary Johnston, Ellen Glasgow, James Branch Cabell, Agnes Repplier and Louis Untermeyer, and during its short life the magazine made a big splash. After the first few issues it specialized in new writers from below the Potomac, and during its short life it helped to bring out a notable company of them, including Julia Peterkin and the late Frances Newman. Mrs. Balch's associates in the enterprise were Miss Margaret Freeman, Miss Mary Street and Hunter Stagg. In 1924 the magazine was turned over to Paul Green and soon afterward it passed away. Mrs. Balch tells its story in the form of a series of chapters dealing with the American authors who principally helped her, beginning with Mr. Cabell. She prints many extracts from their letters to her,

Continued on page viii

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by Bruce Hopper

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

and makes an interesting and often very amusing narrative. Her book, which is illustrated with portraits, is competently put together, and constitutes a useful record.

SOCIOLOGY

RESTRICTION OF OUTPUT AMONG UNORGANIZED WORKERS.

By Stanley B. Mathewson. *The Viking Press;*
\$3 8¼ x 5½; 212 pp. New York

Mr. Mathewson interviewed 350 workers and 65 executives in 105 factories in 47 localities, and covered 39 industries. He worked in eleven different factories himself, and had the active aid of six other workers. His conclusion is that restriction of output is "deeply entrenched in the working habits of American laboring people", and that most factory managers greatly underestimate its extent. It is based almost always on a fear that speeding up will cause a reduction in wages, and that fear, he believes, is commonly well grounded. Scientific management has failed to "develop a spirit of confidence between the parties to labor contracts;" on the contrary, it has made the workers suspicious and restive. Mr. Mathewson's investigation was made under the direction of Dr. W. M. Leiserson, professor of economics at Antioch College. At the end of his book there are several commentaries by other men, including one by Henry S. Dennison, a large manufacturer. Mr. Dennison proposes that what he calls work laboratories be set up in factories, and argues that their crews would be respected as policemen are now respected, and not hated as the present time-study men are. Somehow it sounds silly.

CRIMES OF THE YEAR.

By Joseph Gollomb. *Horace Liveright*
\$2.50 8½ x 5½; 354 pp. New York

A Crime Annual was bound to come—and here it is. Mr. Gollomb has done his work very well. His cases are intelligently selected, and he presents them simply and effectively. They include the Isadore Fink mystery in Harlem, the cases of William Henry Podmore and Sydney Harry Fox in England (neither of which would have ended on the gallows in the United States), the case of Irene Shrader, the waitress turned bandit, who was electrocuted with her lover in Pennsylvania, and that of Robert Henry Curry, who ran amuck on a remote island off the coast of Australia, murdered his two children, seriously wounded two other persons, and was finally dis-

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patched by natives. There are also chapters on the Chicago gunmen and on the high deeds of Charlie Birger and his friends in Williamson county, Illinois. Mr. Gollomb does not remember his title pedantically; his narratives cover much more than one year. Altogether, there are thirteen chapters.

BIOGRAPHY

ZEPPELIN.

By Margaret Goldsmith.

William Morrow & Company
\$3.50 8½ x 5¼; 278 pp. New York

Zeppelin was more than sixty years old when his first airship left the ground, and he was sixty-eight before he launched one that was really a success. He had been at work on his plans for thirty years, and almost the whole of his fortune had gone into realizing them. But in his old age he was one of the heroes of his country, and since his death one of his ships has circumnavigated the earth. He came of a noble family in South Germany and his mother was a Frenchwoman. He served for many years in the German Army, chiefly in the Corps of Engineers. In 1863 he came to the United States to see something of the Civil War, and in 1870 he saw hard service in the Franco-Prussian combat. He was, aside from his preoccupation with aeronautics, a simple-minded soldier of the old school, and on his deathbed he whispered, "*Ich habe das volle Vertrauen.*" Miss Goldsmith, who is Berlin correspondent for the *New York Evening Post* and the author of a biography of Hindenburg, tells her story very well. Her book is illustrated, and has a bibliography and an index.

SCHOPENHAUER: *Pessimist & Pagan.*

By V. J. McGill. *Brentano's*
\$4 8½ x 5½; 312 pp. New York

As an introduction to the life and ideas of "the old Epicurean" this book has many things to recommend it. It is pleasantly written, it contains brief but accurate summaries of his principal works, and it relates them both to his time and to his extraordinary personal psychology. There are several fine illustrations, a bibliography, and an index.

SAVAGE MESSIAH.

By H. S. Ede. *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$5 10½ x 7½; 260 pp. New York

When Henri Gaudier met Sophie Suzanne Brzeska in 1910 he was eighteen and she was thirty-eight. There ensued a love affair of the grotesque, pre-

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posterior sort that seems to be common only among artists. Gaudier, yearning to be a sculptor, was doomed to practise bookkeeping in Paris and then in London; La Brzeska, yearning to stagger the world with a vast novel in three volumes, was doomed to keep house for him in his miserable quarters, and to take occasional jobs as governess and companion to fill the pot. What their precise relations were remains in some doubt. On at least one occasion Gaudier said flatly that Sophie was his mistress, but his letters to her, here printed by Mr. Ede, indicate that they were commonly on strictly platonic terms. In London they met various bigwigs in literary-artistic circles and got some help, but it represented very little in cold cash. Finally, however, the tide of fortune turned, and Gaudier began to be talked about, and even bought. Then he went to the war, and was presently killed. As for Sophie, she lost her mind, and seven years later she too was dead. Today the works of Gaudier-Brzeska, as he called himself, are eagerly sought by collectors, and even the least of them brings more than he earned in his whole life. Mr. Ede tells his story very effectively, and without heroics. There are sixteen plates, mainly of Gaudier-Brzeska's drawings and sculptures.

OTWAY & LEE. *Biography from a Baroque Age.*
By Roswell Gray Ham. The Yale University Press
\$3 9½ x 6¼; 250 pp. New Haven

Thomas Otway, "the jovial companion", and Nathaniel Lee, "the mad poet", were two of the leading dramatists of Restoration England. For a while in their day, and for many years afterward, they were ranked with Shakespeare by a line of critics including Dennis, Steele and Hazlitt. Both of them led, in the main, miserable lives. Otway died in a sponging house, and Lee, after spending some time in an insane asylum, died in the gutter. The works of both of them are now of interest chiefly to scholars. Dr. Ham, who is assistant professor of English at Yale, here deals mainly with their lives, which were interesting enough. There are several illustrations and an index.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.
By D. Crane Taylor. The Oxford University Press
\$4.50 9 x 5¾; 252 pp. New York

This is the first biography of Congreve to appear in English since Edmund Gosse's in 1888, and in many ways supplements it. There is considerable new material in it, for example, two lyrics, "The Decay" and "The Message", unknown and unpublished since

1692; the lyric, "Leave, Leave the Drawing Room," hitherto found only in Chalmers's "English Poets" (1810); a prologue found in the *Muses' Mercury* for July, 1907; and the lyric, "To Maria", in the same magazine for November of the same year. Mr. Taylor says of Congreve: "Two hundred years have elapsed since his death without producing a literary artist who could rival him in compactness and polish of phrase or in his understanding of the rich quality of words." There is a full bibliography, and also an index.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

FILIPINO IMMIGRATION.

By Bruno Lasker. The University of Chicago Press
\$4 9½ x 6½; 445 pp. Chicago

Filipino immigration in large numbers, to the mainland of the United States and to Hawaii, began about the end of the World War. There are now approximately 75,000 Filipinos in Hawaii, and about 60,000 in Continental United States, some four-fifths of the latter residing in the Pacific Coast States. Though the Filipino is "neither a great asset nor a great liability to the United States," he has produced considerable difficulties, especially in California. "He does upset the social equilibrium by settling in a relatively limited area, by competing within a relatively limited choice of occupations, and by causing hostility through his unwillingness to look upon himself as racially inferior to the white man, or indeed as anything other than a white man." So far has this hostility gone that there has been a bill before Congress since May 19, 1928, introduced by Congressman R. J. Welch of California, calling for the exclusion of Filipinos from the territories of the United States by the device of declaring them aliens. So far all this bill has done has been to intensify the agitation for Filipino independence. Dr. Lasker's book presents what is perhaps the most comprehensive and impartial discussion of the entire subject to date. It is heavily documented, is clearly written, and has a good index. There is a foreword by Professor James T. Shotwell of Columbia.

THE LAST STAND. *An Interpretation of the Soviet Five-Year Plan.*

By Edmund A. Walsh. Little, Brown & Company
\$3 8½ x 6; 348 pp. Boston

The title of this book is something of a misnomer. Father Walsh, who is a professor at Georgetown University, is concerned not so much with

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the Five-Year Plan proper as with Bolshevism as a political system and as a philosophy of life. Communism, he thinks, is considerably inferior to capitalism in every way. "There is no inherent sanctity attaching to capitalism, neither to the term nor to the practice. But there is reverence for Christian civilization, whose very name derives from a divine personality and whose spiritual content is the light of the world. The capitalist cannot divest himself of obligation to the civilization in which he finds himself. . . . He has contributed to its advancement in a manner it were churlish to deny—by princely generosity in support of religion, medicine, education, and the fine arts." The Bolshevik is the precise opposite. He "strives to obstruct good will everywhere," and he is an enemy of all religion. It would therefore be folly, says Father Walsh, to recognize the government of such a man. "It proclaims publicly that, not only does it repudiate the accepted usages which have made organized society possible among men, but it intends to destroy the entire fabric of existing society, displacing all our cherished institutions, art, culture, laws and the Constitution itself in order to reconstruct all things after its own socialistic pattern." There are five appendices of documented material and an index.

BUSINESS ADRIFT.

By Wallace Brett Donham.

The McGraw-Hill Book Company
\$2.50 9 1/4 x 6 1/8; 165 pp. New York

The trouble with modern business, says Dr. Donham, who is dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, is its lack of stability, which expresses itself in a sense of insecurity among the people at large. Both business and government should unite in giving "greater security and more leisure. As science and management progress, standards of living for many millions must go up steadily or capitalism is doomed, and security for capital cannot long exist apart from an equitable division with labor or apart from security for labor." We have been depending altogether too much upon foreign trade for real prosperity. "We should develop our home market by giving greater security and leisure at home rather than through depending on exports." All of which is surely not very revolutionary, but coming from the dean of the Harvard business experts it is encouraging. There is an introduction by Dr. Alfred North Whitehead, professor of philosophy at Harvard.

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FADS & FALLACIES IN PRESENT-DAY EDUCATION.

By H. E. Buchholz. The Macmillan Company
\$1.50 7 1/8 x 4 7/8; 200 pp. New York

Two rather curious forewords appear in this book. The first, by Dr. William C. Bagley of Columbia, cautions the nobility and gentry that some of Mr. Buchholz's denunciations of pedagogical folly are to be taken with reservations and that what he has to say about the National Education Association is "a trifle unkind, to put it mildly." The second, by the author himself, says that "Professor Bagley has been persuaded to censure a work which he likes," and that there is no exaggeration in it. What follows will be more or less familiar to readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, for three of the eight chapters were originally published as articles in this magazine. They attack the puerile novelties which now load the curriculum, especially in the public elementary schools, to the exclusion of more useful studies. Some of the examples that Mr. Buchholz offers are almost incredible, but he is a man of long experience with pedagogues, and he should know what he is talking about. He was formerly editor of the *Atlantic Educational Journal*, and is now publisher of *Education Administration and Supervision* and the *Journal of Educational Psychology*. He writes vigorously, and has a lot that is interesting to say, particularly to taxpayers. There are four full-page cartoons by Edmund Duffy. At the end there is an index.

HISTORY

FIFTY YEARS OF PARTY WARFARE. 1789-1837.

By William O. Lynch. The Bobbs-Merrill Company
\$5 9 3/8 x 6 1/4; 506 pp. Indianapolis

Dr. Lynch, who is professor of history at Indiana University, has no new facts or original ideas to offer about the period he covers, but he does manage to get all the essential facts into his book, and in clear and effective English. His character sketches of such men as John and John Quincy Adams, Hamilton, Jefferson, Burr, Clay, Van Buren and Jackson are quite complete and fair, and so are his analyses of the political battles that raged among them. There is a good bibliography, and also an index.

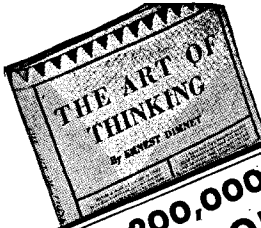
THE QUEST FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE, 1898-1914.

By Harold Underwood Faulkner. The Macmillan Company
\$4 8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 390 pp. New York

This volume belongs to a twelve-volume "History of American Life" edited by Dr. Arthur M. Schles-

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inger of Harvard and Dr. Dixon Ryan Fox of Yale. Each volume deals with a definite period, and all of them give quite as much attention to social history as to politics. Dr. Faulkner sees the quest for social justice as the leading public business of the period between the Spanish-American War and the World War: he might have added that it has been abandoned since. Those were the palmy days of the Uplift, with Roosevelt, Jane Addams, Ida Tarbell, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Robert M. LaFollette and Fremont Older performing in their several rings. "The chief obstacle in the way of social legislation," says Dr. Faulkner, "was the opposition of the courts." It still is, and probably always will be. The volume is heavily documented, and though it is so closely packed with facts that graceful writing is scarcely to be expected, it nevertheless makes interesting reading. There are elaborate bibliographies and a good index. So far the series has covered the whole range of American history save for four periods, 1763-1790, 1790-1830, 1850-1865 and 1878-1898. Volumes filling these gaps are under way.

THE PINKERTONS: *A Detective Dynasty.*

By Richard Wilmer Rowan.

Little, Brown & Company
\$3 8½ x 5½; 350 pp. Boston

The original Pinkerton, Allan, was extraordinarily literate, and his memoirs fill eighteen volumes and run to 2,750,000 words. Mr. Rowan here presents the cream of that almost interminable record, and adds some stories from the archives of the founder's sons and grandson. The first case to bring the name of Pinkerton into public notice was that of the Adams Express robberies in 1858. The pursuit lasted several years and required the services of eleven operatives, but in the end the villainous Nathan Maroney was duly brought to heel and went to prison for ten years. But it was in the Civil War that old Allan really became famous. His first job was to save Abraham Lincoln from certain wicked Baltimoreans who proposed to assassinate him on his way to Washington to be inaugurated. So brilliantly was this business achieved that Allan was made head of the Federal Secret Service, and in that office he rolled up enough feats to keep the authors of dime novels busy for the next generation. When he died in 1884 he was unquestionably the most celebrated detective in the whole world. Mr. Rowan has made a very interesting book. His earlier chapters are damaged by a somewhat precious style, but as he goes on he writes more simply. There are six full-page illustrations, and at the end is an index.

xiv

POETRY

FATAL INTERVIEW.

By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper & Brothers
\$2 8½ x 5½; 52 pp. New York

There are fifty-two sonnets here. They all show Miss Millay's well-known technical skill, but unfortunately little more can be said for them. They lack the old frenzy, and some of them, indeed, come perilously close to being commonplace and even worse. The first sonnet ("What thing is this that, built of salt and lime, And such dry Motes as in sunbeam show, Has power upon me that do daily climb, The dustless air?") and the forty-second ("O ailing Love, compose your struggling wing!") are highly readable, but there are very few more like them. It is generally unjust to a poet to lift lines out of the context of his or her work, especially if it be a sonnet, but if a type of line can be shown to be common to a whole collection of poems, then there is little cause for complaint. In the case of the present book there are numerous instances of very unoriginal conceits. The following four lines come from the opening of Sonnet XVI:

"I dreamed I moved among the Elysian fields,
In converse with sweet women long since dead;
And out of blossoms which that meadow yields
I wove a garland for your living head."

These come from Sonnet XLVII:

"Well, I have lost you; and I lost you fairly;
In my own way, and with my full consent.
Say what you will, kings in a tumbrel rarely
Went to their deaths more proud than this one
went. . . .
Should I outlive this anguish—and men do—
I shall have only good to say of you."

KINDS OF LOVE.

By Max Eastman. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$2.50 8½ x 5½; 164 pp. New York

This book is made up of selected poems from Mr. Eastman's previous books of poetry, together with several of his translations from the Russian plus new original poems which he has written since 1918. The book thus represents what he considers to be his best work. Some of it, particularly such lyrics as "Tributary," "Your Will," and "We Have Been Happy," are very good, but the other poems, especially the so-called proletarian ones, leave much to be desired. They fail to convince and to move.

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RIO GRANDE

BY HARVEY FERGUSON

I. The River, the Valley, and the People¹

RIO BRAVO DEL NORTE the Spaniards first called it, meaning the swift river of the North, but it finally came to be known simply as Rio Grande, the great river. The name testifies to its regional importance and its hold upon the imaginations of men, for it is not a great river in anything except its length. Sometimes, worn thin by drought and bled by irrigation, it is not a river at all but only a strip of white sand baking and glaring in the sun. It becomes impressive only in times of flood and then it runs in a red torrent often half a mile wide, lifting an angry crest of sand-waves, devouring its own low banks, earth, trees and all, as though in a furious effort to carry away the country and dump it into the sea.

It is a river not at all friendly to men, for it always menaces what they build and plant in its valley. Except for a short distance from the sea it is not navigable. It is hard to bridge and dangerous to ford, even in low water. Its quicksands have swallowed horses, wagons, cattle, sheep and men. For hundreds of miles it growls

along the bottoms of chasms where it can hardly be reached, much less used for any human purpose. But in this respect it is nevertheless better than the other rivers of the arid region. Most of them, from the smallest mountain streams to the great Colorado, run in canyons that protect their waters from irrigation, but the Rio Grande for several hundred miles has a broad, flat valley where crops have been grown for a thousand years.

Sometimes, to be sure, it fails them in drought and sometimes it washes them away. Latterly it has filled up its own channel and made a marsh of much of its valley, so that the roots of the corn rot in the ground. Yet this valley has produced much food for men, and the Rio Grande, like the Nile, fertilizes the land in flood time with its heavy burden of silt. For a long time its valley was the only considerable place where corn grew between the rich middle prairies and California. It was the chief granary of a region two thousand miles wide. It was also the natural route of travel north and south. The two facts made it a place where three

¹ This is the first of a series of six articles.

civilizations met, traded, fought and interbred.

The river rises in the great mountain mass of Southern Colorado. Entering New Mexico, it flows in the bottom of a deep gorge which is like a crack in the face of the country. For most of a hundred miles it is so inaccessible that it cannot even be crossed except in a few places. Like the Colorado, it turns all roads aside, and supports no farms or towns.

Where the Taos creek enters it from the west, the canyon widens enough to contain a road and as you travel south it becomes more and more a valley. There are places where orchards and narrow fields are wedged between the walls of rock. At Española the walls fall away and an open valley lies between low hills. Once more the river plunges into the impassable White Rock Canyon for seventy miles or more and then emerges into the great valley which extends to El Paso almost without a break.

Seen from a distance, this valley is a long strip of green, stitched and spotted with bright waters, lying across a country that looks otherwise barren and dead. It is limited sharply on either side by low yellow sandhills. Beyond the sandhills are the mesas, flat and bare, and beyond the mesas always mountains that show as jagged blue silhouettes.

II

This the typical New Mexican landscape as seen from the valley. The cultivated lands are like rich veins of green life in a great matrix of rock and sand, and the mountains are so far away they often seem unreal. They float upon the horizons as light and lovely as a cloud, and are almost as changeable in tint and shadow. Their waters are hidden in deep canyons,

and their forests, if seen at all, appear only as a dark crown. Yet they cover nearly half the country and are full of bright streams and tall trees. Snows lie upon the northern peaks all Summer, and melting snow is what feeds the river and keeps the country alive.

The Southwest has been so much described as a monotony of wide levels, tiring the eye and oppressing the spirit, that it seems necessary to say that it really has one of the most diverse landscapes in the world. Its elevations vary ten thousand feet or more, and elevation changes the character of the earth. Starting at Taos last Summer, on the edge of the sage-brush flats, I went up to the top of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, where Blue Lake, sacred to the Pueblos of Taos, lies in a rockbound dimple at the foot of Wheeler Park. It was only a long day's journey, yet it carried me through as many different zones of life as though I had gone from North Carolina to Hudson Bay. Just a little way up Taos Canyon the sage-brush disappeared and we climbed a ridge where stunted nut pines grew and a few fine junipers. Over the top of a low divide we passed into Canadian country where yellow pine stood seventy-five feet high and blue spruce lifted its perfect cones of shining foliage. Although it was August the ground was bright with flowers. Wild oats brushed our stirrup leathers, and wild strawberries and raspberries grew so thick that we could not resist the temptation to dismount and eat them.

As we climbed, the timber grew thicker and shorter. It was all spruce and fir, a dense dark forest with only mosses and lichens clinging to the damp ground where the sun fell in scattered fragments—exactly the same kind of forest that reaches farthest north toward the arctic tundra.

It was late in the day when we came out on a bare ridge above timberline and then we were in a truly arctic country. All around us were bare peaks where the timber had shrunk to a kind of crawling ground pine, for nothing high can stand against the wind and snow of those levels. Snow still stuck on the north slopes of the peaks, and a shower that came upon us suddenly turned into hail, and it was bitterly cold.

Next day I climbed Wheeler Peak, over thirteen thousand feet above sea level, and looked down upon the tops of many other peaks and upon timbered ridges reaching like long crooked fingers north and south as far as I could see. From there the illusion was just the opposite of that one feels in the valley. The mountains that had been pale blue figures of distance now seemed to be the whole world, and the intervals of valley and mesa were a vague emptiness, like the space between the stars.

To the west and the south the mountains are not so high. They seldom reach above the timberline. They are all heavily timbered on their upper slopes and they all give birth to lusty streams that run bravely down to the mesas and are lost in the sands more often than they reach any river on the surface of the earth.

The mesas to the south grow more arid. In the north they are covered with sage, and where they roll up into foothills they support a widely scattered growth of junipers and nut pines. But southward there are real deserts, and especially east of the river where the Jornada del Muerto lies. Journey of death the Spaniards called it, because it was eighty miles across without a sign of water except when rain had just fallen, and many died there in the days when eighty miles was a long distance.

The valley itself is much the same from end to end, and it is not a place of ob-

vious attractions. Two or three miles wide, it is almost as flat as a floor, so that the river has run all over it at one time or another, scarring it with abandoned channels. These, except in very dry seasons, tend to fill with stagnant alkaline waters, breeding hosts of small but diligent mosquitoes, and furnishing a refuge for wild fowl and for striped water snakes and green frogs.

Edging the river on either side is a strip of cottonwood forest. Then comes a narrow belt of marshy meadow where the coarse grass is grizzled with alkali, and beyond that the land is a little higher and may be ploughed and irrigated. In the old days the grants of land were always divided in long narrow strips, so that each man owned some arable land and some meadow and a strip of *bosque* where he might cut wood, such as it was.

Cottonwood is the only tree that is native to the valley and although it sometimes grows into a thing of beauty it is singularly useless. Its wood has the quality of paper and burns almost as quickly. It cannot be sawn and never affords timbers long enough to be used in building a house. Its real function in the economy of the valley is to keep the river within bounds. It is quick of growth and its profuse seeds, winged with a soft white floss, fly all over the flood plain. They alight upon every sandbar, and if it lies exposed for a year or two they cover it with young trees. Thus while the river is destroying the forest on one side, a new one is growing on the other. But for this battle of the winged seeds, floods would ravage the whole valley every year.

Most of the cottonwood forest never lives long enough to be more than a dense covert, twenty or thirty feet high, but wherever the trees escape the river for a period of years they grow into beautiful

groves, and where they have been planted about the towns and houses they often reach a great size, lending the landscape its most charming touch. In the Autumn their leaves turn a bright polished yellow and then, in good years, when all the houses are hung with scarlet strings of drying *chile* and the crops are ripe and the vineyards purple, the valley looks its opulent part of the great provider.

It is usual to say that this arid land supports little life and that the Pueblos became farmers because game was so scarce, but this has always seemed to me a mistake. Both the Apaches and the Navajos lived here as hunting savages, and although the mesas are not rich in game, the mountains must once have supported a teeming life. In places they still do. Deer are as abundant today in some of the southern mountains as they are anywhere on the continent and wild turkeys still are seen in flocks that number half a hundred. Once there were great elk herds as well. The buffalo never came west of the mountains, but antelope lived on most of the plains in great numbers. The Rio Grande is a flyway for waterfowl, and early travelers tell of the myriads of wild ducks, geese and cranes that covered its sandbars and were so tame a man could ride within a stone's throw of them. In the foothills, quail, rabbits and turtle-doves reach a swarming abundance in good years, and all the mountain streams are full of trout. It is not a country where hunters would starve, but it is one where rich and sheltered valleys invite them to stop and build.

The character of a country is the destiny of its people, and that is peculiarly true of this one. It is a region where men can live only in certain places and these are surrounded by wide stretches of desert and by mountains that were often impass-

able—a region, therefore, of long isolations and long journeys. It has been a place of rebellions, for mountains always nourish rebellion by affording a refuge and a stronghold for a few against many. It has been prolific of legends, dreams and myths, and the fantastic shapes created by light and distance have certainly helped to sustain them. Above all, it is a land where water has always been scarce and therefore precious, a thing to be fought for, prayed for and cherished in beautiful vessels—a land where thunder is sacred and rain is a god.

III

One Summer a vagrant impulse led me to launch a small folding boat near San Ildefonso and float down the reaches of White Rock Canyon, past the mouth of the Rio de Los Frijoles, where the Pueblos lived a thousand years ago, and on down the open valley to Bernalillo, through the country which they still possess most completely today. Cochiti, Santo Domingo and San Felipe lay along the route, all within sight of the river, and the Pueblos of the Jemez valley were a few miles to the west.

This was the heart of the Pueblo country when the Spaniards came and it still is. There may have been twenty-five thousand of them then and there are still about nine thousand. They once had seventy towns and they still have twenty-six. They still dance the same dances, sing the same songs and irrigate the same fields. They are the vestige of a civilization that was blighted by invasion, but a stubborn, resistant vestige which neither accepted the culture of its conquerors nor mingled its blood with theirs.

Secretiveness, cunning and a passive but implacable resistance, hiding under a sur-

face of good-humored politeness—these are the qualities of the modern Pueblo. They make it hard for a white man to know the Indian as anything but a quaint figure in the landscape. Even those who have lived among the Pueblos for long periods seem to have come away somewhat baffled. For my part I never achieved any conviction of insight into human personality by talking with Indians, although I have seen something of them from time to time for twenty years. Neither have I ever learned anything about them as human beings by joining the crowds that gather about their public dances, eager for a show. But on this river trip, as on a few other occasions, I did obtain a slight but vivid impression of primitive men in a primitive country.

From the river nothing could be seen of roads or houses. White Rock Canyon, in fact, is a wholly uninhabited place. No road enters it and not even a trail goes all the way through. It is a sharp jagged rent, seven or eight hundred feet deep, in a country of volcanic tufa, showing on either side of the river in sheer cliffs, brown, red and white, crowning slopes too steep and too heavily armed with rock and cactus to be climbed. Here and there water seeps through the walls, making bright green oases close to the river, where grape vines tangle among junipers and box-elders. A few deep canyons break through from the west, bringing narrow tributaries to the river by way of cataracts and sheer falls of fifty or sixty feet.

For seventy miles or more we floated down long smooth stretches and bounced precariously through white-capped rapids that roared in their hollow bed so that we could hear them half a mile away. It was easy to see why there have never been any boats in that country. It would be impossible to propel any kind of craft up the

river, and going down was a damp and quixotic adventure rather than a sensible mode of travel.

Almost all the way through, the canyon looked like a place where no man had ever been, but when we got out to explore the walls and tributary gorges we repeatedly found the rocks marked with hieroglyphic designs, and we knew that just three miles from the river, in the Frijoles Canyon, was the most perfect deserted cliff-city of the whole region. This canyon is the center of a country where men have lived in permanent houses longer than anywhere else in the United States.

When we emerged from the mouth of the canyon the illusion that we were traveling into the primitive past was well sustained, for the first sign of human life we saw was the Cochiti Indians and their village, standing a little way back from the river.

An Indian pueblo seen from a distance often looks less like a human habitation than like some queer natural upthrust of the country, for it is built of the earth on which it stands and there are few marks of cultivation near it. The fields are usually a little way off, sometimes several miles, and in the natural levels and opens of the land. An Indian seldom cuts trees to plant a crop. He never changes the landscape as a white man does. He seems to be always a natural part of it, like a wild animal, and his structures are no more alien to it than bird nests or prairie-dog towns.

Cochiti is now mostly a village of one-story adobe houses. Taos still reaches five stories in height, and Acoma, perched on its narrow rock, has not changed much in form, but the other pueblos have all become lower and a little more scattered than they were in the days when each of them was a fort.

Indians were busy everywhere about the pueblo, men working in the fields and on the ditches and throwing one of their wing dams across the river to turn its dwindling waters toward their crops. Women were plastering walls with the palms of their hands, washing clothes, and carrying water jars on their heads. Everywhere there was chatter, for the Pueblos are a civilized people and therefore a garrulous one. Talk begins with leisure and the Pueblos achieved leisure long ago and therefore became talkers and artists. In the Summer they work hard, but in the Winter, with full granaries, they talk, dance, sing, make love and work at their crafts.

Bandelier, who lived for years in Isleta, and probably came to know the Indians better than any other white man, has described this Winter life, and it is plain that he felt in it something of the charm that goes with all artful use of time for the purposes of pleasure. He says that the men would often sit up all night telling each other stories of the gods and the olden times and that the young people would gather in groups to sing and court.

In Winter are held all the most sacred dances, the masked dances of initiation and phallic worship, full of the grotesque humor of primitive eroticism. For the Pueblo is a humorist and he does not miss the comedy of sex. Every pueblo contains societies of clowns and these have charge of the dances that are primarily erotic. Yet sex is also a sacred thing. In it the Indian sees a symbol of the sprouting grain and the fructifying passion of the storm. The corn dance, when the men and women meet and mingle in a stately rhythm, seems to be a pantomime of the union of earth and sky in the long caress of the rain.

Down the river below Cochiti we saw none but Indians. On either side the banks

were high, and the cottonwoods, safe from flood and ax, formed fine groves with gnarled thick trunks and wide-spreading branches, often heavily draped with mistletoe. Wherever the land was clear Indians were working in their fields with the slow intensive diligence which is the characteristic of the Pueblo farmer. He will not cultivate much land but that little he cultivates well. He has developed a kind of dwarf corn with long roots, quick to mature, which will give him a crop even in dry years. He is not a man to conquer the wilderness and extend the areas of cultivation, but give him a basket of seed and he will make a crop and raise a family where another man would starve.

At sunset we were passing the pueblo of Santo Domingo and the men and boys were just then coming home from work. They came in groups of three or four or sometimes a dozen, chattering, laughing and singing, and when they reached the river all of them stripped and bathed, so that the water was full of naked brown shapes. Most of them were finely built, with flat hips and broad shoulders, and their bodies were smooth and erect, never knotty with muscle and never stooped or twisted. Bathing naked in the river with the sun on their wet skins they were a more pleasing sight than in any other glimpse I ever had of them. They would splash and play but they seemed to care nothing for swimming or diving, and they washed all over religiously, with much hard rubbing.

We drifted half a mile past the pueblo, camped on a bare sandy spot beside the river and went to sleep almost as soon as we had eaten. I awoke just before sunrise at the hour when in Summer every bird begins to sing. The valley rang with their voices—especially the soft throaty voices of blackbirds, and the high clear bugle of

the Western meadow-lark who comes nearer than any other bird to the making of real music. Then, all at once, the Indians began to chant, for they too salute the rising sun. Their voices carried half a mile with ease and at that distance had a rich, resonant quality, making a deep accompaniment to the chorus of the birds. It was a charming performance and to me something of a revelation. I had seen the Indian so much as the pestered and evasive object of an impudent curiosity—a man who was hiding behind a surly or hypocritical manner—that it was refreshing to have an impression of him as one who could sing to the rising sun as spontaneously as a bird.

IV

This strip of the valley is where the Spaniards found most of the Pueblos when they came, but they had not always lived there. The Rio Grande country was for them a refuge after long wanderings and after a long slow development toward some goal which now can only be imagined.

The aboriginal past, for the most part, is obscure, but in this country where decay is slow, where even roof beams and grains of corn and human bones last for a thousand years, the story of the Pueblos' struggle toward civilization has been worked out in clear and convincing detail.

It seems certain that these men came from the East several thousand years ago, as nearly naked savages living in skin tepees, wandering over their range. They must have been driven back from the buffalo plains by stronger and better-armed enemies. As so often happens to peoples and to individuals, their development was an effort to compensate for their weaknesses.

The first signs of them are found in the valley of the Arkansas and of other eastward flowing rivers, in the form of fallen walls built of loose rock. These they doubtless roofed with skins, converting their tepees into slightly more substantial and lasting structures.

Before they built their first stone walls, they must have been savages of the most primitive kind. They did not even have bows and arrows but hunted with darts, clubs and throwing sticks, living on small game such as rabbits, prairie-dogs, doves and quail and also on grass seeds, berries and locusts.

Their rise began when they got the first seeds of corn, probably by trade or capture. The wild ancestor of the corn is native to the plateaus of Mexico and Central America and doubtless they got the seed and learned to plant it from tribes to the southward. At first the corn was planted on the open prairie and a precarious crop was raised without irrigation. At first, too, the grain was stored in caves.

But the man who has raised a crop that will feed him all Winter has become a sedentary man and one who needs to defend his property. The first stone house was doubtless a granary and only later and by force of necessity a dwelling and a fort. The Indians still store their grain in the lower and inner rooms of the pueblo and live in the upper and outer ones. It became what it is by the building of rooms over and in front of a storehouse. As it developed, its walls became thicker and the rough stones were laid in adobe mortar. Adobe was used alone when suitable rocks were not available, but the characteristic construction of the great period began when walls were built of flat stones and these were carefully shaped and laid.

The Pueblo now became a householder and a man of wealth and his enemies

pressed upon him. His stores of garnered grain were a rich prize for all the stronger, more warlike Indians who hedged him about. His expansion to the North brought him into contact with the mountain tribes, such as the Utes, and to the South he encountered the even more deadly Apaches. He built his walls thicker and higher and entered his house through a hole in the roof by means of a ladder which he could draw up after him. He defied his enemies and sat safe in his castle.

Leisure begets both craft and art and at an early stage in his house-dwelling phase he learned to make baskets—or rather she did, for probably the women made the baskets to carry grain home from the fields. Probably too they made the first unglazed pots, frail and undecorated, of which the remains still are found.

The art of pottery may have been invented by the Pueblos, but the probability is that an invasion from the South brought it to them, along with cotton and the bow and arrow. They became better able to defend themselves, although they were never good fighters, and they learned to spin fiber and weave cloth. This alone of all the Pueblo arts has been completely lost.

As they moved westward into lands more and more arid, they could no longer depend upon rainfall alone, and they learned to irrigate their crops with the waters of rivers. Even so, the rivers often failed them in time of drought. Clouds and thunder and storm became gods to them, because they were so important. Prayer was even more necessary than work, and the primitive prayer is a dance. Because they had leisure and a fixed abode and because their very lives depended upon the fickle gods of weather, they developed an elaborate and beautiful ritual of dancing prayer.

These men, who had become great primitive builders because they needed a

shelter from enemies too strong for them, now became great dancers because they felt the need and had the time for prayer. Their dances became always more elaborate, more richly costumed and carefully disciplined. They became masters of measure and rhythm, they became gifted mimics and clowns. They learned to make masks for their faces and to personate the gods by walking on stilts.

They danced in the Spring to encourage the sun and thaw the ground, mimicking the motions and calls of mating birds, decorating their bodies with wings and feathers. They danced in the Summer to bring the rains and in the Fall to celebrate the harvest and to make the hunting good. They danced to make men and women fruitful, as well as the earth. Their dancing, like any art, became a thing that existed for its own sake, so that they had comic dances and pleasure dances and even imitated and improved upon the dances of their enemies.

Since water was such a sacred and precious thing they devoted much of their long Winter leisure to making vessels in which to carry and keep it. They had learned how to make a crude pottery early in their history, and they slowly perfected it by glazing and decoration, until the rough utensil of their first efforts had become a thing of beauty. and another art had been evolved.

V

These people must have enjoyed a period of rapid expansion. The ruins of their abandoned dwellings show that they once had flourishing communities as far north as Southern Colorado and Southern Utah, south to the Gila valley in Arizona, and west to the San Juan, while the Rio Grande was their eastern border. This was the

period when the cliff dwellings of Mesa Verde were built, and also the great communal apartment houses of Chaco Canyon and the Gila.

In the Mesa Verde country, as at the Rio de Los Frijoles in New Mexico, the Pueblos were occupying deep canyons in a country of high and relatively well-watered mesas. The canyons were cut deep in soft volcanic deposits containing many natural caves. These caves are the cliff dwellings which have been the subject of so much myth-making by white men, who invented a race of dwarfs solely because the doorways to the caves were low. It is now known that the cliff dwellers were simply the Pueblos, who enlarged the caves, walled up their fronts and finally added independent structures of the same material standing on the floors of the canyons and also on the mesas. In the Mesa Verde country they also built fortresses in the heads of the canyons. The remains of these cliff cities give a vivid impression of how men may have begun by living in caves like wild animals and then enlarged them and built them, reaching out and up with their walls, creating larger and larger areas of warmth and security, until what had been a refuge for a hunted creature became a home and a temple, a place of worship, leisure and art.

On the San Juan and the Gila there were no caves and they built houses in the open valleys. The pueblo Bonito of the San Juan country probably represents the highest development of Pueblo building. It was an apartment house of about two hundred rooms built in a semi-circle four stories high, with a sheer wall on the outside and a terraced effect within. The front was closed by a straight, one-story structure. The whole was built of tabular stone laid in adobe mortar, evenly aranged in courses that varied in thickness, giving a

beautiful surface, as the remaining walls show. The roofs, doorways and corners all show neat finish and accurate line. This building, which must have housed between one and two thousand people, was not a primitive structure, but a work of architecture, soundly conceived and executed by skilled masons.

The period when the life of this communal one-house community was at its height was the great period of Pueblo culture, and it must have presented a striking spectacle, especially on the days when great public festivals were held, such as the corn dance. Doubtless many hundreds danced to a great chorus of drums and chanting, while the others crowned the roofs dressed in brightly decorated cottons of their own weaving. The men, even in historic times, wore flowered pantaloons, and the dresses and robes for great occasions were all wrought in bright colors.

Just what happened to the communities of the Gila, the San Juan and the Mesa Verde country can never be surely known. It is certain only that all of these, the finest cities the Pueblos ever built, were abandoned, probably at some time in the Middle Ages. Doubtless the pressure of their enemies was one thing that drove the builders back into a smaller territory. As their stores of grain and their wealth in textiles and jewelry increased, they must have become more and more tempting to the roving fighters around them. They were essentially a civilized people surrounded by barbarians, and while their strong walls often kept them safe, there must have been times when the great stone houses were besieged and sacked and yelling savages ravaged their granaries and their women.

There is much evidence, too, that throughout the period of their development the Pueblos fought a losing battle with a

changing climate. It is a common belief among the native peoples to this day that the climate of the Southwest tends always to become drier and drier. Old men tell you that their fathers told them of springs where now there is not a drop of water and of streams that once ran always and now only when it rains. There is evidence of a more reliable kind, too, that the Southwest once had a greater rainfall than it has now. The country has been eroded by water where the present rainfall is not heavy enough to leave a scar and it is spotted with the beds of lakes that have dried up entirely and of others that have shrunk to marshes surrounded by fields of salt. It is also hard to imagine how some of the ancient pueblos supported their populations unless they had more water than is now found near their ruins.

Probably droughts and wars combined to drive the Pueblos back from their northern and southern strongholds, concentrating them thickly along the great valley which became their final home. This most likely happened by a slow process of infiltration. When a crop failed or a pueblo was overwhelmed by its enemies, a group of hungry or wounded refugees would reach the river where water always ran and where they were as far as they could get from the savage tribes to the north, south and east. Here was little stone and they built adobe houses, not so good as those of their earlier cities, but still rising sometimes to five stories, and here they had wide irrigable levels in which to plant their corn. Soon all of the Pueblo people were concentrated in this valley except for a single extension westward across the desert country by way of Laguna and Acoma to the Hopi villages of Arizona.

The Pueblos of the Rio Grande valley

were by no means a beaten people or a decadent one. They had met with a setback in their expansion but their culture had been concentrated and unified. Unity was what they had always lacked. Although they were all so much alike in essentials they spoke several different languages, which suggests that there was little contact among the different towns. Apparently they never made any attempt at forming a federation and acting together until after the Spaniards came, and then they failed, as might have been expected.

The Pueblo settlements of the Rio Grande were an experiment in human living which was never to be completed, a burst of creative energy that was blighted and checked. These men had solved the problem of subsistence in a fixed abode. They had attained to leisure and art. Their social organization did not extend beyond a single town, but the Pueblo town was a perfect communism and a perfect democracy. They had gone much farther toward a complete civilization than most peoples ever go without setting man against man in the competition of individuals and classes. In a Pueblo town everyone has a right to food and although there are chiefs, rulers and priests, none of these offices had created a permanent privileged class.

Along the Rio Grande, these men who had learned how to build and dance were holding their own against drought and savage invasion, but doom was closing in on them. From the South and from the East a race of men such as they had never known was moving upon their valley of last resort—men who fought with lightning and thunderbolts and rode on strange swift animals, men who wore shining garments no arrow could pierce—men whom no walls could withstand, preaching of a God no dance could propitiate.

THE SAGE OF TISHOMINGO

BY GEORGE MILBURN

THE time for another dictator was at hand in Oklahoma. The State Legislature had grown too rambunctious for any common good. The citizens had elected six Governors in the course of the State's brief history, and all but one had been targets for impeachment. The fourth was saved by one vote, and that was cast by an ailing senator who was swished in an ambulance to the legislative chamber. The fifth lasted only nine months, just time enough to set up a military censorship of the press and to place the entire State under martial law. The next, a Rosicrucian, hung on for two years before the Legislature ousted him.

Gubernatorial campaigns in Oklahoma always have been successful, if the Governors have not been. They are spectacular affairs, hugely entertaining to the pellagra-ridden tenant farmers to whom they are addressed, terrifying to the town-dwelling minority. At the finish the voters from the forks of the creek swarm in for a riotous inaugural celebration, a mighty open-air barbecue, or a great square dance in the Capitol, stepped to the tune of a breakdown fiddlers' orchestra in the rotunda.

The rise of a new dictator naturally makes greater demands on the populace than the election of an ordinary Governor, and at the last election the citizens were more than commonly agitated. The time had come to choose an executive forceful enough to cope with a really mulish Legislature. It was even whispered in some quar-

ters that if impeachment were his lot the Federal government would disfranchise the voters and return the State to territorial rule. So the arena was somewhat more crowded with candidates than usual, the recriminations were harsher, the bopping was louder, and the entire spectacle was more beguiling than any preceding one.

Necessarily, the strong man would be a Democrat. Nine Democrats entered the preliminaries, and the professional forecasters sweated over the list, trying to pick a winner. Three of the candidates were millionaires, and four others had imposing records as administrators.

All of these aspirants were brought together one evening, early in the election year, before the campaign had grown warm. The State Press Association's gridiron banquet was in progress. As is the custom at such frolics, the toastmaster introduced, to rounds of complaisant hand-clapping, the various celebrities present. Before one he paused with mock-impressiveness and continued:

Gentlemen, I want to introduce to you a man who has twice been a candidate for Governor, who has been twice defeated, who left the State to establish an inland empire in South America, who made a fizzle of that, and who, within a few months after returning to this country, now has the intestinal fortitude to file again as candidate for the governorship of Oklahoma! Gentlemen, Alfalfa Bill Murray, the Sage of Tishomingo!

A stooped, greying man who wore shaggy, drooping moustaches and a cheap, wrinkled suit got to his feet, and started to make a speech. Surrounded by blasé country editors in their Sunday clothes, he made a pathetic figure. Many of the men present were newcomers to the State, and the idea of this uncouth old gaffer wanting to be Governor caused them to grunt in merriment. Jeers and hurrahs roared up and down the tables.

But newspaper men belong to a myopic tribe. They have none of the poet's depth of vision. None of them, for example, was capable of any such illumination as was vouchsafed, a short time later, to a sweet singer out in Pocasset:

You can bet your boots out in the grass
roots

The boys are strong for Bill. . . .

A few are mad, but many are glad

That Bill is in the lead.

All over the State a few will hate

To give up their greed.

At the forks of the creek every day in the
week

You can hear them say

Just wait and see how it will be

On election day.

And on election day Alfalfa Bill led the field in the Democratic preliminary run-off and won a place in the second primary by such a substantial majority over the millionaire who placed him that he could not refrain from exclaiming, "If he were a good Democrat, he would yield!" He gave the plutocrat a satisfactory trouncing on the second voting day, and the Republican candidate in November was a set-up. The Sage of Tishomingo carried 64 out of 77 counties, with a thumping majority of 100,000.

No one who had followed his campaign had any doubt that Oklahoma's new dictator was at hand. A Tulsa newspaper, the only important daily in the State that had

supported him drew an ecstatic contrast between Alfalfa Bill and the Messiah, and Bill, being Nordic, naturally showed up somewhat better in the comparison. The Sage of Tishomingo, in accepting the apotheosis, observed modestly,

No statesman can fail to see in the history of any people the moving of a Higher Power. I believe, as I believed in the beginning, that I was destined to win.

II

Democracy has been responsible for some gaudy manifestations, but none, perhaps, more bizarre than the campaign Alfalfa Bill put on last Summer. It was a one-man show, staged without political organization and almost without finances.

The Sage had only \$12 in cash at the outset. He borrowed \$40 from a home-town bank at Tishomingo, gave his wife a dollar bill, arranged for credit for his family at a grocery, and started on the speaking tour that was to open his campaign. He has never owned an automobile, so he hitchhiked from town to town. A sympathizer who owned a creamery contributed a large cake of cheese to the cause, and for weeks Bill lugged it across the countryside, subsisting on cheese and crackers. Occasionally a disciple would pass the hat for him, but he always refused delicately to permit the collection to be taken in his presence.

At one time, early in his race, he had only ten cents left. He was heartsick and ready to quit. In that darkest moment a check for \$20 arrived from a 100% Mississippian who had read a newspaper account of his heroic campaign, and who thus saved him for Oklahoma and the nation.

These happy fortuities accompanied him all along the road. Such a one brought the largest contribution he received.

I ran into B. A. Cook at Hartshorne. He volunteered to drive me to Atoka. On the way I said, "Cook, it is a durned good thing I met up with you for I have but a dollar to my name." When he returned home he sent me his check for \$100.

On the eve of his election he explained the method that enabled him to roll up his unprecedented majority, and to triumph over millionaire candidates who had spent fortunes in their efforts to hurt him. "I struck at and hit the Mass Mind," he said. "It was to this Mass Mind that I appealed in my platform and speeches. I avoided the pitfalls and surprised both friends and enemies by my constant hammering away at the Mass Mind of the State; surprised them because they believed I could be diverted from my appeal to the intelligence of the average man."

The Mass Mind, nevertheless, was sluggish in accepting him as the man of the hour. Although zealous Murray men were stationed in nearly every hamlet in the State, there were times, early in the campaign, when these disciples beat the drum to no avail. There were infelicitous occasions when the Sage of Tishomingo would arrive to fill his speaking dates and be greeted by only a meagre concourse of followers. These faithful minions he would berate furiously for not having brought out a larger crowd to guzzle the Word. Then he would take off in a huff for the next town.

Meanwhile drouth and imminent hard Winter were preparing the Mass Mind for the errant orator's message. Once more an auspicious accident befell him. He flung out an exasperated statement to the press, that when he was elected Governor he would rent out the Governor's mansion and live in the garage; that he would fire the gardener and turn the front yard into a potato patch. The city dailies, at that

early stage, were not taking his candidacy seriously, so, with wise-cracking headlines, they spread the tidings across their front pages. It was the season's best joke. The Sage retracted hastily, insisting that he had spoken only in good, clean fun. But the story, once started, was never laid, and the intelligence of the average Oklahoman, which had been immune to the candidate's new economic theories and red suspenders, was completely captivated by the potato patch story.

After that the citizens, attracted by such persuasive stuff, came in increasing droves to hear him expound his "gross income tax," an economic panacea of his own devising:

Under the gross income plan we would reach all persons, occupations and corporations that make an income above legal exemption. The income is the total amount for which the sale is made, less the cost and carriage of the goods. If the owner sells for less than cost, he has no tax at all.

The newspapers, discovering that the possibilities of the crusader's election were not so remote as they had at first supposed, decided, uneasily, that this and similar time-worn demagogueries were rank Bolshevism. Overnight Alfalfa Bill ceased to be their laughing stock and became a Red Menace. Irritable monosyllables, fighting words cropped out on the front pages. Bolivia Bill, and even Cocklebur Bill, were substituted for the more cordial nickname. The vocabulary of vituperation was combed to damn him sufficiently.

An Oklahoma City paper that boasts the largest grassroots circulation in the State detailed its woman columnist to begin a series of ringing attacks on the Sage's family life. Typical of these was a monograph entitled "Could You Be Proud of Murray?" It pointed out in horror that the candidate had

lived for years in a house without a bathtub. He never wears a coat unless the weather chills him, and habitually appears in a dirty shirt.

The story of how Murray and his family lived contentedly for years in a house with a sod floor will be broadcast to the nations. . . .

Murray eats hot cakes, one of his favorite dishes. . . . He picks up the cake with his right hand, slaps it on to his left hand, reaches for the butter, picks it up with his right hand and smears it over the cake, with his hand dripping with melted butter. Doesn't the very thought of that turn your stomach?

Will the people of Oklahoma select a man who will set them back or lead them forward? Will they choose one who will bring ridicule and shame upon them or one who will make them proud?

The voters of Oklahoma, eight out of ten of whom have no bathrooms, and a considerable block of whom believe that sod floors have their talking points, too, were deeply moved by this denunciation, but in the wrong direction. Indeed, if Bill's victory seemed possible before, the invidious indictment of the lady columnist made it a cinch. Some analysts estimate that the picture of him wolfing pancakes alone brought him 25,000 votes.

The Sage himself was unperturbed by such snobbish scurrility, and when the irrepressible female went on in another article to describe how he wore "two pairs of trousers in cold weather, the inner pair hanging out below the outer pair," and to pass unseemly remarks about the cleanliness of his underwear, he inquired saucily, "Hmpf! How'd she find out? I stayed at an Oklahoma City hotel once, but I didn't see her. She must of worked in the laundry."

Before that blasting, shrivelling Summer was well along it was evident that nothing could stay the defections in the ranks of the other candidates. There were isolated

communities in which the rustics forgot that anyone else was running for Governor. "Oh, yes, we're all for Alfalfa Bill up this way," they assured political surveyors, "though they's some talk for a man named Murray, too."

He brought out the catch-phrases of forgotten campaigns and made them new and cogent. "Free seeds for the tenant farmer! Shift the tax burden from the poor to the rich! Equal rights to all! Down with special privilege!" So he stormed across the State, and he was heard.

Second only to the Sage himself in power of exhortation was the *Blue Valley Farmer*, a free-distribution campaign organ. This had been a decrepit country newspaper, but its editor, a fellow of unusual perspicacity, knew a man of destiny when he saw one, and he was early attracted to the Murray cause. His sheetlet bloomed with red headlines that assaulted the Mass Mind: "The Millionaire Boodle Limousine," "When the Stork is Followed by the Little White Coffin," "The Burning of a Hut is a Far Greater Tragedy than the Burning of a Palace," and so on. Although Bill took no part in editing the paper, he sometimes wrote signed lead articles for it. His shift from oratory was diverting, and there were issues in which he would leave off his philippics against the corporations and millionaires to proceed in a milder vein. Once he gave his readers a health hint:

I wear suspenders because a belt gives me hernia pains. The natural man is built from his shoulders tapering each way; the woman from her hips tapering each way, therefore a belt is suitable to her, but not to a man. Why learn the science of health and not profit by it?

He promised, to the vast delight of his followers and to the alarm of the professors, that he had startling things in store

for what he termed "the football, town balls and high balls" of the higher education. He spotted an allowance for a swimming pool in the State university's biennial budget, and he announced grimly that "those college boys can go to the crik if they want to swim!"

Some of the more timorous yokels feared that the Legislature, always faunching for a rampage, would impeach their champion before he could get any of his drastic reforms into effect. "Impeach me!" Alfalfa Bill snorted. "Let them try! That Legislature impeaching me would be like a bunch of rabbits trying to pull a wildcat out of a tree! All I'll have to do is whistle, and I'll have 100,000 followers by my side."

Twice that many hurried to the polls to cast their votes for him on election day. He was elected by the largest majority that any candidate has ever received in Oklahoma.

His faith in the intelligence of the Mass Mind was sublime the night the election returns were coming in. He lolled on a bed in an Oklahoma City hotel, in shirt-sleeves and stocking feet, smoking a nickel cigar. There was no radio in the room.

About ten o'clock the cheering in the street grew louder. They were shouting his name. The Sage of Tishomingo roused himself.

"Perhaps we better go down and see the boys," he said pacifically.

III

Shining paladin of the great unwashed though he is, Alfalfa Bill throws no rocks at ancestors. He is an earnest advocate of heredity. He announced, on becoming Governor, that his pardons and paroles would be restricted, usually, to prisoners who came from good blood. He traces his own lineage back to Pocahontas through

seven intervening generations. This genealogical boast appears in his privately-printed volume, "Murray's Essays on Pocahontas and Pushmataha," the Sage's one excursion into the realm of beautiful letters. Reviewing the grand record of his family in those pages, he inquires, "Who is it that would not be proud of such a noble ancestry?"

The blood of the noble Pocahontas, however, had been strained pretty fine through succeeding generations of Scotchmen before his immediate forebears reached Grayson county, Texas. There, near the community center of Toadsuck, William H. Murray was born on November 21, 1869. His father, Uriah Murray, a holy man, toured the surrounding country as the better half of a gospel team. But the son was not of a devotional temperament, and when he was eleven years old he ran away from home to find work picking cotton in an adjoining county.

"I was twelve years old before I knew there was a President of the United States," he says in his reminiscences. "One day I was picking cotton, and a boy on a pony rode up in the field and yelled, 'The President is dead!' I looked up and asked, 'Who's he?' The boy replied disgustedly, 'The President of the United States, of course.' I covered my ignorance with a simple, 'Oh!'"

This embarrassing incident spurred him to inquiry, and that night he learned that the dead President was Garfield. He has been hot after knowledge ever since.

He attended a two-month session of rural school the following Winter. There he learned about Patrick Henry, and was seized with the ambition to become a lawyer and run for Congress. He put in another four months on elementary subjects, and then an emissary from the Springtown Male and Female Institute got

him in tow. Young Bill mortgaged his cayuse, and with the proceeds and six months' academic preparation he was ready for "college." The president of the Male and Female Institute, viewing him for the first time, turned to the school's bagman and exclaimed sourly, "You bring me small potatoes, few in a hill." But in spite of his impecuniosity, or perhaps because of it, the Institute was quick to grant him a B.S. degree. At the end of a year and a half he came out with high scholastic honors and a teacher's certificate.

Then he was in quick succession, a school teacher, a newspaper subscription agent, a Statehouse reporter in Austin, and a country editor. Meanwhile he was reading law at night, and he was admitted to the Texas bar at the age of twenty-three. But he prospered at nothing, and once he flipped a coin to see whether he should seek his fortune in South America. The coin augured ill for the hot country venture, so Bill invested it, along with all the others he had, in a stage coach ticket that would carry him North into the Indian Territory. He arrived in Tishomingo, capital of the Chickasaw Indian Nation, wearing a stove-pipe hat and a Prince Albert coat that belied his empty pockets. He had a good tongue in his head, however, and he had used it so well on one of his fellow travelers, the daughter of a Tishomingo hotel keeper, that by the time he reached his destination he had no trouble in getting board and room on credit.

Tishomingo, in 1898, was a bonanza town for an alert young lawyer. Young Bill, with no exertion at all, had a client right off the bat. The fellow was charged with dressing a neighbor down with a fence rail. Bill came out of his first case with an acquittal and a \$20 honorarium. But when he struck his stride he found hitching rack discussion considerably more

attractive than haranguing juries. It was soon evident that he would never make a million in the courtroom. A fellow townsman said of him:

He spent the time talking to anyone who had time to listen, sometimes on the street corner, sometimes inside a store or office, depending on the weather, and was soon able to gather an audience of street loafers whom he entertained with disquisitions on ancient history, State or national politics as he saw them, interspersed with stories of the anti-parlor variety.

There was no real necessity for him to concern himself about his practice. The year after his arrival he had married the Chickasaw Governor's niece, thereby becoming a citizen of the Indian nation himself, as well as acquiring allotments of some 1600 acres of rich valley land. This, when let out to share-croppers, was lucrative, and by 1902 he had retired from the law altogether.

His curbstone political discursions, perhaps, were not such a waste of time, after all. When, in 1905, a fantastic Statehood scheme was put forward and a convention was held to draft and send petitions to Washington, praying that the State of Sequoyah be admitted to the Union, Alfalfa Bill was right in front. That happy nickname had been given to him because, as a crackerbarrel concionator, he had championed, persuasively, a new forage plant, strange to the territorial cattlemen. At first there was a bit of raillery in it, for Bill, according to all reports, was far more active in preaching the benefits of alfalfa than he was in the fields cultivating it. But he liked the name and cultivated it. He has always been touchy about the alternative Cocklebur Bill, coined by early-day foes.

Politics was quite as knock-down-drag-out an affair in the days before Statehood

as it continues to be in Oklahoma today. It was necessary for Bill to make some smart maneuvers, bordering on chicanery, to be elected delegate to the first Constitutional Convention in 1906.

There he made a sharp trade-off with the Democratic ring-leader, who had gubernatorial aspirations, and got himself elected president of the convention. He wrote so many of his own ideas into the instrument that he is sometimes known to the State as the Father of the Constitution. But the Republican administration at Washington edited the inspired work ruthlessly, and mordant columnists in the territory gave hints of a mythical army, Murray's Squirrel Rifle Brigade, that could be expected to rise up to defend the sacred document against the brigands of President Roosevelt.

By this time Bill had been conferred the designation of Sage, and he made no effort to disclaim it. He served, also, in the first Legislature, where he distinguished himself by introducing a measure requiring every hotel to supply "a nine-foot bed sheet that would fold back over at least 2½ feet." The inspiration for this bill came to him one night when he found his bedroom equipped with dirty sheets. He left the hotel and spent the night under a tree on top of a hill, and there the afflatus settled on him. Irreverent foes quickly dubbed him the Bedbug Statesman, but the Sage of Tishomingo persevered.

I told cotton farmers that if I could get the whole world using nine-foot sheets, it would use up the cotton crop. The bill passed and is the law today. Several other States now have it, regulating the use of sheets in hotels and rooming houses.

An Eastern newspaper man, covering the first Legislature of Oklahoma, wrote a description of the Sage which twenty-five years have scarcely altered:

He frequently left his chair, took off his coat and collar, rolled up his sleeves, and so participated in debates. In appearance he is a typical Westerner, having an angular figure, large nose and eyes, long hair and a moustache that stands out about five inches on both sides. He wears a broad-brimmed hat, often no coat, and otherwise shows indifference to style and conventionality.

And a Republican contemporary observed, with surprising fairness:

If the wild-eyed populistic brand of democracy continues to rule in Oklahoma, Murray unquestionably will be the man. Uncouth and uncultured, he has a remarkable native strength and he has read widely. In all probability he is the best posted man in the Southwest on the various isms he advocates. Furthermore, he is honest as politicians go. . . .

When the first Legislature adjourned, he retired to his Tishomingo ranch to prepare himself for the governorship in 1910. Everything, he trustingly supposed, was set for him to become the second Governor of the State. But there were still things he had to learn about politics. His cohorts knifed him in 1910, and another man received the nomination.

Two years later he was placated with an off-year nomination to Congress. That was the year of the immortal Wilson's big innings, and, without having made a campaign speech or got out a dodger, Murray found himself a Congressman. Washington did things to him. He had long been an ardent follower of W. J. Bryan, but closer contact with the Great Commoner soured his idealization. He turned to the Rooseveltian revelation for solace, and for all his democracy, he today finds many an imperialistic doctrine to his taste.

But his honesty finally tripped him. When he ran for the congressional nomination in 1916, he pooh-poohed the Wilson

campaign slogan, "He kept us out of war." He spoke knowingly of certain secret treaties that he had had access to in Washington. The United States, he declared, would be at war with Germany within a year after the election; to deny it was sheer hypocrisy. This was a flagrant betrayal of Wilson, and the horrified Democrats, finding it impossible to hush the vociferous Alfalfa Bill, ended by turning him out and nominating another man.

The Sage, not fazed, saw his prediction come true, and ran for Governor a second time in 1918. He placed a poor second in the primary. He was disgusted and embittered. The old dream of South America came back to haunt him, so he took ship thirty years after a flip of the coin had sent him in the other direction. He traveled through Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil. He saw in Bolivia a fertile valley that delighted his eye. He had a vision of the place teeming with Nordics, an inland empire with himself as head man.

He took an option on 75,000 acres of the rich Bolivian land, and returned to the United States to recruit his subjects. Money poured in to him until the banks at Tishomingo bulged. His prospective colonists, though, were as panicky as they were gullible. There were disquieting rumors and uneasy dispatches from Bolivia, and once the amateur colonizer returned all the money that had come in to him. But finally, in 1924, he set out with twelve families, the faithful residuum of an original 400, and with farming equipment and supplies they sailed for the Southern Utopia. Upon landing in South America they were carried by rail to a spot sixty miles from their destination, an abandoned mission house. The rest of the distance was traversed in two-wheeled carts.

Scarcely a week had passed before a dreadful nostalgia descended on the Okla-

homa farmers. One by one they deserted the colony. They arrived at port towns haggard and terrified, and sympathetic Americans on shipboard took up collections for their safe return to Oklahoma. At the end of a few months the Murrys had everything to themselves. They stayed on resolutely, alone, for five years, in the course of which Bolivia was at war. On one occasion the Sage "found himself forced to cloak himself in the American flag to prevent Bolivian soldiers from taking his horses and mules."

A minstrel in Claremore, the literary capital of Oklahoma, has contributed a celebration of Alfalfa Bill's romantic adventure to swell letters:

In his younger days Bill thought to blaze
A pathway through the tropics,
But the fates were inclined to be unkind
And Bill lost his kopecks.

Bolivian brakes, lagoons and snakes
And swamps with foul aroma,
Made Bill repine for auld lang syne,
And the joys of Oklahoma.

Oft he would sigh as the years sped by,
And his thoughts were sometimes bitter,
But he bucked the game till his purse went lame,
For Bill was ne'er a quitter.

When he landed in New Orleans on August 13, 1929, far from bearing the mien of a defeated man, he came with the spirit of a Napoleon back from Elba. A small cluster of villagers greeted him at the station in Tishomingo as he descended from the train in a soiled linen suit. His dauntless old guard, out over the State, soon began giving yocks for him as a candidate in next year's election—for what office, no one knew.

He himself entertained a pleasant idea of running for United States Senator, but he gave that up. He explained resignedly,

"My friends wanted me to run for Governor, and in this life a man will not go far who will not do as much for his friends as he expects them to do for him."

The Claremore bard sang on,

Yes, Murray came back with an empty sack,
To the State from whence he wandered,
And he entered the race for the Governor's place,
And the voters flocked to his standard.

Sons of the sod, who live near God,
And toil for the little treasure,
And the wool hat boys, who taste few joys,
And have few hours of pleasure—

These were the guys that awarded the prize
To Bill in the late election,
And of course Bill knows to whom he owes
The honor of his selection.

In spite of his lack of the stuff called jack,
To pass among his backers,
Bill won the race while feeding his face
On cheese and sody crackers.

And the voters rejoice when they hear his voice
Raised in tones of thunder
For the people's cause and the need of laws
To protect them from graft and plunder!

The multitude that saw Alfalfa Bill nominated, perhaps the largest ever gathered in Oklahoma, was drab with the costumes of the common folk, but it was flecked with the color of Indian blankets, too. Uriah Murray, his nonagenarian father, administered the oath of office.

"Shucks," said the patriarchal gospel shouter, surveying the crowd, "many's the time I've preached to more folks than this."

The Sage of Tishomingo chuckled indulgently.

"He's a little near-sighted, you know," he explained.

IV

Once inaugurated, Bill lost no time in assuming the dignity of dictatorship. He put aside the fetching costume in which he had stumped the State; the baggy trousers were pressed, the red suspenders were covered, the shaggy handlebar moustaches were trimmed, and a modish snap-brim hat replaced the battered sombrero he had cast in the ring the year before.

He promulgated a set of office rules for the guidance of visitors. Among them were,

Don't ask me about the weather. The Weather Bureau is in Washington.

Don't try to deceive me. Be brief and to the point, because I suspect your motive already.

Don't ask me how I feel. I may feel like damn it and tell you so.

Don't try to tell me how I was nominated and elected. Perhaps I know more about that than you do.

There is indisputable evidence that he does know. At least the peroration of his first address to the Legislature proved that the title of Sage was no empty honorific. That remarkable document, prepared, it was rumored, long before the day of his election, revealed an extraordinary knowledge about a little of everything. It began:

To the Honorables, the Senators and Representatives of the Thirteenth Legislature: Gentlemen, You have come here by the sovereign will of the people to aid me in carrying out the mandate recently so emphatically pronounced at the polls. . . . All good citizens will acquiesce in the will of that majority. Malefactors and enemies of the State only will attempt to thwart it.

He launched his promised attack on the "frills and frets" of the higher learning. The State university, he disclosed, was engaged in turning out "high-toned bums, soured and disappointed with life itself, refusing to return to the overalls standard."

He proposed, as one remedy, an eight-hour teaching day for college professors, like that of other laborers.

He tartly advised all lesser public officials to desist from decorating public documents with their photographs.

He modified his gross income tax to a proposed emergency tax on the salaries of all State employes, including school teachers.

He submitted shocking evidence of a vicious lobby, ferreted out by his private espionage system. Its corrupt agents, he revealed,

for several years now have swarmed around the Capitol of this State. One of the worst, if not the worst of [their doings] is the use of women, particularly those of loose and careless character. They get the unsophisticated member from the small town or country into their graces until he ceases to resist the temptation. . . .

As a means of shielding the bucolic lawmakers from the onslaughts of these depraved hirelings of the vested interests, with their gambling games and hard liquor and prurient females, he suggested the erection of a dormitory on the Capitol grounds, in which the legislators might be kept at night, safe from vitiating blandishments during their sojourn in the city.

The sycophantic newspapers, harking back to the Sage's campaign whimsies, sniggered over this sally. But when, a few days later, a senator close to the executive earnestly introduced a measure asking a \$500,000 appropriation for

a legislative dormitory on the Capitol grounds. As a matter of economy . . . single beds should be provided for unmarried assemblymen, while double beds are allowed for married members. Each of the 175 apartments is to have an electric refrigerator, a couple of rugs and a couple of chairs. No person of less than sixty years old shall be employed in the home, and

then not until he has been recommended to the Governor by the Ministerial Alliance in his home town. . . .

Alfalfa Bill defended the bill with some truculence.

"Somebody is always getting a laugh out of the measures I recommend," he exclaimed with asperity. "This idea of having a dormitory on the Capitol grounds isn't such a gag as some think."

When he has a mind to, however, he can turn a sprightly witticism. Upon his taking office his loyal supporters swamped him with applications for sinecures. He placed many of them, but when one henchman wrote in asking to be appointed State bee inspector, the benevolent Bill hesitated. "Hmm," he said, glancing at a stenographer's ankles, "I don't know as we got any place around here for a bee inspector, but we might use a good chicken inspector."

When Will Rogers came back to his native State and met the Governor, there was some uncertainty about which of the two displayed the perter wit. Rogers pointed to a portrait of an ex-Governor on the wall of the executive chamber and commented smartly, "There's old Ed Trapp. My, what a map!" Alfalfa Bill shot back quickly, "He's all bay window, not much lap." Will took lunch with Bill, and the reporters revealed that the Sage's steady diet consisted, not of pancakes, but of half-cooked onions and hard boiled eggs, with an occasional glass of buttermilk to wash them down. The encounter ended in a draw, and the Governor cavalierly tendered Rogers a colonel's commission in the famed Squirrel Rifle Brigade.

An earthy savor permeates much of his speech. "Sister" is his customary address for female callers. He is not averse, at times, to voicing lurid, mouth-filling oaths. He described one of his appointees as "a man with a face that looks like he has wore

out three bodies," and some of his phrases already have enriched the local language.

His rôle of dictator makes it necessary for him to dominate everything from the Legislature down to the lowliest commissions, but he is indefatigable. Not infrequently he works at his desk far into the night. There are times, however, when the strains of an oldtime fiddlers' orchestra waft down the Capitol halls, and then boisterous voices may be heard calling the dance rounds,

Shirt tails out and toe nails draggin',
Come on, you nesters, keep on raggin'!

Swing yo' podners, circle to the right,
They ain't goin' to be no supper here to-night!

Old Aunt Sal and Uncle Lee
They got bit by a goggle-eyed flea.

and the privileged ones look on while the Governor himself executes a neat turn from the strenuous "kitchen sweat" step in the center of his office floor.

But there are occasions for sternness, too, and the Sage is equal to them. He has never put aside his campaign dramatization of himself, and he clings pertinaciously to his place on the local front pages. For example, his private spy system unearths plans of his enemies to assassinate him. He, in turn, anticipates the move before a convention of newspaper men:

First they will try to gain their ends with me in the Governor's chair. Then they will try to impeach me. I have no fear of their doing that. Then they plan to attempt my assassination. But I'm not afraid of their bullets. I have reached sixty-one years and when my time comes, I will go.

A violent uprising of the common people is his usual threat. He and his operatives, through their timely intervention, already have averted several insurrections, he reports. "I shall always feel that I saved the State from anarchy," he said in telling of one such case. He makes the most of this dark menace, and uses it to bludgeon the Legislature to do his will. On one occasion, after he had hinted broadly that the starving masses were ready to fight for him as soon as he gave the signal, a local contingent of the unemployed took him at his word and prepared to march on the Capitol. It was necessary for him to issue a proclamation to halt the invasion.

Once, after the recalcitrant Legislature had been slow in acting on his measures, he followed his prepared address with an impromptu harangue. It was a moment fraught with ominous portent and blue invective. He concluded dramatically, "The roll will be called and the fire bells rung before this is over. When you have whipped me, you can brag about it. But wait until you do!"

Wait until they do, forsooth! Out in the grassroots his constituents are clamoring for him to run for President. Not long ago he accepted an invitation to make an address at Lincoln's birthplace in Springfield, at the ceremonies commemorating the Great Emancipator's birthday anniversary. He brought his oration to a close with this fervent plea:

O! Father of All Mercies,
Send us another Lincoln!

Possibly he has his own opinion about where an answer to his prayer could be found.

DO THE RICH GIVE TO CHARITY?

BY ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

THE common faith in the boundless generosity of American philanthropy remains unshaken even in these trying and skeptical days. All Americans have long taken pride in the widespread and numerous organized charities of their country. Its philanthropy has been proclaimed throughout the universe because on some occasions we were able, through our size and wealth, to startle the world with our mighty benevolence. During the current period of depression and want, with millions of people in city and country desperately in need of the most rudimentary subsistence, redoubled faith in the noble myth of the inherent munificence of American philanthropy has become as indispensable to the national peace of mind as a raccoon coat to a Yale undergraduate. It was necessary to summon forth this faith, since only the survival of the myth could protect the rich from what they considered the imminent calamity of higher taxation on large incomes.

Accordingly, the "veritable colossus of charity," as Senator Glass characterized President Hoover, called on the Red Cross, "the greatest mother," to gather her poor children under her protection. Colonel Arthur E. Woods was sent out to kindle the fires of sacrifice. Judge John Barton Payne issued the call of charity from his throne in the Red Cross Temple. Fifty-seven elders of the nation, including Calvin Coolidge, Alfred E. Smith, Samuel Insull and John L. Lewis of the United

Mine Workers, were ordered to batter down the walls of Jericho with their radio microphones. At the same time, a chorus of press-agents worked overtime to inspire the halting and the hesitant. These official applauders and yes writers, many of them threatened with unemployment because the market for Do Not Sell America Short songs had collapsed, now found full-time jobs in the new chorus of Blessed Charity. Said Mr. Hoover:

This is not an issue as to whether people shall go hungry or cold in the United States. It is solely a question of the best method by which hunger and cold shall be prevented. . . . Our national resources are not only material supplies and material wealth but a spiritual and moral wealth in kindness, in compassion, in a sense of obligation of neighbor to neighbor and a realization of responsibility by industry, by business, and the community for its social security and its social welfare. . . . We can take courage and pride in the effective work of thousands of voluntary organizations for the provision of employment, for the relief of distress, that have sprung up over the entire nation. Industry and business have recognized a social obligation to their employes as never before. . . . Never before in a great depression has there been so systematic a protection against distress. . . . Never before has there been such an outpouring of the spirit of self-sacrifice and service.

Meanwhile, Colonel Woods assured the nation that "a new economic era with business management assuming the responsibility of continuous employment is

dawning," and Judge Payne pleaded with Congress to "let the Red Cross alone" and to give American philanthropy a chance to live up to its reputation. As one of the professional boosters rhapsodized:

This nation of ours is strongly emotional, especially with its money. We earn money with gusto, but we give it away with greater gusto. That is one of the reasons why foreigners can never understand us. We are the world's almoners. Let a cry for help rise anywhere in the world and before the echoes of the cry have been spent our people are there with money and food. Rarely do we pause to reason why. . . . Now we have turned all the tremendous force of our national sympathy and the tremendous force of our national wealth to the home problem of unemployment.

An editorial writer who a few years ago exulted over the economic revolution which was to transform track-walkers and hod-carriers into capitalists, is now gloating that

the rich are taxing themselves all over the country in order to give employment. The funds for this purpose raised in the various cities, and still accumulating, are provided for the most part by men of large means. This is as it should be. They are giving not because they are compelled to but because they desire to be as helpful during a crisis as it is within their power to be. . . . Voluntary effort and private benevolences will in this country always be equal to the demands suddenly made by even a great disaster.

II

It is high time to examine the truth of these claims. What is the real extent of American generosity? Can private philanthropy cope with the current social and economic difficulties? Is organized charity adequately meeting the national need?

The answer is by no means reassuring.

An examination of organized philanthropy in the United States at once reveals the parsimoniousness of the many rather than the largesse of the few. Even a casual study shows that the myth of our unparalleled generosity has no firmer base than the benevolences of a very few men who have distributed small parts of their extraordinarily large fortunes. Among the masses of the well-to-do not many give anything to charity, even in the most generous city, New York. A negligible number of rich individuals support all of the charities. The vast bulk of the wealthy contribute to none.

In the cities in which money is raised through community chests or welfare federations the contributors never exceed 17% of the total population. The 360 American community chests, in spite of the energetic trumpeting, cajolery and high pressure salesmanship that go with them, do not raise more than \$80,000,000 a year,—less than half of the sum now spent through workmen's compensation laws alone.

New York City is unquestionably by far the most generous community in the country. It is also the richest city in the world. In half a dozen of its wealthier streets there reside over 50,000 people with incomes far beyond the most extravagant needs. In Manhattan alone, 357,825 persons filed income-tax returns in 1928. Yet only about 10,000 persons in Manhattan and the Bronx, or about one in forty income-tax filers, contribute to the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, one of the city's most effective charitable societies. Less than 800 persons and corporations donated \$250 or more "at one time" to become life members of the association.

The Jews have the reputation of being great philanthropists, yet only about 32,000

out of a population of 900,000 Jews in Manhattan and the Bronx support the ninety-one charitable institutions directed by the New York Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies. Only 3388 persons in the greatest and richest Jewish center gave \$250 or more during the prosperous year of 1929. Only 13,000 persons contribute to the New York Charity Organization Society. Thus only 55,000 persons, or about one out of seven who file an income-tax return, subscribe to these three leading charities. An examination of the contributors would probably show that from one-fourth to one-third give to all of the charities named, leaving a net total of individual contributors of perhaps from 40,000 to 45,000, or about one person in seventy-five of the total population of the two boroughs. The general appeal of the Salvation Army in 1929, which ended when the stock market was at its height, brought in less than \$86,000. The contributors to the Catholic Charities, covering the territory of Greater New York and the surrounding districts, number a little over 200,000. However, since their average contribution is only a little over \$3 and all the money is raised through the parish churches on a basis somewhat different from that of the ordinary charities, the seemingly larger percentage of contributors does not really indicate any excessive generosity.

The situation is, of course, even worse in other places. The Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, which is the outstanding benevolent organization in that borough, receives contributions from about 27,000 individuals out of a population of over 2,600,000, or from one in every ninety-five. In the city of Philadelphia the Welfare Federation, which combines practically all the Protestant charities, receives contributions of \$100 or more from only

3,940 individuals and corporations out of a population of nearly 2,000,000, or one in five hundred. There are nearly 300,000 Jews in the same city, but only 540 of them subscribe \$500 or over to the Federation of Jewish Charities. Only 498 individuals and corporations gave \$1000 or more to the Detroit Community Fund in 1930. The United Charities of Chicago, the outstanding non-denominational relief agency in that city, receives contributions from approximately 15,000 individuals, although the city's population is nearly 3,400,000. Only one Chicagoan out of every 225 contributes to this leading charity, and only 102 individuals and corporations in the city gave \$1000 or over in 1930.

The American Red Cross is *the* national charity which looms largest in American life. It is to Mr. Hoover "a great voluntary organization, . . . on which the nation places reliance in time of need." To Al Smith it is an "important arm of our national defense," while Mr. Coolidge believes it to be "deservedly holding a high place in the public confidence." It boasts that it represents "the American way out." The Red Cross recognizes no denominational differences. It appeals to every American. Indeed, so venerated is this institution that the administration leaders fluttered in fright lest Congress "stab it in the heart" by granting it a \$25,000,000 contribution which would spare it the soul-wrenching inseparable from its ordinary way of raising money. But the Red Cross adult membership in 1930, solicited by 3559 chapters throughout the United States, was but 4,131,000 among the 60,000,000 adult Americans. The largest percentage of members was in Alaska, which we bought from the savage Russians. Rich New York had a membership of only 3.9 a 100 persons, or slightly more than half that of Alaska. In the entire United States

only 3.3% of the population gives to this largest and best advertised of our charities. The total combined contributions of the national organization and all its chapters during the past year amounted to only \$4,600,000, or slightly over \$1 a contribution.

Every emergency and charitable appeal discloses the same situation. The New York *Times'* One Hundred Neediest Cases Fund receives support from endowments, as well as from people all over the United States and even from some residing abroad. But the total number of contributors, despite intensive pleading and reams of sob stuff, rarely exceeds 12,000. In the nineteen years' existence of the Fund, less than 120,000 persons have lent it support, and probably half of these have been the same every year.

The recent Prosser Committee drive for unemployment relief, which for weeks was trumpeted on the first pages of every newspaper in New York City, received almost a third of its \$8,000,000 from half a dozen extraordinarily generous individuals. Contributions which in any way could be called voluntary came from less than 4,000 persons. Much of the money really came from corporations which docked their employes for stipulated sums and sent it in, as a "joyous voluntary gift."

The contributors to the New York Mayor's Committee for the relief of the unemployed are a fair indication of the share of employe contributions to other voluntary gifts, exclusive of the few very large donors. This committee, which toward the end of January assisted with food and clothing nearly 1,100,000 individuals, raised its fund of \$677,000 as follows: \$416,000 from the "voluntary" contributions of the city's civil employes; about \$190,000 from football games, and a total of \$72,575 from "private sources."

Never in the history of American philanthropy has a charitable appeal received so much publicity as the recent drive for \$10,000,000 for drought relief by the Red Cross. Never before had there been such a concentration of energies. Night after night the greatest national and international stars played to the radio audience. On the night of January 22 President Hoover and Mary Pickford, ex-President Coolidge and Will Rogers, former Governor Smith and Mrs. August Belmont, Judge Payne and Amos 'n' Andy played together on the radio stage. On another occasion General Pershing gave a solo performance, while Will Rogers flew for weeks with the speediest aviator in America, making whoopee for the drive. And never before was Big Business so genuinely eager to raise the quota, for it wanted to prove to Congress that its appropriations were unnecessary in a land where every heart flows dollars upon the slightest touch.

Yet in spite of all these efforts the original period of the drive expired with only 70% of the money raised. James G. Blaine, chairman of the New York chapter's relief committee, in announcing the "unusual" decision of the chapter to make a campaign of personal solicitation, stated that it was necessary because throughout the country the large cities had "fallen down on the job." "There is not another large community in the United States which has met its quota obligations," Mr. Blaine asserted. "Recent reports indicate that Chicago, Baltimore, Detroit, Boston and Philadelphia have succeeded in raising only about half of the fund expected, although the date originally set for the conclusion of the campaign has passed."

That the slackers in the United States are not the poor people but the richest and most respectable is well known to

persons engaged in the business of raising money for charitable purposes. In many cities the charitable agencies spend far more upon relieving the distress of the workers of certain local corporations than these firms contribute. A Detroit attorney recently testified before a United States Senate Committee that while over 36% of the city's expenditures on unemployment relief go to unemployed Ford employes, Mr. Ford even pays no taxes to the city. Edsel Ford's contribution to the Detroit Community Chest of \$130,000 amounts to about 15% of what the city spends monthly on unemployed Ford Company men.

A number of heads of community chests blamed the failure of their recent drives entirely on the richer groups. At the same time, they commended the generosity of the poorer classes, who have been giving more than ever before. In the recent Red Cross drive in New York over half of the \$1,500,000 raised came from nine individuals and corporations. As to the rest, the *New York Times* reported:

Red Cross officials gave credit to the contributors of small sums for a major part in the success of the campaign. They said large gifts were not so numerous during the present campaign as in the past, while hard times, although placing a heavy burden on the man of small means, apparently stimulated rather than depressed the inclination of those of small means. . . . Persons of comparatively small means seemed more interested in helping their fellow-countrymen in distress than those of wealth.

Issuing a warning that unless funds for relief were forthcoming, the state militia might have to be called out to preserve order, Mayor Harry A. Mackey of Philadelphia declared:

Up to the present a great proportion of the relief funds has been contributed by

the working class. Not one-tenth of our citizens have responded, and it is a lamentable fact, but none the less true, that many of our wealthy men and women have failed to respond, while many others who are rich and well able to do so have sent contributions for insignificant sums. Some of them give \$100 to the Lloyd Committee and then go to Florida for the Winter and the poor man stays here. I say to you it is the poor man who has saved the situation up to this time. In other words, the poor man is protecting the interests of the rich man because the poor man is sympathetic.

A reporter for a Philadelphia paper calculated that if he should give the same proportionate share of his income for the unemployed as was first given by Philadelphia's richest citizen it would amount to one-thousandth of a cent.

The case was aptly stated by Senator William E. Borah in a recent letter to a New York banker:

Let me tell you where the disgrace is. The disgrace is that the Red Cross was unable to secure from the vast wealth of this country sufficient funds to take care of the situation. There are a dozen estates in this country whose immeasurable wealth could have raised \$25,000,000 for these suffering people, and have given it to the Red Cross without ever being disturbed financially or economically.

What have you and those who are criticising Congress done toward discharging your duties in taking care of your fellow-citizens? Have you been as fond of writing letters urging contributions to the Red Cross as you are of sending letters to those whom you are criticising, who fell under the necessity of doing something?

I was informed the other night of a meeting of business men who, it is said, agreed among themselves that it was a great mistake to make this contribution from the Federal Treasury. I made an estimate, according to the best figures I could get, of the worth of these men who were there assembled. Their wealth was as huge as the suffering of their fellow-

citizens was appalling. Yet they met and criticised the Congress and went home without contributing one single dollar to the Red Cross. Where is the shame in this instance? Is it with the Congress which has made the attempt, or with those who have their untold millions, and seem unwilling to feed, even in a scanty way, hungry women and children?

III

But it may be said that if rich Americans are not very generous while they are alive, few of them depart from this world without bequeathing a great deal of their fortunes to charity. Are not Americans famous for their generous bequests? Alas, in the eighty-five years' existence of the New York Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, it has received but 264 "legacies, funds and gifts." The Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, which dates back to 1866, has received bequests or legacies from only 135 individuals, and only 155 have been made to the New York Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies. Worse, only twenty of these bequests amounted to \$10,000 each, and thirteen of them did not exceed \$10,000. From the foundation of the New York Charity Organization Society in 1882 to September 30, 1930, "the society received 173 gifts to capital funds from living persons or by bequest, most of the gifts being by bequest." The United Charities of Chicago received legacies to the number of 130. The Philadelphia Welfare Federation has so far been remembered by only six persons in their wills.

Much has been written recently about the multitude of big benevolent foundations and institutions and the good they do to the entire world. These foundations have been used as Exhibit No. 1 to disprove "that Americans are selfish isolation-

ists, interested only in accumulating wealth for themselves." Again and again the dozen extraordinarily benevolent individuals which we have produced during the past fifty years have been cited as representative of American generosity. Too easily is it forgotten that during the same period we have produced thousands of millionaires and hundreds of multi-millionaires, most of them conspicuous by their absence from the ranks of givers. During a period of over a century we have developed some 186 charitable trusts, but in 1928 alone there were more than 500 individuals in the United States who had yearly incomes of \$1,000,000 or more. The total income of these persons amounted to \$1,108,863,000. The benevolences of a dozen individuals, such as Carnegie, the Rockefellers, Harkness, Rosenwald and a few others account for a considerable proportion of the existing foundations. Of the estimated \$1,000,000,000 now available in these funds, the gifts of the Rockefellers and Andrew Carnegie alone make up three-fourths of the total.

In 1930 there were some 200 large benefactions made through endowments and wills for all purposes,—religious, educational, charitable, and so on. Many of these gifts came from long-established foundations. About one-fourth of the benefactors were also included in the 1929 list of large benefactions, while 32 were listed also in the 1928 roll. Twenty of the large givers of 1930 were in the same class so long ago as 1926.

The total number of American charitable bequests and the number of endowed foundations would hardly seem to justify our pretentious claim to be almoners to a world which spends untold millions on self-respecting social insurance. On unemployment relief alone England spends more than four times as much as our 360

community chests raise for all purposes. Compared to the 186 American foundations for social welfare, England had over 28,000 perpetual charities more than a century ago. Incidentally, many of our foundations, like their English predecessors, are of little, if any, real social value. Social workers frequently fret over and sometimes are even forced to oppose certain institutions and endowments which are not only of no benefit but are actually harmful to their so-called beneficiaries as well as to the community at large. For example, while the American social agencies were making every effort through mothers' pensions and other forms of home care to eliminate the orphan asylum as anti-social, a chocolate manufacturer donated \$60,000,000 for a huge orphanage for "poor, healthy, white, male" children. As Professor E. A. Ross says in a volume entitled "Intelligent Philanthropy:"

It seems incredible that a foundling asylum which loses 97% of its babies should live; yet experience has shown us again and again that good people, pleased with the imagination that they are succoring foundlings, will keep on with it. A large orphanage is just the sort of thing the formalist loves. The money laid out makes a brave show, the bigness of the charity is obvious, and the children, made spick and span, can be collected in one place to feast the eyes of the donor and visitors. It is overlooked that children cannot be raised well on the wholesale plan, that the institution child lags far behind other children in development, that the best parts of its nature atrophy from disuse, that all through life it will never stand for much nor alone, and that it would be infinitely better off if placed in a normal family, even if thereby the service to the orphan sank out of public view.

Professor Ross continues:

Owing to changes unforeseen by the testator thousands of the 28,000 perpetual

charities brought to light by the great endowments survey instituted in England a little over a century ago had become useless or even harmful. Funds had been left to provide forever for superannuated wool-carders, but the trade had become extinct; . . . for apprenticing the children of poor Protestant soldiers in Cork, a city in which for a long time there had been no Protestant soldiers; for conducting services in the French tongue in the Walloon Chapel of Canterbury Cathedral, although the congregation had known no French for a hundred years; for disseminating the doctrines of a sect that had died long since; for repairing causeways and bridges in a wet district which subsequently had been so well drained that causeways and bridges were no longer needed; for the ransom of Christians held captive by the Barbary corsairs, although the piracies of these had ceased long ago; for the relief of those imprisoned for debt; . . . for schools with fixed courses of instruction reflecting the educational ideas of the Elizabethan period.

Many of our foundations and benevolent institutions are of the same type. Frequently, they are established more for the purpose of perpetuating the name of the donor or for the carrying out of a certain whim than for the social benefits they may provide. An Attorney General of Massachusetts left money to Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia (happily declined by all these colleges) for the purpose of "developing sound public opinion" against the tendency "to take woman out of the home and put her in politics." A \$15,000,000 fund was recently established for the purpose of providing for certain selected types of aged Protestants residing in a territory in three States which can be overlooked from the top of the home in which the testator lived. One foundation purposes to "bridge the great gap that exists between the street life of the newsboy and his future responsibilities." It is described as aiming

to raise the cultural level of the boy, and to that end the building is luxurious but homelike and comfortable. There are oriental rugs, fine paintings and artistic decorations which suggest a higher level to the boy from the moment he enters the building. . . . His lessons are studied in libraries furnished in homelike fashion with open fireplaces. His ambitions are directed toward college. . . . The instructors and directors are persons of culture and position, and the boy receives untold benefit by mingling with people of high caliber. He is taught to "strive, serve, save and study" and he pledges himself to these principles upon becoming a member.

A million dollars was left in 1901 "to be put to benevolent uses in the towns of Brattleboro, Vermont, and Rhinebeck, New York." The desire of the founder was that his fund should go "for or toward the relief and support of poor seamstresses, needlewomen and shop girls, who may be in temporary need from want of employment, sickness or misfortune." A large estate was bequeathed recently for the construction of a "womanless" library, seventy-five years after the testator's death, to be "operated only by men, containing volumes written only by men, and to which no woman was ever to be admitted."

IV

Will private philanthropy prove equal to the increasing demands made upon it in the United States by the growing social and economic difficulties of the country? The Family Service Section of the New York Welfare Council reported more than three times as many applications for help in December, 1930, as it received in December, 1929. The number of applicants to the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor increased by 289% in the last quarter of 1930 over the same period in 1929. The Family Home

Department of the New York Children's Aid Society had seven times as many applicants in 1930 as in any previous year. As against an expenditure of \$290,000 on 4000 families in October, 1930, the city of Detroit spent \$2,000,000 on 45,000 families in January, 1931.

It must be borne in mind that the private charitable agencies of the United States are expected to meet not only the demands of sudden disasters, but also the steady rise in dependency caused by the increasing industrial expansion of the country. It remains today the most insecure land for the wage-earner. Unlike his foreign brother, who, in practically all industrial nations, has been considerably protected through governmental legislation against the major emergencies of life, the American worker, like the farmer, must fall back on private benevolence,—the only real dole,—in every emergency. His only recourse, as a free citizen, in times of drought and unemployment, is the bread-line,—the only institution still providing an equal opportunity for all.

His helplessness was well stated recently by Dr. E. Leslie Burgin, a Liberal M. P. in an interview in the Manchester *Guardian*, upon his return from the International Law Association Conference in the United States. Said Dr. Burgin:

Throughout the whole of America there seems to be little reserve in the pockets of the people. Thrift, foresight, saving, all seem little known and less practiced. Persons who on Monday and Tuesday are living in comparative security are on the Wednesday and Thursday reduced to complete penury without any assets whatever and no hope of obtaining any immediately.

There is no unemployment insurance, there is very little organized public assistance, the Poor Law is administered with a rigor that savors of Prussianism, and altogether one's experience and observation show that there is no country in the

world quite so hard on the unfortunate and the poor as the so-called prosperous Continent of America. . . . There seems to be a spirit of far greater callousness than exists in the old country. Security and continuity of employment, and the rest and peace of mind arising from it, are very little known from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The testimony of practically all social workers today is that private charity will be unable to cope with the problem. Many agencies have been forced to limit their new cases. George A. Hastings, assistant secretary of the New York State Charities' Aid Association, in speaking of the community chest movement, said:

The motive and the method back of raising such vast sums yearly is pity; it is more or less of an emotional appeal; sometimes a sort of emotional whoopee; certainly the method is not based on the calm consideration characteristic of governmental action. And unlike government policy which, once established, is likely to continue, the chests have to whoop up their enthusiasm and their pity afresh every year. Even the most ardent chestite sometimes gets a little weary of the annual whoopee. And so does the community. But the most serious disadvantage is that the chest method tends automatically, first to increase the amount of money available for social service, but eventually to limit it. A saturation point of giving is reached for the collective enterprise of a community.

The Prosser Committee in New York which did a marvelous job in raising more than \$8,000,000, as well as many social workers who were formerly opposed to

governmental action, were finally forced to appeal to the Mayor to appropriate \$10,000,000 for relief because of the impossibility of raising adequate funds through voluntary efforts. And Dr. Jacob Billikopf, executive director of the Federation of Jewish Charities of Philadelphia, recently requested the Philadelphia City Council to provide at least \$200,000 a month for the care of needy families, for voluntary efforts, he found, could not meet the problem.

In city after city similar requests were made to the municipal authorities for public help.

V

Indeed, when we talk of caring for unemployment and drought by private philanthropy, we talk nonsense. Private philanthropy is confessedly unable to meet the present situation. It will never be able to relieve the growing difficulties inherent in the industrial order, and it is also seriously objectionable for another reason. Under this system the burden of social ills falls almost entirely upon the few generous rich and the bulk of poor wage-earners, who cannot refuse to give to charitable appeals when the boss asks them to contribute. It is altogether contrary to the modern principle of a fair proportional distribution of the burden. The bulk of the well-to-do escape entirely from paying their share.

EDITORIALS

The American Religion

As every schoolboy knows, the course of biological evolution is marked by a steady increase of functional differentiation among the cells. In the lowest organisms, though they may consist of immense aggregations of cells, all are substantially alike, and if one could hear one of them speak one would hear all of them. But in the highest organisms there are wide differences, and in man they are not only wide but also very numerous. How many separate and distinct kinds of cells make up the human body I don't know, and neither does anyone else, but certainly it must be many thousands. In the liver alone there are hundreds, each as unlike its fellows as a Congressman is unlike a holy Christian martyr. The neurons which make up the nerves are so different from the cells which float in the blood plasma that it is hard to believe that they descend from a single zygote. Nor is it easy to think of the cells of the *lens crystallina* and those of a wart as the offspring of the same fertilized ovum. Here nature pants and sweats for specialization, and very often it is carried to astonishing lengths.

So in the social organism. Human society simply repeats the history of the living creature. It begins with all individuals acting pretty much alike. There are males and females, but that is about all. Every man practises all the arts that any man knows, and every woman can do what all her sisters do. But as culture develops so does differentiation. There come to be kings and subjects, philosophers and la-

borers, traders and artists, farmers and priests, doctors and lawyers, and so on almost *ad infinitum*. In the most advanced societies such differences are as wide and dramatic as those between the different classes of cells in the body. If there is any likeness between, say, a Huxley on the one hand and a Mississippi Baptist on the other, it is a likeness mainly of gross anatomy; functionally, and especially psychologically, they differ almost as much as a whale and a June-bug. Not only is the Baptist incapable of doing any of the things that make a Huxley what he is; he is also incapable of imagining Huxley doing them, just as a June-bug is incapable of imagining a whale swallowing Jonah.

But neither in the physical organism or in the social organism does this specialization go unchallenged. Now and then, in a human body otherwise apparently healthy, certain lowly varieties of cells run amuck and begin assaulting their betters: their aim is to bring the whole body down to their own vulgar and incompetent level. The result is what is called a cancer. In the social organism the parallel phenomenon is called democracy. The aim of democracy is to destroy if possible, and if not, then to make ineffective, the genetic differences between man and man. It begins in the political domain—by setting up the doctrine that one man's opinion about the common affairs of all is as good as any other man's—but it always tries to extend itself to other and higher domains. In a democratic society it is more hazardous than elsewhere to show any oddity in conduct or opinion. Whoever

differs from the general is held to be inferior, though it may be obvious, by any rational standard, that he is really superior. People who live under democracy tend to wear the same kind of hats, to eat the same food, to laugh at the same jokes, and to admire the same mountebanks. They become, as the phrase has it, standardized. Their laws lay heavy penalties on any man whose taste in reading, in drinking or in any other private avocation differs from that of his neighbors. Life tends to be regimented and unpleasant, and everyone is more or less uneasy.

In the United States, where democracy has gone further than anywhere else, this levelling tendency is frequently remarked. There was a time, for example, when the Americans spent a lot of time debating political theories, and developed a great many new ones, but of late they are so much of the same mind that the difference between the two chief parties is scarcely discernible. A Democrat in Georgia believes precisely what a Republican in Kansas believes; if they continue to vote against one another it is only because they are too stupid to notice their complete agreement. And as in politics, so in every other field of thought and action. There is no longer any substantial difference between man and man. All decent Americans believe that it is better to boost than to knock, that the radio is a wonderful invention, that all communists come from Russia and ought to be sent back there, that the public schools do a great work, and that the best cure for anything that happens to ail one is a dose of aspirin. On all such matters there is a steady approach to unanimity. It becomes a grave indecorum to question anything that is generally believed.

Of late this movement has begun to show itself even in the field of religion,

where for centuries past there has been nothing but quarrel and turmoil. Theoretically, to be sure, the old animosity between sect and sect is still alive, and now and then, as in the national campaign of 1928, it takes on a melodramatic reality; nevertheless, I believe that it is slowly dying, and that in another century or so it will be pretty well forgotten. Not only will the various varieties of Protestants then lie down together in relative amity; there will also be a truce between the Protestants as a whole and the Catholics. The result, I believe, will be a common American religion, based mainly upon Wesleyan ideas but borrowing a great deal from Latin practises. Two influences will bring it in. On the one hand the Protestants of the land, as they gradually grow civilized, will tire of the vulgarity of evangelism and turn to something more dignified and self-respecting. And on the other hand, the Catholics will tire of their allegiance to Rome, and set up shop on their own, as the faithful of the Near East did in the year 1054, and as the French came near doing toward the close of the Seventeenth Century. Once these revolutions are permitted by God, actual union will become possible.

The learned ex-Jesuit, Dr. E. Boyd Barrett, believes that the Catholics of the United States are already drifting away from Rome, though most of them are probably still unaware of it. He points out that the Roman theory of government and the American theory are hopelessly at odds, and that American Catholics are outraged in some of their dearest beliefs every time the former is stated, say in one of the recurrent papal encyclicals. The contention scarcely needs argument. During the Smith-Hoover combat various Catholic theologians tried to reconcile the two theories, but they never got far enough to make

even Al himself understand them. The obvious fact is that the American theory is incurably repugnant to Rome, and that on some near tomorrow it may be categorically condemned. When that time comes the way will be open for a new schism.

But there is something more. A good many American Catholics, even now, may be unpleasantly conscious of the conflict in this department, and eager to throw off Rome, but such a wish is surely not common in the American hierarchy. Its members are faithful to Rome, and they will probably remain faithful to the last ditch. Nevertheless, they also, at least by residence, are Americans, and if they do not succumb to the American theory of government, they plainly succumb to a multitude of other American notions. There was a time when, if a bishop spoke, one could tell at once from what he said whether he was a Catholic or a Protestant. But that time is no more. With one cardinal archbishop damning Einstein as a corruptor of youth and another entering into an alliance with the Methodists and Presbyterians to drive all ideas out of the theatre, it becomes increasingly difficult to mark the point where John Wesley ceases to be a heretic and becomes a saint.

This Methodization of Holy Church in the Republic has gone a good deal further than most people seem to think. It has, within the space of two generations, changed the whole character of the Roman hierarchy. Once it was made up chiefly of pious and courtly souls of the general character of Cardinal Gibbons, but today it is full of go-getters who are almost indistinguishable from their Wesleyan brethren. They carry on the enterprises of the church by mass production methods, and do not hesitate to bulge out into secular affairs. One hears from them increasingly in the halls of legislation, and many of them

cherish schemes to improve and save non-Catholics at wholesale and even by force. It is, I think, a significant change, and I can only ascribe it to the effects of living in a Methodist land and breathing evangelical air. Many of these right rev. brethren, no doubt, are quite unaware of their own transformation, but there it is all the same.

But if they thus yield to the Wesleyan heretics, then the Wesleyan heretics respond by a mad shinning up the slopes of Canossa. Here, again, what is going on is too little observed. With Bishop Cannon constantly in the limelight, such men as Bishop McConnell are overlooked. But even Bishop Cannon offers plenty of evidence of the change going on. On the one hand, he has not held a revival for years, and on the other hand he has boldly proposed a revision of the traditional Methodist code of ethics. Sitting in Washington, with one eye on the White House and the other on Capitol Hill, he moves further and further from the circuit rider of yesterday and more and more toward the Roman cardinal. Nor is he alone in that progress, nor is it confined to such novelties as he himself has introduced. Even more significant is the abandonment of conversion by orgy among Methodists generally, and the increasing popularity of ritual. There was a time when a Methodist service was almost indistinguishable from an auction sale, but today 16,000 of the brethren in holy orders pine publicly for the Book of Common Prayer as it was revised by Wesley in 1784, and in many of their tabernacles they go through ceremonies almost as stately as a hanging, and some of them have even taken to burning candles.

As a neutral in theology, I express no formal opinion about these changes. Naturally enough, I incline toward those which make for decorum rather than for

those which make for unpleasantness, and so, if I took a side, it would probably be what now seems to be the Wesleyan side. But fortunately there is no need to do so, for the process cannot be influenced by either praise or blame. It is a function of the general standardization now going on in the United States. Fifty years ago, or even thirty years ago, anyone who predicted that Democrats and Republicans would ever be brought together on a common platform would have been set down a lunatic, but the thing has actually happened, and the country seems little the worse for it. It will take longer to bring on amity among Christians, for it is God's will that they should hate one another with a blistering and implacable hatred. Nevertheless, that will may be changed at any time, and, as I have tried to set forth, I suspect that it is being changed even now. Children born today may see the beginnings of a genuine state church in the Republic, with a hierarchy of live wires and a purely American theology. I regret that I am too old to wait for it, for if it comes it will be a lulu.



The Literary Amenities

Now that realtors and used car dealers, chiropractors and jobbers in plumbing supplies, keepers of one-arm lunchrooms and chattel loan brokers all have rigid codes of professional ethics, some of them enforced by drastic pains and penalties, I suppose that the authors of the United States will presently experiment in the same direction. So far all their discussion of right and wrong has had to do with the acts of the other fellow, to wit, of the publisher in his various forms: already, indeed, their trade union, the Authors' League, has drawn up elaborate regula-

tions for his conduct, not unlike the regulations prevailing in a well-conducted penitentiary. But what authors themselves may do or not do is still rather vague, and so one encounters a wide variation in practise. There are authors in America who, in their transactions with a magazine editor, are as considerate and punctilious as so many Galahads, but there are others who are not above trying to rook him out of a few postage stamps.

In the matter of the relations between author and reviewer there seems to be a great difference of opinion, with English ideas running one way and American ideas another. Not long ago an eminent English novelist was protesting bitterly because one of the American reviewers had printed two reviews of a book of his, in two different periodicals, both of them unfavorable. He let it be known that this was regarded as immoral in England, at all events among novelists. But why it should be considered immoral I can't understand. Certainly the complainant would have entered no caveat if both of the reviews had been favorable, and certainly the reviewer would have been open to suspicion if one had been favorable and the other not. I see no reason why, in such a case, a reviewer should not print as many reviews as he can induce editors to print. If his opinion is worth printing at all, then it is worth printing as much as possible. But it appears that different views prevail in the Motherland, at least among novelists with American hopes.

In another direction the English are far less squeamish. Here in the Republic, unless I err, it is considered *infra dig* for an author to protest against anything printed about his book; even in case of gross libel he leaves his publisher to make whatever representations may be called for. But in England authors are always protesting and

complaining, and the letter columns of such journals as the *Literary Supplement* of the *London Times* are filled with their murmurs. This is most unusual west of the Atlantic. The few authors who indulge in the English habit are generally thought to be bounders, and no one pays any attention to them. But the English, as an offset, are far more careful than their American brethren about the use of private communications from reviewers, and never publish them as advertising blurbs and without permission, as is common over here.

Some time ago a young author who had just published his first book asked me if he should send letters of thanks to the reviewers who had noticed it favorably. I told him that the custom of the trade was against it—that he was estopped by etiquette from taking any cognizance of reviews, save, of course, those which happened to be written by personal friends. But I have since been wondering whether I advised him correctly. The fact is that the matter has never been discussed judicially by any author with a talent for ethical science, and that in consequence no one knows what is right and what is wrong. I am also in doubt about another matter. Two or three years ago, when an American novelist dedicated a novel to me and I reviewed it in due course, I was denounced for logrolling. The book was of such character that my customers naturally expected me to deal with it, and the review had vinegar in it as well as goosegrease; nevertheless, I was belabored as a logroller, and the doctrine was set up that a man to whom a book is dedicated should never notice it. Is this doctrine sound? If so, then it puts a burden upon reviewers of any experience, for they naturally meet a good many authors, and not a few books are dedicated to them. But I am by no means sure that my critics were wrong. Nor am

I sure that it is good professional practise for an author to dedicate a book to a practising reviewer, even though the reviewer may be a personal friend.

The whole subject of dedications, indeed, deserves to be considered at length by a committee of elderly and discreet authors, to the end that sin may be avoided at either end. Personally, I have never dedicated a book to anyone, nor have I ever taken any notice of a review, whether good or bad, save (a) when the reviewer happened to be a personal friend, or (b) when he sent me his review and solicited my opinion of it. In the latter case I have always replied that it was swell, though not infrequently this was, in the strictest sense, not true. On sleepless nights I often think of such things, and find my conscience in a swollen and feverish state. If the subject were treated in books on moral theology I'd resort to them, but it isn't. Thus I propose that a national *duma* of authors be called, and that the whole subject of professional ethics be pondered officially. Even psychiatrists, movie magnates and bootleggers now have rigid codes; nay, even newspaper editors. But authors continue to wander in a moral wilderness.



Improving the Human Race

The Hon. Frederick H. Gillett, LL.D., of Massachusetts, who retired from the United States Senate on March 4 last, will probably go down into American history as the most obscure man who ever lived a life of eminence. He not only served six years in the Senate as successor to the immortal Lodge; he also served thirty-two years in the House, and was for six years its Speaker. Yet not a single salient piece of legislation is associated with his name, and probably few persons, even in Wash-

ington, recall how he stood on any of the great questions that fevered the country in his time. In his last days in the Senate, as if reaching out for fame from the very slab of the political morgue, he sponsored a bill making it lawful to send birth control advice and apparatus through the mails. But it died under a furious attack from Holy Church, and so the hon. gentleman vanished into the shades with his long record of diligent futility unbroken. Certainly Capitol Hill has never seen a more *pianissimo* statesman.

The attack upon his bill, as I say, was in the hands of Holy Church, and showed all of the humors that are inseparable from theological derring-do. Its leaders were childless and even virgin ecclesiastics, but it apparently did not strike them as odd that they should denounce the childlessness of other persons as mortal sin. Their chief contention was that God had personally prohibited birth control, *e.g.*, in Genesis xxxviii, 10. None of them seemed to be bothered by the fact that the same God, in the same Old Testament, had also prohibited the eating of ham sandwiches, and ordered the butchery of witches. The truth is that all of the texts the rev. brethren cited were exceedingly dubious, and that no one can say for sure at this moment whether God is against birth control or for it. It is simply one of the questions on which He neglected to inform Moses. Prohibition is another, going to the movies is a third, and chewing tobacco is a fourth. It may be that God delights in receiving the tortured souls of babies born of rachitic mothers and syphilitic fathers, but on the other hand it may be that He doesn't. It may be that a poor woman dying in labor with her fifteenth child is a pleasing spectacle to Him, but if so He has at least had the decency to avoid saying so plainly.

But the case of the birth controllers is

almost as weak as that of their sacerdotal opponents. On the one hand, they allege that it is impossible for the people who need it to get contraceptive information now, which is quite untrue. And on the other hand, they allege that they are privy to information better than that in common vogue, which is also untrue. I have examined all of their clandestine directions carefully, and can find nothing in them that is unknown to any corner druggist or village midwife. More, I have submitted these directions to eminent physiologists, including some of the gynecological faculty, and they all tell me that none of the devices advocated will certainly and invariably work. The factor of error in even the best of them is at least 1%—and that is enough to keep any trusting woman up to the limit of human fecundity. Thus I can see no ponderable advantage to humanity in forcing Christian letter-carriers, many of them devoted Catholics, to tote heavy sacks of contraceptive literature and machinery. The sacks they tote unknowingly are heavy enough now, and nothing in them is really up to the advance notices and selling talk.

My guess is that the Gillett repealer, if it is revived in the next Congress, will be beaten again, and so on forever. It is simply not in accord with the American genius to repeal moral legislation. Once it is upon the books it stays there. But enforcing it, of course, is something else again. No class of it is less enforced than that which seeks to guard the virtue of the mails. They are burdened from year's end to year's end with all of the things that are prohibited. The country is flooded with pornographic books and magazines, and the Postoffice docilely hauls them. Now and then the laws are invoked to punish someone who has become unpopular with the bureaucracy (usually by political heresy), but in

general they are as dead as the Volstead Act. No American who wants to buy a dirty book ever has any difficulty getting it. And by the same token no woman who wants to experiment with the limitation of offspring has to seek far for the necessary helps. Those helps may fail her when she gets them, but she is at least able to get them.

The real objection to all such laws is not that they put any substantial burden upon anyone (save maybe the political heretics aforesaid), but that they feed the cruel and bombastic vanity of professional moralists, clerical and lay, a highly anti-social class of men. That vanity of theirs is largely pathological, and under a really civilized order of society it would be repressed, not encouraged. Find me a man who is full of a heat to improve the morals of his fellow men, against their will, and I'll show you a man who had better be watched. There is something in him that makes him a bad citizen of a presumably free country. He gets pleasure out of harassing persons who seem to be having a better time than he has, and if he had the power he would quickly transform that harassment into something worse. Every wowser carries an inquisitor's torch in his knapsack. When he rejoices over a sick man deprived of a consoling bottle of wine or over a poor farmer's wife brought to bed of her tenth or twelfth doomed brat, he is simply hugging a prudent symbol of a heretic flaming

at the stake. Give him the chance, and he will reach out for the reality. It has been so since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and it will be so forever, world without end.

Good government, if it were imaginable, would protect decent people from such enemies of the common peace and dignity. But we have no good governments on earth today; we have only a series of degraded and degrading tyrannies, operated by scoundrels for their own profit. The more useful and well-disposed, intelligent and honest a citizen is, the more he is oppressed. It is hopeless for him to look for relief by so-called legal means. The courts and legislatures are as much the creatures of his oppressors as the hordes of bureaucrats.

His remedy is the device that has come to be called, somewhat foolishly, passive resistance. Let him simply refuse to respect the unspeakable or obey the intolerable. This is done in the United States every day, and on a colossal scale, in the matter of the Eighteenth Amendment. It is done less widely, but still with increasing determination, in the matter of such laws as those the birth controllers complain of. Sometimes I think that this is a better road to liberty than any other. It may be pleasant to gain rights as a free gift from despots, but it is far more stimulating to wrest them from their hands, and by force.

H. L. M.

THIRD PARTY FANTASY

BY MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

IF THE signs of the moment do not fail me, we are to be treated to another delightfully inept and utterly unrealistic third party campaign in 1932.

Waves of sincere but futile moral indignation will sweep over the country. Abuse will be heaped in liberal quantities upon Mr. Hoover, the Democrats, the Power Trust, the bankers, and all the rest of the rugged individuals who have been lucky enough or crooked enough to get away with overly large shares of the political and economic loot which always lies ready to hand in a plutocracy such as ours. The voters will be challenged to put an end to the predacious rule of the Republicans and Democrats, all the profits of which have gone to the more powerful and wealthier of Mr. Mellon's friends. In place of the customary makeshift platforms of the two major parties the electorate will be offered a hopeful and plausible Progressive platform built along neo-Socialistic lines (but sufficiently disguised and diluted to ensnare the more timid Americans).

There, however, the third party leaders are likely to stop. That they will go further and attempt to establish their own competency to run the government, or give proof that they can keep their party together long enough to carry out the more essential of their flaming promises, seems too much to hope for. And when the votes are counted, and it is found that the people are willing to worry along yet a while under the dictatorship of Mr.

Hoover or someone like him, the third party leaders can be expected to shed a brief but bitter tear, not for their own political stupidity, but for that of the voters who refused to follow them into Utopia.

Lest I be misunderstood I want to make it clear at the start that I myself want a new party, and for the same reasons as those put forward by the Progressives (a term meant to apply to all rebels, ranging from the activist Liberals to the conservative Socialists). I am one of the dissenters who cannot much longer stomach the mealy-mouthedness of our Hoovers and the ponderous truisms of our Coolidges; who are convinced that our present economic and political leadership has proven itself wholly incompetent; who sincerely believe that society as a whole ought to get at least an even break with the few wealthy industrialists and other such economic wise men who now rule us. In short, I feel that as long as we pretend to being a democracy we ought to function as such and not be content to sit back and let a gang of dull and tiresome political fellows manage our affairs for the benefit of a privileged few.

More than that, in my professional capacity I have written innumerable editorials and articles looking toward the creation of a new political party. I have gone about the country discussing the question with labor leaders, lawyers, politicians, school teachers and business men. It may

be that I am wrong; it may be that the people simply have not the capacity for ruling themselves; but the point I want to make is that my political views and sympathies are identical with those of the Progressives who are now demanding a political revolution. At only one point do I differ from them. I believe that it takes courage, patience and common sense to build a new party.

II

There are two kinds of Progressives in this country, those who are active in politics and those who are not, the politicians and the intellectuals. The latter deserve the more attention because they are the people who are laboring under the delusion that politics is some sort of parlor game. The nonpolitical Progressives are grouped in dozens of leagues and societies and associations, most of which, for some inexplicable reason or other, have their headquarters and the bulk of their memberships in New York City instead of out in the grass root country whence Senator Borah expects a people's party may some day spring. Some of these leagues are organized for one purpose, some for another, but each is working in its own peculiar fashion against conservatism, that is, against the economic and political system now in the hands of Mr. Hoover's rugged individualists.

Unfortunately, the conservatives occupy their present high places of power and privilege, not entirely because they control the political machinery, nor entirely because they have the great influence that immense wealth bestows upon them, nor yet because they own all the various engines of public opinion, but primarily and foremost because they fully appreciate the value of unity and organization. In other

words, they have sense enough to hang together. So long as they sit tight they can be budged from their strongly entrenched position only by a massed and completely coördinated attack. Such is warfare, even in politics. Clearly the strategical requirements of the situation call for unity among the Progressives and moderate radicals. Yet these people refuse to get together; they seemingly cannot agree upon a goal or even upon a common course of action.

If this were peculiar to the current Progressive campaign, one might be more charitable in discussing their deficiencies, but it has been true of every attempt made by the intellectuals and Progressives in the last hundred years to organize a liberal or left-wing party. The 1827 labor movement, the George Henry Evans movement of the '40s, the Liberal Republican revolt of 1872, the National Greenback party of 1876, the abortive Farmer-Labor party launched in Cleveland two years later, the Henry George campaign of 1886, and the many other gestures toward a permanent political organization of simon-pure Progressives all met the same fate through the incapacity of the organizers to establish and maintain unity among themselves.

Today there exists the same division and confusion. The 1931 intellectuals and Progressives are sadly and needlessly divided into several petty groups. They play with slogans—industrial democracy, social justice, a planned economy, economic freedom—instead of turning their talents to the development of a simple, concise and fundamentally sound philosophy upon which the majority might agree. They lose themselves in fantastic and divergent ideas when they should be working out a substantial and realizable programme. They are given to quarreling among themselves and with their logical allies, the political

Progressives. They publicly accuse the insurgents in Washington of lacking courage because the latter can see no point in sacrificing the advanced position they have won for the privilege of losing themselves in the confusion of lay Progressivism. They refuse to join forces with the Socialists, although most of their principles are undeniably socialistic, simply because Socialism has a bad name among many Americans. They shudder at the very thought of getting into politics themselves, notwithstanding that it is there that most of the battles in which they pretend to be engaged are being actively fought. Radicals these intellectuals doubtless are, but they are both afraid and ashamed of their radicalism, preferring to hide behind terms like "social control" and "social planning."

In England, Germany and other civilized lands the more sincere intellectuals never hesitate to take some part in the political activities of their respective countries. Sometimes they get elected to office and sometimes they go to jail. Here they shrink from both not altogether unpleasant duties, electing rather to rely upon the vigor of their tongues and typewriters, upon emotional after-dinner discussions, and upon lofty and visionary but conflicting plans to bring them the political and economic salvation they are seeking.

Thus, by abstaining from political activity, the lay progressives have not acquired, and cannot acquire, the practical and realistic political knowledge necessary to carry them to success. Without this knowledge they could never hope to keep together any independent party that might be born of the momentary enthusiasm of a popular revolt. Moreover, lacking training in government, they could not hope to make any sort of decent showing should their party by some good fortune come

into power. Hence the intellectuals are defeating their own ends by clinging to their high moral perch when they ought to be down wallowing in the gutter of politics. They complain about the stench from this gutter, but they will not do anything with their own hands to help clean it out.

Political parties are built neither upon moral indignation nor upon the fleeting ardor of a temporarily aroused electorate. A party organization is in actuality a complex network of local, State and national committees. These committees, to quote Bryce's able summary,

have plenty to do, for the winning of elections is a toilsome and costly business. Funds have to be raised, meetings organized, [voters] recruited for the party and enrolled as its members, lists of voters and their residences prepared, literature produced and diffused, and other forms of party propaganda attended to, and when the day of election arrives party tickets must be provided and distributed, canvassers and other election workers organized and paid, voters brought up to the polls. Each committee keeps touch with the next above it in a larger electoral area, and with that below it in a smaller, so that, taken altogether, these bodies constitute a network, strong and flexible, stretching over the whole Union. They are an army kept on war footing, always ready for action when each election comes round.

Do we observe the lay Progressives who want a new party hurrying out to organize such committees? Or is this third party to be built without organization, the voters coming out of their own volition to sweep it into office and to keep it there? Or perhaps the plan is to leave this menial task of organization to the professional politicians now on the payrolls of the conservative parties.

Unhappily, I believe that neither of the last named alternatives will work. If the

Progressives really want a new party, they must stop mapping out programmes, making speeches, and distributing literature to the exclusion of more essential activities. If they really want a new party, they will have to knuckle down to work (disagreeable as that might appear to be). They will have to go into the wards and other small electoral areas where they stand some chance of winning, organize these areas effectively and efficiently; then go on to larger districts, and finally tackle entire States; and when they have a sufficient number of State organizations actually in power they can begin to hope for national success. The process will be slow and arduous and often disheartening, but final victory may come within twenty or thirty years, if the Progressives do not mess things up at the start by chasing after some impossible third party dream in 1932 or 1936.

Lacking this intricate and basic organization, every third party movement since the Civil War has failed. Every one of these parties sought to capture the White House before it had sunk its roots deeply and firmly into the precincts and wards of the country, and every one of them found overreaching fatal. So would it be in 1932. The Progressives are already talking quietly of a presidential ticket, but any such independent ticket would be offered the voters under false pretenses. It could not be otherwise. In turning to a new party sufficiently radical to be distinguished from either of the present major parties the people would be entitled to ask for some guarantee of permanency, for some assurance that the party would live long enough to accomplish at least the most essential of its reforms; but no spontaneous presidential ticket presented by an independent group at this time could extend any such assurance.

The millions who voted for Roosevelt in 1912 and for La Follette in 1924 might have been held together if there had been a permanent network of party committees organized to keep this vote intact; but the voters were, in fact, deceived by the implied promise that the Progressives had something substantial to give them in the way of a party to which they could attach themselves. In neither case did a party really exist; after the froth and foam of the campaign had been wiped away, the voters, who had been given a glimpse of the promised land, were suddenly and unceremoniously let down.

Likewise a third party movement in 1932, at least one conducted by the intellectuals and lay Liberals, would of necessity have to be based upon fictitious premisses, not only in that the leaders could not honestly guarantee the party's continued existence after the campaign, but that they could not even give any reasonable assurance that the party would be found competent to take over the government were it to succeed at the polls. It may be true that the intellectuals are learned in theory, and it may be true that they feel utterly confident that they would be able to take up without a hitch the tasks which experienced politicians are now carrying on. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that there are very few men and women among them with sufficient experience and practice in government to give the country as a whole any real hope that they would run the government smoothly and efficiently.

After all, the government is a huge and complicated piece of machinery that can be operated only by experienced men; it will not run on theories alone. The politicians now in charge may be dishonest and dull-witted and slaves of the moneyed interests, but they do know how to handle

the technical end of government. Opposed to their expert knowledge what have the Progressives to offer? Who among them can run the State Department, or the Commerce Department, or any of the other highly technical branches of government? They could train themselves, of course, in the minor offices, in the municipalities and States, and thus create the talent necessary to the successful functioning of the national government. At the same time that they hold these minor offices they could be building up their national party organization. As a matter of fact, they must follow this course if they would succeed, for in the final analysis no party can achieve national status that has not its roots in these minor government posts. This the Progressives surely cannot hope to accomplish between July and November of 1932.

III

It is amusing to observe the lay Progressives, who have no position whatever in politics and apparently have no disposition to get into politics, laying down the law to the political Progressives, the insurgents in Washington. Personally I have no considerable respect for the astuteness or skill of the insurgents as a group. Writing from Washington last November, I asserted that

even among the Progressives, who really should have intelligence enough to appreciate the extraordinary opportunity the chaos in the ranks of their enemies has presented them, there is an air of helplessness. Thus far they have been unable to unite upon a definite, concrete programme. They do not seem to understand the strategic value in rallying behind a single, forceful leader.

In another place I wrote of these earnest but futile men that

they lack leadership and organization. They move as independent units, and not as a solid phalanx toward a common goal. They are on the whole a group of intelligent and unquestionably sincere men, but each of them is going his own private way with his own legislative programme. At many points these programmes coincide; at other places they wander far afield. Is it any wonder that the regulars among the Republicans and Democrats take lightly the aspirations and political strength of the Progressives?

Moreover, one does not feel naturally comfortable in the company of such a man as Smith Wildman Brookhart. One may never feel quite sure that he will not afterward publish to the world the fact of some private peccadillo or unconscious misdemeanor that may have come to his attention. One also tires rather easily of his constant sobbing and wailing over what he is pleased to call Mellonism. Certainly there are other Liberals in the country who are just as frankly disgusted with Secretary Mellon and his nefarious toiling in behalf of the upper brackets, but these Liberals would much rather see something done about it than to hear Senator Brookhart forever bemoaning the fact that it is not done.

Then there is the case of Robert Beecher Howell, who tried to fasten upon the disfranchised residents of the District of Columbia a model Prohibition enforcement law that would have made Wayne Wheeler's best work look like the product of a Tom Paine. Going further, we find Henrik Shipstead in sad plight for a Farmer-Labor delegate. The good doctor of dentistry stands in a fair way of falling victim to the pernicious social lobby in Washington; society and its glamor have him all but roped and tagged. Others of these insurgents, with perhaps four exceptions, might be mentioned in similar vein, but

quite enough has been said to demonstrate that as independent Liberals and Progressives most of them fall short of the mark.

Nevertheless, despite this discouraging showing, it is only to this group (if the Socialists continue as visionary, impractical or downright stupid as they have been in the past) that we can look for a nucleus for a genuine Progressive party. This faction already has a secure foothold in politics. Senator La Follette has a State organization actually in power in Wisconsin, Senator Cutting is similarly well-fixed in New Mexico, and there are excellent prospects of Senator Costigan's winning control in Colorado. At least a half dozen other States can be counted upon. With twenty State organizations like these in hand a national party could without doubt be created. The party would be managed by experienced politicians and by men versed in the difficult ways of government. It would be grounded in a strong and flexible system of local and other committees, and thus would have a very definite chance of permanently maintaining itself. Finally, there is every reason to believe that once the insurgents who would lead this party had cast loose from their present party ties they would move much further to the left than they dare now stand.

Here, then, is a nucleus for a new party, which could easily be expanded into a national party were the lay Progressives to turn to and capture a few State organizations in the East, where the Western insurgents have made no inroads whatever. But the intellectuals will have none of it. They harass and embarrass the insurgent group by thoughtless gestures, widely published, and by gratuitous and unconsidered sneers. If they could, they would destroy it, for in its turn it is a source of embarrassment for them. The intellectuals and lay Progressives charge the Washington

rebels with lacking backbone because they will not demolish the small but nevertheless tangible and effective party machinery they possess and join with these intellectuals in building anew from the bottom. It is asserted that the insurgents have and can have only a negative influence, that they act merely as a brake upon the major parties, hampering them in executing some of their more vicious policies, and that therefore the insurgents cannot be considered progressive. Hence (having failed to induce them to organize and lead a new party) the intellectuals have shunted the insurgents aside as being unworthy of the as yet unborn Progressive movement.

It would appear to the conscientious bystander that the lay Progressives would have had a much stronger case had they themselves been united upon a common goal, a common programme and a common course of action. Certainly they could have had no real hope of persuading the hardheaded politicians among the rebels in Washington that the confusion, indecision and nebulous though perhaps idealistic plans of the lay Progressives, their lack of reality and unity, and their lack of leadership, were more valuable to the Progressive cause than the power the insurgents were actually wielding in Congress, limited as that power might be.

Being in office, the insurgents have one other advantage that the intellectuals do not enjoy. They can and do use their political positions as centers of education and propaganda. Whereas the lay Progressives get little or no public attention, the speeches and comments of the Washington insurgents are widely circulated. That there is genuine public interest in Norris and La Follette is recognized in virtually every newspaper office in the country, and their utterances and ideas are dealt with accordingly in the news

columns, however they may be maligned in the editorial columns.

It is true that these ideas do not represent unadulterated Progressivism or radicalism as the intellectuals would have them, but none the less the extensive publicity they obtain is by far more effective as propaganda than all the literature the lay Progressives can distribute, all the speeches they can make, and all the other educational work they can accomplish. When George Norris or Bob La Follette gets up to talk he is listened to as a United States Senator; when the spokesmen of the various Liberal and Progressive leagues address this or that audience they do so as parlor pinks. The intellectuals could overcome this difficulty by getting into politics themselves, but so long as they consider that participation in politics is beneath them the public cannot be blamed for tagging them with unpleasant labels or for ignoring them altogether.

The Socialists also offer a possible center about which a Progressive or moderately radical party might be developed. However, they have only one advantage that the Washington insurgents lack, and they lack several advantages that the Norris-La Follette group could bring to a new party. The Socialists have a permanent national organization. Much of the spadework which the Progressives would have to do could be spared them by an alliance with this organization. However, the name of the party would probably have to be sacrificed, not because it is a fundamental liability, but because the intellectuals lack the courage necessary to attack that one of our national superstitions which has brought the term Socialism into disrepute. A second obstacle to the alliance would be found in the doctrinaire quality of the Socialist programme, and this may prove fairly hard for most of our pragmatic and

opportunistic intellectuals to swallow. Thirdly, the Socialists are in power in only two communities, Reading, Pa., and Milwaukee, Wis., whereas the insurgents have several States under their control. Lastly, the Socialists have shown little true capacity for American politics.

Their retention of their national headquarters in Chicago is an example of this. Were these offices to be removed to Washington, they would get a much better break in the way of publicity and propaganda. It is not only because the White House and Congress are near at hand that the Republican and Democratic national committees have their offices in the national capital, but also, or perhaps primarily, because there are in Washington some three to four hundred newspaper correspondents who are trained in politics and who live on handouts and statements from the politicians. (The decision of the Socialists to open a publicity office in Washington, instead of setting up the main works there, is too thin an attempt to take advantage of the Washington publicity mill to get very far with the correspondents.)

The Socialists have also fallen into an error typical of most minor or third parties. They have been squandering their money and wasting their strength in trying to win every political office in sight, from the Presidency down. They might instead have been concentrating their financial, oratorical and political resources in those districts where they had a reasonable chance of succeeding, and thus they could probably have won any number of seats in municipal councils and State Legislatures, and perhaps more than a few in Congress. The party would thereby have achieved a standing that it does not have today (because of the average American's natural tendency to sniff at failure while applauding success), and these posts

could, moreover, have been used, after the manner of the Washington insurgents and other practical politicians, as centers of education and propaganda. An alliance with the Socialists would not provide every advantage that could be desired, but it would in any event be much better than the drifting policy the intellectuals and lay Progressives are now following.

IV

Earlier in this article I suggested that the intellectuals were afraid of their radicalism. One pertinent example of this timidity is to be observed in their habit of heaving bricks at the national administration instead of heaving bombs at the voters responsible for that administration. So long as the people are steeped in the mythology of democracy and prosperity they cannot be won over by any such attacks upon their gods in Washington. More could be gained were the intellectuals to go out among the people and preach, not revolution, but revolutionary ideas, for it is only by an intellectual awakening that the people will come fully to realize to what extent they are being duped by their subservience to the reigning plutocracy.

I fear, however, that the lay Progressives, who have not enough courage to get into politics, would simply gag at the thought of preaching revolutionary ideas. They insist upon advocating Socialism in its several modern disguises, but they either are unable or unwilling to try and break down the popular resistance to Socialism or honest Progressivism. The real fight is out among the people, in the factories, on the farms, on the streets, and it will never be won by dinner conferences in New York City or by addressing endless formal demands to Mr. Hoover.

Summing up these intellectuals, we find that they lack courage, that they have neither unity nor organization, that they have no common programme, that they hesitate to take any active part in politics, and that they refuse to work in harness with either of the two groups who might be of substantial assistance to them, the Socialists or the Washington insurgents. However, the intellectuals can by no means be dismissed as persons of little or no consequence. They include hundreds of editors, writers, lawyers, economists, scientists, university professors, clergymen, and even a few score prominent bankers and business men, almost all of whom hold positions of considerable authority and influence. They have no little power, even as individuals, but I am very much afraid that unless and until they put their movement upon an effective, organized basis and gather sufficient courage to enter politics we cannot look to them for the guidance and leadership necessary to the organization of a Progressive or radical party.

Nor does it seem that we can hope for anything vital or valuable from the present Socialist organization. The Socialists have a programme and they have the framework of a party, but, if we except a few men like Norman Thomas, they have no active and experienced leaders, men schooled in politics or government. Moreover, they are seriously handicapped by the doctrinal quality of their philosophy and programme. The Western Progressives offer something more tangible, but here again a programme and unity are absent. This group is essentially agrarian, and thus far it has been unable to adapt itself to the needs of the wage-earners, salaried workers and professional people of the East. It cannot be said that the Western Progressives are in want of trained lead-

ers; their difficulty is that they are all leaders; the group has too many bosses and not enough quiet and faithful workers willing to toil unnoticed.

While these are the elements out of which a real Progressive or radical party must be fashioned, their failure to get together leaves the field of government wide open for the conservatives, and it is on this field alone that the economic and social reformers can operate with any sane expectation of success. It is also on this field alone that capitalism or conservatism can ever be seriously challenged, for while capitalism can function with a minimum of government, its only practical alternatives, Socialism and Communism, must by their very nature be founded upon government.

Capitalism may collapse of its own weight, as the Marxians firmly believe will happen, but the resultant breakdown in our political and economic structure will not in that event wait until the Progressives and radicals have time to organize themselves for the purpose of taking over the government. Instead we shall more likely see the small but thoroughly disciplined and extremely active Communist organization step in and take charge of our affairs. In France the extreme left ruled for half a decade after the fall of the Capets, and in Russia the Communists took over the government almost imme-

diately after the fall of the Romanoffs; in neither case was there a sound or well-organized middle party ready to step into the breach. On the other hand, the moderate Social Democrats of Germany were able to stave off extremist rule there in 1919 following the collapse of the Empire by virtue of their long years of preparation.

We may never see a collapse or a revolution in this country, but I nevertheless feel that the conservatives are headed that way, as is indicated by their increasing greed, their tariff and monopoly grabbing, their Eighteenth Amendment, their wilful spoliation of the Bill of Rights, their imperialistic foreign policy, and, most significant, their complete confusion and inability to act in an economic crisis that has shaken the faith of many people in the usefulness and value of capitalism. But while they are daily revealing their multiplying weaknesses, and the working classes are increasingly interested in, if not yet definitely attracted by, the Communist experiment in Russia, our Liberals and Progressives are once more thinking and talking about chasing after that most futile of political fantasies—a third party—instead of getting down to earth and building a permanent party that will live through defeat as well as victory, and that will be fit to take over the government when victory comes.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

PROGRESS of the Noble Experiment in the heart of the Bible country, as reported by the Samson *Ledger*:

Hard times, coupled with intense competition, are said to be responsible for a decided drop in the price of busthead. According to a man supposed to be well informed, "busthead" can now be procured at 49 cents a pint, instead of the usual dollar. The reduced price is reflected in a considerable increase in public drunkenness, quite a number of cases of this character having been reported lately.

A measly 25% profit is about all the distributors can glean off the bootlegging traffic at present. According to the *Ledger's* information, the distributors pay \$3 a gallon for the rum, which is manufactured, so it is alleged, not far from the town, and selling for 49 cents a pint brings in less than \$4 a gallon. This, most anyone will agree, is a very small margin of profit.

CALIFORNIA

WHY Iowans with rheumatism flock to California, as revealed by the advertising columns of the eminent *Nautilus Magazine*:

CHARLES M. BERKHEIMER, Metaphysician, Hotel Trinity, Los Angeles, Cal. Daily treatments, \$5 month; Special, \$10 month.

J. BENJAMIN HOBBS, Individual Treatments, Advice, Personal Problems. Voluntary offering. 1441 Lake Shore Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Society For Healing The Sick By True Prayer. DELLA MARIE PENCE, Leader. 1941 Fresno St., Fresno, California. Treatments for health and prosperity. Free will offering plan.

GLORY GLADWIN, Heals through Divine Love. Interviews, Correspondence, 330¼

So. Vendome Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Telephone, Dunkirk 5306. Love offering.

EDISON HAND, Metaphysical Practitioner, 1020 Everett Ave., Oakland, California. Treatments. Letter assistance. Write or wire.

Treatments by Prayer. If sick or discouraged. Free Will Offering. ANNA L. STOECKLY, 514 Foothill Blvd., Oakland, California.

PROSPERITY and HAPPINESS treatments. Love offering only. Send 30c in stamps. A. M. ALCORN, 840 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

ELIZABETH CARRICK COOK, D.D., Ph.D. President N. California District I. N. T. A. Practitioner, daily treatments. Free Will Offering, 609 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

HATTIE CHAPMAN GIBBS, Health, Harmony, Prosperity treatments. 1216 Leavenworth, San Francisco, California. Voluntary Offering.

REV. GEO. C. GOLDEN, Metaphysician. Consultation letters, \$10.00. 68 Post St., San Francisco, California.

W. FREDERIC KEELER, Metaphysical Practitioner. Treatment by the Spirit. Twenty-five years in active practice. Wire emergencies, follow by letter. P. O. Box 1546, San Francisco, Calif.

THE AQUARIAN MINISTRY (Desk N), Santa Barbara, Calif., treatments for health, prosperity and adjustment. 25 years' experience. Free will offering. Cooperative treatments daily for two months \$3.00. Details on request.

Let me help you attain health, happiness and your desires. Free will offerings. VORA B. DURAND, Spring Valley, Calif.

THE American Civil Liberties Union on the life of free Americans in Los Angeles:

Wanton destruction of the Coöperative Center in Los Angeles by city policemen will be followed by a damage suit against

the municipality by the Coöperative Consumers' League, which owns the wrecked building. The vandalism by the police occurred on an evening when William Z. Foster, national secretary of the Trade Union Unity League, was scheduled to speak. Foster had intended to speak in Walker Auditorium, but patrolmen came and called off the meeting, arresting eight who had been decorating the hall, on suspicion of criminal syndicalism. Prevented from gathering there, an audience went to the Coöperative Center. Here also they found a large number of policemen, and soon the police began throwing gas bombs, one of which landed in the restaurant of the center, amid 150 people. Shortly afterward the police began a systematic destruction of the Center, which included an auditorium, a folk-school, a workers' sport club, and a library. They broke dishes in the kitchen, chairs, windows and lighting fixtures, and tore down curtains and pictures.

THE Men of Vision of Turlock resort to violent self-criticism:

Rotary and Exchange Club men, on Friday, will egg each other on with a view to reducing the present large surplus of prospective omelettes in this vicinity and stabilizing the poultry industry. Clad in armor and carrying baskets of eggs, the club members will hurl the missiles at each other until about 100 cases of eggs are only a fragrant memory. The winning club will challenge service club teams of Modesto, Merced and other towns. The events will be sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce.

THE Santa Paula *Review* gives its readers a lesson in manners:

HAND-KISSING IS THE BUNK

Without fear of successful contradiction, not even by Lou Baumgartner or Hank Stearns, we assert that hand-kissing, as exemplified in the movies, will never become popular in this country, never. Some sissy Americans affect the European custom, but the big he-man scorns such limp displays of affection.

Kiss 'em on the hand? Not the American. He grabs 'em as he would a pork chop, tickles their noses with his Charlie Chaplin, and sock, the little supple-figured one gets it right on the rubies, and fully realizes that she has been kissed.

And that's the way it should be done. Who wants to kiss a mud-hook? Nobody but a monocle-wearing, corset-lacing slave of Europeanism, who reeks with suavity and polish, would think of it. Can you imagine one of those big, garrulous Bardsdale sheiks, holding the lily white hand of a fair haired Jane (the said hand just out of the dish water), and saying: "I kiss your hand, madame"? And trying to put the French accent on the "madame"?

And then, as a current writer suggests, no pot-bellied American can bow from the hips, and most Americans are pot-bellied. An old friend of ours used to sing a song about how he drove away the blues, and claimed he accomplished it by looking at the donkey in his own mirror. Well, if the American who kisses women's hands wants to see how a donkey looks, let him look in his mirror.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE HON. CYRENUS COLE of Iowa on the sublime process of law-making in Washington:

Thus supported, the bill was reported out by the full committee and was passed by a majority of forty-four in the House, but it was talked to death in the Senate. When it came to a vote in that body, after the vote had been taken, *viva voce*, in the affirmative, which was overwhelming, a Senator from West Virginia got the floor and prevented the vote from being completed. Taking advantage of the fact that at two o'clock another bill would come up, he talked until it was too late to call for the negative votes.

This Senator afterward told Mr. Cummins that he himself had no objection to the bill, but he had promised a ladies' aid society in his district that he would oppose the legislation. Those ladies in the mountains had been influenced solely by a magazine article.

FLORIDA

CULTURAL news item from the great city of Miami:

Frank Voltaire, of New York, who claims direct descent from the famous French satirist, has broken Shipwreck Kelly's flag-pole sitting record of forty-six days. Voltaire says he will stay up for fifty days.

GEORGIA

INCIDENT in the life of Dahlonga, and a philosophical comment thereon by the Hon. W. B. Townsend, editor of the *Nugget*:

Some years ago while a minister was making his rounds visiting the homes of the people here, praying and telling and informing them what the Lord had done and would do, he called in to see an old lady. After prayer he got to talking, and among other things told her that Christ died to save sinners. "Good gracious, is He dead?" enquired the aged lady. It is useless for us to say that she didn't take any newspaper.

ILLINOIS

THE Chicago *Tribune* reports progress in the tone art:

A new artistic record has been set: Salvy Cavicchio, xylophonist for CBS, recently shaved five seconds off the existing speed record for playing Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Flight of the Bumble Bee." Cavicchio played the 964 notes in 60 seconds flat.

IOWA

EDUCATIONAL advertisement in the Coe College *Cosmos*:

MOTOR-BUS TOURS FOR COLLEGE CREDIT

THE WONDERFUL WEST
July 1-August 1 inclusive
Black Hills, Yellowstone,
Teton, Colorado, Mesa Verde
IOWA, BEAUTIFUL LAND
June 10-26 inclusive
August 8-24 inclusive
17 days each

Not limited to students and teachers
COLLEGE OF EDUCATION, DRAKE
UNIVERSITY
Des Moines, Iowa.

MICHIGAN

THE Hoover-Wesley Millennium in Reed City, as broadcast to the nation by the United Press:

Residents of this village have received official notice to stop throwing corn whiskey mash in the sewers. It damages the sewer pipes. In this week's edition of the town weekly, a notice appears signed by the village marshal, cautioning citizens to be careful in this matter.

MINNESOTA

EXERCISE in prose by the Roseland correspondent of the *Willmar Gazette*:

Saturday afternoon was an exciting afternoon for those present and hearing of the accident. As P. G. Husenga and son George came driving from south of Roseland, going north, and driving at a good speed, and seeing there being a number of cars in town, the Bible school just leaving out, the youngster just crossing the road had the misfortune of going just a bit too slow or being exciting, the car driven by George George struck John Bulthuis and threw him to the ground. All those seeing and hearing of same delivered the message to his father, who was attending the annual Shipping Association meeting, got excited as the rest of the people were. The boy was taken to the hospital by his father, Elko Bulthuis, but he also returned home with him as there was no great damage done to the boy.

MISSOURI

BAPTIST church notice in the *Troy Free Press*:

It will not hurt you as much to come to church as it will to stay home, so come on to church and take whatever punishments there is in it for you. We hope you will get more than enough good out of it to compensate for the affliction there is in it to you.

NEW MEXICO

WARNING printed on the front page of the *Santa Fé New Mexican*:

All ladies and especially mothers accompanied by children who attend sessions of

the State Senate are cautioned against remaining during any remarks made by a certain member of the Senate. There is always the risk of being subjected to the ordeal of hearing vulgar, indecent and obscene language or implications, and it is only fair to give this warning to the public, in the interest of public decency and the protection of our women and children.

NEW YORK

SPIRITUAL news from Harlem in the eminent *Pittsburgh Courier*:

Continuing her city-wide revival campaign, the Rev. Josephine Becton opened at the Rush Memorial Church on Tuesday evening, pressed for room to stand by the most eager crowd of worshippers. The crowd that greeted the noted woman evangelist seemed to be bent upon drawing as close to the altar as possible. Little heed was paid to the command of the ushers not to push or shove. It finally developed into a grand rush to be the first to touch the holy sanctum where the Rev. Josephine Becton stood.

It was not all a religious crowd that surged about the doors outside and the pulpit within. There were sinners galore mingling with Christians and curiosity seekers. They all wanted to hear the woman speak about "numbers," Harlem's pet gambling pastime. Word had gone out that the evangelist was going to preach against the "numbers" racket. They wanted to hear what she had to say. By some stretch of the imagination she might give out a "hunch" on a number that would buy some wood or coal these bleak wintry nights.

She said, "I'm not telling you 'don'ts.' But I tell you if you draw close to God, whatever you need and ask for and believe, He will give it to you. Now, you who play the numbers tonight take a chance on God and consecrate on what you want."

Members of the congregation sprang to their feet and loudly proclaimed the blessings received from previous consecrations.

FRANK announcement in the illustrious *Naples Record*:

WANTED—A good, honest woman not over fifty or fifty-five years old and a good

cook, as housekeeper in a good home, and if everything went off pleasantly and agreeably, with the intention of getting married in the near future, providing she could give good reference. As for myself, I can give the best of references if required.

J. C. MEADE,
Middlesex, N. Y.

BUSINESS card of a Manhattanite:

Longacre 5898

VICTOR KRAFT

Antique Dealer
Real Estate Salesman
Evangelist

320 EAST 125TH STREET NEW YORK

NORTH CAROLINA

SCIENTIFIC item in the *Wilkes Journal* of North Wilkesboro:

Professor T. E. Story issued an optimistic statement at the Kiwanis luncheon Friday when he predicted that there would be no more depressions in business until 2029 A.D. According to Prof. Story, "Depressions were experienced in 1903, 1912, 1921 and 1930. The numerals in these years added together make thirteen. Thirteen is an unlucky number which embraced in year figures brings panics. By that line of reasoning we will not have a depression again for the next 98 years, because no other addition of figures will make thirteen until 2029."

THE same great organ of public opinion gets a scoop on the press of the world:

Dr. S. A. Stewart, of Hiroshima, Japan, will be the speaker at the Wednesday night prayer service at the Methodist church. Mr. Stewart has been in Japan so long that he thinks in Japanese. In all probability he will tell of the conversion of the President of Japan, which was a deathblow to Communism in the Orient.

OHIO

WANT ad in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*:

AAA SPECIAL—Age 30, high-school education; following experience: steel mills, construction cost clerk, timekeeper, paymaster, truck driver, automobile salesman,

tobacco salesman, six months bootlegging (not caught), first-class stud poker dealer, poor horse selector, one season front door of a circus; plenty references as to character, ability and industry; refer you to all former employers; prefer sales work; no house to house. Box S 19, care the *Enquirer*.

MORAL document from the grand old town of Sharpsburg:

Hon. Robert J. Bulkley,
U. S. Senate,
Washington, D. C.

Dear and Honorable Sir: It is with the profoundest regret and deepest aversion that we learned of the endeavor of Senator Gillett, of Massachusetts, who introduced a bill permitting the disseminating of literature and information about birth control. We refer to sections 211, 245, 305, and 312 in Senate bill 4582, to amend the tariff act, 1930, and Penal Code.

Fully realizing the bad and disastrous effect, the demoralizing and perverting influence of said bill, we, the members and inhabitants of Sharpsburg, Ohio, raise our voice in severe protest and condemnation of any such bill.

As loyal citizens, clean and honest Americans, as lovers of home and country, as God-fearing people, we protest most vehemently against any such bill, which has for its purpose the prevention of life, leading to the God-forbidden practice of killing innocent life in mother's womb, the most sacred home on earth. We stand for a clean United States, for the honesty and glory of our honorable flag, for a country that lives and lets live, and we utterly defy, abhor, and detest any legislation as contrary to God's own outspoken will: "Thou shalt not kill" that would permit contraception, prevention, or even the killing of an unborn being. We deny the right of the Senate, or any Legislature, to adopt or to approve of any such legislation. We stand by the solid teaching of the Catholic Church, as expressed recently by the Pope, on holy matrimony. Russia is a sad example of what becomes of a country who adopts such pernicious legislation.

Trusting in the fair-mindedness and the

spirit of righteousness and law, hoping in the fulfillment of the oath sworn by our executives, and asking our representatives to represent us fairly and justly, we ask you, honorable sir, to forward this, our most earnest protest, against the aforesaid bill of Mr. Gillett, and in the name of all unborn babes, in the name of all honest fathers and mothers, and of all God-fearing people and citizens we ask that this, our protest, be incorporated in the record of the hearing.

With due respect to you, we sign,

In the name of the whole parish:

Rev. JOSEPH A. AHU, C. PP. S.

In the name of the men sodality:

JOS. TIMMERMAN.

In the name of the mother sodality:

PHILOMENA MEIRING.

In the name of the young people sodality:

FRANK ROBBINS.

SANT ANOLS.

Sharpsburg, O.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE REV. A. S. HUNTER in the *Methodist*, the pride and glory of the Philadelphia Wesleyans:

The many millions now spent annually for sprays, insecticides, etc., to combat the numerous enemies of crops would be unnecessary were people obedient and true to God.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SPORTING news from the great city of Columbia:

Throat cultures will be taken tomorrow to determine if Robert Eldredge has recovered sufficiently from meningitis to be electrocuted Friday. Cultures will be made at the same time to make certain that the other five occupants of the death house at the State Penitentiary still are free from meningitis infection. If the tests of all show clear, they will be removed to other cells Tuesday and the death house fumigated. If they are not clear, a conference will be held Tuesday between Col. J. N. Pearman, superintendent of the prison, and Governor Blackwood, to decide what will be done about the execution. Others in the death house, under sentence to die Friday, are Tillman Poozer, for the murder of C. D.

Mills, Cayce night watchman; and John Ackwright, Ernest Thomas, James Hickman and George Bird, convicted with Eldredge for the murder of B. Wilbur Hendrix, Lexington county merchant.

More than 1,000 applications have been received from persons desiring to witness the wholesale killings, which will require about three hours Friday morning, and many more applications are expected to be received during the week if tests tomorrow show that danger of meningitis infection has been removed.

FROM the Edgefield *Advertiser*:

FOUND—In my garden, one beautiful black rooster, whose stately tread betrays a noble ancestry. Too fine looking to ever enter the ministry, but his present position is precarious. Am unable to find owner. Anyone he recognizes can have him.

THE REV. R. C. GRIFFITH.

TENNESSEE

THE science of Law Enforcement in Memphis, as described by the Chapel Hill (N. C.) *Weekly*:

Henry R. Fuller of Chapel Hill was arrested and thrown into a cell in Memphis, Tenn., Saturday night for no other reason than that he walked into the police station and asked if there was a Communist headquarters in Memphis and, if so, could the police direct him to it?

The inquiry was made because Mr. Fuller was looking for Horace B. Davis, former professor in a Memphis college. Mr. Fuller sells text-books for a publishing house in the North and had done business with Mr. Davis. He had heard of Mr. Davis's having been arrested for supposed Communist activities and therefore thought that he might get information from the police about his present whereabouts.

Mr. Fuller himself is not and has never been a Communist. He is a man of unusually quiet and gentle manners. When he asked where Communist headquarters was a police detective replied:

"Yeah—right here in the station—right back there in one of those cells."

So they took the dumbfounded Chapel Hillian back in a filthy cell. They kept him there Saturday night, and Sunday night, along with thieves, dope-fiends and other criminals. The food was uneatable, and he lived on coffee and cigarettes.

If he had been able to communicate with friends he might have been released promptly, but the police held him incommunicado on what they call "the secret docket."

A. T. Johnson, formerly a member of the University of North Carolina faculty, now living in Memphis, heard about Mr. Fuller's incarceration Sunday and went to the station and asked to see him. But police refused to allow it.

Monday morning Mr. Fuller was released through the efforts of the Scripps-Howard newspaper, the *Press-Scimitar*.

When Mr. Fuller left his cell his first objective was a bath and a shave, and then he had a meal—the first time he had anything fit to eat for nearly forty-eight hours.

The police commissioner of Memphis, Cliff Davis, is one of the city's leaders in church affairs.

WASHINGTON

PUBLIC appeal in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*:

WILL parties who found hat-box with wedding dress, etc., at 9th and James, please return so we can get married. No questions asked. Apartment 106, Taylor Terrace.

WISCONSIN

FROM the *Marquette University Tribune*, official paper of the institution:

At a tea given by the Marquette University Faculty Wives at the Varsity Club on Armistice Day, Prof. Hugh L. Riordan spoke on the topic, "Armistice Day, 1930—'With the Shadows Watching Them There'. . ."

"Take the fun out of war," he pleaded. He begged the American people to think more on subjects vital to our national affairs . . . to take a more intelligent interest in world affairs and to save the United States from the intellectual.

HAIR

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

THIS girl, this Susan Reed, was an orphan. She lived with a family named Burchett, that had some more children, two or three more. Some said that Susan was a niece or a cousin or something; others cast the usual aspersions on the character of Burchett and even of Mrs. Burchett: you know. Women mostly, these were.

She was about five when Hawkshaw first came to town. It was in his first Summer behind that chair in Maxey's barber-shop that Mrs. Burchett brought Susan in for the first time. Maxey told me about how him and the other barbers watched Mrs. Burchett trying for three days to get Susan (she was a thin little girl then, with big scared eyes and this straight, soft hair, not blonde and not brunette) into the shop. And Maxey told me how at last it was Hawkshaw that went out into the street and worked with the girl for about fifteen minutes until he got her into the shop and into his chair—him that hadn't ever said more than Yes or No to any man or woman in town that anybody ever saw. "Be durn if it didn't look like Hawkshaw had been waiting for her to come along," Maxey told me.

That was her first haircut. Hawkshaw gave it to her, and her sitting under the cloth like a little scared rabbit. But six months after that she was coming to the shop by herself and letting Hawkshaw cut her hair, still looking like a little old rabbit, with her scared face and those big eyes

and that hair without any special name showing above the cloth. If Hawkshaw was busy, Maxey said she would come in and sit on the waiting bench close to his chair with her legs sticking straight out in front of her until Hawkshaw got done. Maxey says they considered her Hawkshaw's client the same as if she had been a Saturday night shaving customer. He says that one time the other barber, Matt Fox, offered to wait on her, Hawkshaw being busy, and that Hawkshaw looked up like a flash. "I'll be done in a minute," he says. "I'll tend to her." Maxey told me that Hawkshaw had been working for him for almost a year then, but that was the first time he ever heard him speak positive about anything.

That Fall the girl started to school. She would pass the barber-shop each morning and afternoon. She was still shy, walking fast like little girls do, with that yellow-brown head of hers passing the window level and fast like she was on skates. She was always by herself at first, but pretty soon her head would be one of a clump of other heads, all talking, not looking toward the window at all, and Hawkshaw standing there in the window, looking out. Maxey said him and Matt would not have to look at the clock at all to tell when five minutes to eight and to three o'clock came, because they could tell by Hawkshaw. It was like he would kind of drift up to the window without watching himself doing it, and be looking out about the time for

the school children to begin to pass. When she would come to the shop for a haircut, Hawkshaw would give her two or three of those peppermints where he would give the other children just one, Maxey told me.

No; it was Matt Fox, the other barber, told me that. He was the one who told me about the doll Hawkshaw gave her on Christmas. I don't know how he found it out. Hawkshaw never told him. But he knew some way; he knew more about Hawkshaw than Maxey did. He was a married man himself, Matt was. A kind of fat, flabby fellow, with a pasty face and eyes that looked tired or sad—something. A funny fellow, and almost as good a barber as Hawkshaw. He never talked much, either, and I don't know how he could have known so much about Hawkshaw when a talking man couldn't get much out of him. I guess maybe a talking man hasn't got the time to ever learn much about anything except words.

Anyway, Matt told me about how Hawkshaw gave her a present every Christmas, even after she got to be a big girl. She still came to him, to his chair, and him watching her every morning and afternoon when she passed to and from school. A big girl, and she wasn't shy any more.

You wouldn't have thought she was the same girl. She got grown fast. Too fast. That was the trouble. Some said it was being an orphan and all. But it wasn't that. Girls are different from boys. Girls are born weaned, and boys don't ever get weaned. You see one sixty years old, and be damned if he won't go back to the perambulator at the bat of an eye.

It's not that she was bad. There's not any such thing as a woman born bad, because they are all born bad, born with the badness in them. The thing is, to get them

married before it comes to a natural head. But we try to make them conform to a system that says a woman can't be married until she reaches a certain age. And nature don't pay any attention to systems, let alone women paying attention to them, or to anything. She just grew up too fast. She reached the point where the badness came to a head before the system said it was time for her to. I think they can't help it. I have a daughter of my own, and I say that.

So there she was. Matt told me they figured up and she couldn't have been more than thirteen when Mrs. Burchett whipped her one day for using rouge and paint, and during that year, he said, they would see her with two or three other girls giggling and laughing on the street at all hours when they should have been in school; still thin, with that hair still not blonde and not brunette, with her face caked with paint until you would have thought it would crack like dried mud when she laughed, with the regular simple gingham and such dresses that a thirteen-year-old child ought to wear pulled and dragged to show off what she never had yet to show off, like the older girls did with their silk and crêpe and such.

Matt said that he watched her pass one day, when all of a sudden he realised she never had any stockings on. He said he thought about it and he said he could not remember that she ever did wear stockings in the Summer, until he realised that what he had noticed was not the lack of stockings, but that her legs were like a woman's legs: female. And her only thirteen.

I say she couldn't help herself. It wasn't her fault. And it wasn't Burchett's fault, either. Why, nobody can be as gentle with them, the bad ones, the ones that are unlucky enough to come to a head too soon, as men. Look at the way they—all the

men in town—treated Hawkshaw. Even after folks knew, after all the talk began, there wasn't a man of them that talked before Hawkshaw. I reckon they thought he knew too, had heard some of the talk, but whenever they talked about her in the shop, it was while Hawkshaw was not there. And I reckon the other men were the same, because there was not a one of them that hadn't seen Hawkshaw at the window, looking at her when she passed, or looking at her on the street: happening to kind of be passing the picture show when it let out and she would come out with some fellow, having begun to go with them before she was fourteen. Folks said she would have to slip out and meet them and slip back in the house again, with Mrs. Burchett thinking she was at the home of a friend.

They never talked about her before Hawkshaw. They would wait until he was gone, to dinner, or on one of those two-weeks' vacations of his in April that never anybody could find out about; where he went or anything. But he would be gone, and they would watch her slipping around, skirting trouble, bound to get into it sooner or later, even if Burchett didn't hear something first. She had quit school a year ago. For a year Burchett and Mrs. Burchett thought that she was going to school every day, when she hadn't been inside the building even. Somebody—one of the high-school boys, maybe, but she never drew any lines: school boys, married men, anybody—would get her a report card every month and she would fill it out and take it home for Mrs. Burchett to sign. It beats the devil how the folks that love a woman will let her fool them.

So she quit school and went to work in the ten-cent store. She would come to the shop for a haircut, all painted, in some kind of little flimsy off-color clothes that showed

her off, with her face watchful and bold and discreet all at once, and her hair gummed and twisted about her face. But even the stuff she put on it couldn't change that brown-yellow color. Her hair hadn't changed at all. She wouldn't always go to Hawkshaw's chair. Even when his chair was empty, she would sometimes take one of the others, talking to the barbers, filling the whole shop with noise and perfume and her legs sticking out from under the cloth. Hawkshaw wouldn't look at her then. Even when he wasn't busy, he had a way of looking the same: intent and down-looking like he was making out to be busy, hiding behind the making-out.

That was how it was when he left two weeks ago on that April vacation of his, that secret trip that folks had given up trying to find where he went ten years ago. I made Jefferson a couple of days after he left, and I was in the shop. They were talking about him and her.

"Is he still giving her Christmas presents?" I said.

"He bought her a wrist watch two years ago," Matt said. "Paid sixty dollars for it."

Maxey was shaving a customer. He stopped, the razor in his hand, the blade loaded with lather. "Well, I'll be durned," he said. "Then he must — You reckon he was the first one, the one that —?"

Matt hadn't looked around. "He aint give it to her yet," he said.

"Well, durn his tight-fisted time," Maxey said. "Any old man that'll fool with a young girl, he's pretty bad. But a fellow that'll trick one and not even pay her nothing —"

Matt looked around now; he was shaving a customer too. "What would you say if you heard that the reason he ain't give it to her is that he thinks she is too young to receive jewelry from anybody that ain't kin to her?"

"You mean, he don't *know*? He don't know what everybody else in this town except maybe Mr. and Mrs. Burchett has knowed for three years?"

Matt went back to work again, his elbow moving steady, the razor rasping in little jerks. "How would he know? You ain't told him. And I ain't told him. Ain't no man going to tell him. And he don't know no women except Mrs. Cowan. And I reckon she thinks he's done heard."

"That's a fact," Maxey said.

That was how things were when he went off on his vacation two weeks ago. I worked Jefferson in a day and a half, and went on. In the middle of the next week I reached Division. I didn't hurry. I wanted to give him time. It was on a Wednesday morning I got there.

II

If there had been love once, a man would have said that Hawkshaw had forgotten her. Meaning love, of course. When I first saw him thirteen years ago (I had just gone on the road then, making North Mississippi and Alabama with a line of work shirts and overalls) behind a chair in the barber-shop in Porterfield, I said, "Here is a bachelor born. Here is a man who was born single and forty years old."

A little, sandy-complected man with a face you would not remember and would not recognise again ten minutes later, in a blue serge suit and a black bow tie, the kind that snaps together in the back, that you buy already tied in the store. Maxey told me he was still wearing that serge suit and that tie when he got off the south-bound train in Jefferson a year after that, carrying one of these imitation-leather suit-cases. And when I saw him again in Jefferson in the next year, behind a chair in Maxey's shop, if it had not been for the

chair I would not have recognised him at all. Same face, same tie; be damned if it wasn't like they had picked him up, chair, customer, and all, and set him down sixty miles away without him missing a lick. I had to look back out the window at the square to be sure I wasn't in Porterfield myself and time a year ago. And that was the first time I realised that when I had made Porterfield about six weeks back, he had not been there.

It was three years after that before I found out about him. I would make Division about five times a year—a store and four or five houses and a sawmill on the State line between Mississippi and Alabama. I had noticed a house there. It was a good house, one of the best there, and it was always closed. When I would make Division in the late Spring or early Summer, there would always be signs of work around the house. The yard would be clean of weeds, and the flower-beds tended to and the fences and roof fixed. Then when I would get back to Division along in the Fall or the Winter, the yard would be grown up in weeds again, and maybe some of the pickets gone off the fence where folks had pulled them off to mend their own fences or maybe for firewood; I don't know. And the house would be always closed; never any smoke at the kitchen chimney. So one day I asked the store-keeper about it and he told me.

It had belonged to a man named Starnes, but the family was all dead. They were considered the best folks, because they owned some land, mortgaged. Starnes was one of these lazy men that was satisfied to be a landowner as long as he had enough to eat and a little tobacco. They had one daughter that went and got herself engaged to a young fellow, son of a tenant farmer. The mother didn't like the idea, but Starnes didn't seem to object.

Maybe because the young fellow (his name was Stribling) was a hard worker; maybe because Starnes was just too lazy to object. Anyway, they were engaged and Stribling saved his money and went to Birmingham to learn barbering. Rode part of the way in wagons and walked the rest, coming back each Summer to see the girl.

Then one day Starnes died, sitting in his chair on the porch; they said he was too lazy to keep on breathing, and they sent for Stribling. I heard he had built up a good trade of his own in the Birmingham shop, saving his money; they told me he had done picked out the apartment and paid down on the furniture and all, and that they were to be married that Summer. He came back. All Starnes had ever raised on his land was a mortgage, so Stribling paid for the burial. It cost a right smart, more than Starnes was worth, but Mrs. Starnes had to be suited. So Stribling had to start saving again.

But he had already leased the apartment and had paid down on the furniture and the ring and he had bought the wedding license when they sent for him again in a hurry. It was the girl this time. She had some kind of fever. These backwoods folks: you know how it is. No doctors, or veterinaries if there were any. Cut them and shoot them: that's all right. But let them get a bad cold and maybe they'll get well and maybe they'll die two days later of cholera. She was delirious when Stribling got there. They had to cut all her hair off. Stribling did that, being an expert you might say; a professional in the family. They told me she was one of these thin, unhealthy looking girls anyway, with a lot of straight hair not brown and not yellow.

She never knew him, never knew who cut off her hair. She died so, without knowing anything about it, without even knowing that she died, maybe. She just kept on

saying, "Take care of maw. The mortgage. Paw won't like it to be left so. Send for Henry (That was him: Henry Stribling; Hawkshaw; I saw him the next year in Jefferson. "So you're Henry Stribling?" I said). The mortgage. Take care of maw. Send for Henry. The mortgage. Send for Henry." Then she died. There was a picture of her, the only one they had. Hawkshaw sent it, with a lock of the hair he had cut off, to an address in a farm magazine, to have the hair made into a frame for the picture. But they both got lost, the hair and the picture, in the mail, somehow. Anyway he never got either of them back.

He buried the girl too, and the next year (he had to go back to Birmingham and get shut of the apartment and let the furniture go so he could save again) he put a headstone over her grave. Then he went away again, and they heard that he had quit the Birmingham shop. He just quit and disappeared, and they all said that in time he would have owned the shop. But next April, just before the anniversary of the girl's death, he showed up again. He came to see Mrs. Starnes and went away again.

After he was gone they found out how he had stopped at the bank at the county seat and paid the interest on the mortgage. He did that every year until Mrs. Starnes died. She happened to die while he was there. He would spend about two weeks cleaning up the place and fixing it up so she would be comfortable for another year, and she letting him, being as she was better born than him; being as he was one of these parvey-noos. Then she died too. "You know what Sophie said to do," she said. "That mortgage. Mr. Starnes will be worried when I see him."

So he buried her too. He bought another headstone, to suit her. Then he began to pay the principal on the mortgage. Starnes

had some kin in Alabama. The folks in Division expected the kin to come and claim the place. But maybe the kin were waiting until Hawkshaw got the mortgage cleared. He made the payment each year, coming back and cleaning up the place. They said he would clean up that house inside like a woman, washing and scrubbing it. It would take him two weeks each April. Then he would go away again, nobody knew where, returning each April to make the payment at the bank and clean up that vacant house that never belonged to him.

He had been doing that for about five years when I saw him in Maxey's shop in Jefferson, the year after I saw him in the shop in Porterfield, in that serge suit and that black bow tie. Maxey said he had them on when he got off the south-bound train that day in Jefferson, carrying that paper suitcase. Maxey said they watched him for two days about the square, not seeming to know anybody or to have any business or to be in any hurry; just walking about the square like he was looking around.

It was the young fellows, the loafers that pitch dollars all day long in the courthouse yard, waiting for the young girls to come giggling down to the postoffice and the soda fountain in the late afternoon, working their hips under their dresses, leaving the smell of perfume when they pass, that gave him his name. They said he was a detective, maybe because that was the last thing in the world anybody would suspect him to be. So they named him Hawkshaw, and Hawkshaw he remained for the twelve years he stayed in Jefferson, behind that chair in Maxey's shop. He told Maxey he was from Alabama.

"What part?" Maxey said. "Alabama's a big place. Birmingham?" Maxey said, because Hawkshaw looked like he might

have come from almost anywhere in Alabama except Birmingham.

"Yes," Hawkshaw said. "Birmingham."

And that was all they ever got out of him until I happened to notice him behind the chair and to remember him back in Porterfield.

"Porterfield?" Maxey said. "My brother-in-law owns that shop. You mean you worked in Porterfield last year?"

"Yes," Hawkshaw said. "I was there."

Maxey told me about the vacation business. How Hawkshaw wouldn't take his Summer vacation; said he wanted two weeks in April instead. He wouldn't tell why. Maxey said April was too busy for vacations, and Hawkshaw offered to work till then, and quit. "Do you want to quit then?" Maxey said. That was in the Summer, after Mrs. Burchett had brought Susan Reed to the shop for the first time.

"No," Hawkshaw said. "I like it here. I just want two weeks off in April."

"On business?" Maxey said.

"On business," Hawkshaw said.

When Maxey took his vacation, he went to Porterfield to visit his brother-in-law; maybe shaving his brother-in-law's customers, like a sailor will spend his vacation in a rowboat on an artificial lake. The brother-in-law told him how Hawkshaw had worked a year in his shop, would not take a vacation until April, went off and never came back. "He'll quit you the same way," the brother-in-law said. "He worked in a shop in Bolivar, Tennessee, and in one in Florence, Alabama, for a year, and quit the same way. He won't come back. You watch and see."

Maxey said he came back home and he finally got it out of Hawkshaw how he had worked for a year each in six or eight different towns in Alabama and Tennessee and Mississippi. "Why did you quit them?" Maxey said. "You are a good bar-

ber; one of the best children's barbers I ever saw. Why did you quit?"

"I was just looking around," Hawkshaw said.

Then April came, and he took his two weeks. He shaved himself and packed up that paper suitcase and took the north-bound train.

"Going on a visit, I reckon," Maxey said.

"Up the road a piece," Hawkshaw said.

So he went away, in that same serge suit and black bow tie. Maxey told me how, two days later, it got out how Hawkshaw had drawn from the bank his year's savings. He boarded at Mrs. Cowan's and he had joined the church and he spent no money at all. He didn't even smoke. So Maxey and Matt and I reckon everybody else in Jefferson thought that he had saved up steam for a year and was now bound on one of these private sabbaticals among the fleshpots of Memphis. Mitch Ewing, the depot freight agent, lived at Mrs. Cowan's too. He told how Hawkshaw had bought his ticket only to the junction-point. "From there he can go to either Memphis or Birmingham or New Orleans," Mitch said.

"Well, he's gone, anyway," Maxey said. "And mark my words, that's the last you'll see of that fellow in this town."

And that's what everybody thought until two weeks later. On the fifteenth day Hawkshaw came walking into the shop at his regular time, like he hadn't even been out of town, and took off his coat and went to work honing his razors. He never told anybody where he had been. Just up the road a piece.

Sometimes I thought I would tell them, myself. I would make Jefferson and find him there behind that chair. He didn't change, grow any older in the face, any more than that Reed girl's hair changed, for all the gum and dye she put on it.

But there he would be, back from his vacation "up the road a piece", saving his money for another year, going to church on Sunday, keeping that sack of peppermints for the children that came to him to be barbered, until it was time to take that paper suitcase and his year's savings and go back to Division to pay on the mortgage and clean up the house.

Sometimes he would be gone when I got there, and Maxey would tell about him cutting that Reed girl's hair, snipping and snipping it and holding up the mirror for her to see like she was an actress. "He don't charge her," Matt said. "He pays the quarter into the register out of his own pocket."

"Well, that's his business," Maxey said. "All I want is the quarter. I don't care where it comes from."

Five years later maybe I would have said, "Maybe that's her price." Because she got in trouble at last. Or so they said. I don't know, except that most of the talk about girls, women, is envy or retaliation, by the ones that don't dare to and the ones that failed to. But while he was gone one April they were whispering how she had got in trouble at last and had tried to doctor herself with turpentine and was bad sick.

Anyhow, she was off the streets for about three months; some said in a hospital in Memphis, and when she came into the shop again she took Matt's chair, though Hawkshaw's was empty at the time, like she had already done before to devil him, maybe. Maxey said she looked like a painted ghost, gaunt and hard, for all her bright dress and such, sitting there in Matt's chair, filling the whole shop with her talking and her laughing and her perfume and her long, naked-looking legs, and Hawkshaw making out he was busy at his empty chair.

Sometimes I thought I would tell them. But I never told anybody except Gavin Stevens. He is the district attorney, a smart man: not like the usual pedagogue lawyer and office holder. He went to Harvard, and when my health broke down (I used to be a book-keeper in a Gordonville bank and my health broke down and I met Stevens on a Memphis train when I was coming home from the hospital) it was him that suggested I try the road and got me my position with this company. I told him about it two years ago. "And now the girl has gone bad on him, and he's too old to hunt up another one and raise her," I said. "And someday he'll have that place paid out and those Alabama Starneses can come and take it, and he'll be through. Then what do you think he will do?"

"I don't know," Stevens said.

"Maybe he'll just go off and die," I said.

"Maybe he will," Stevens said.

"Well," I said, "he won't be the first man to tilt at windmills."

"He won't be the first man to die, either," Stevens said.

III

So last week I went on to Division. I got there on a Wednesday. When I saw the house, it had just been painted. The store-keeper told me that the payment Hawkshaw had made last week was the last one; that Starnes' mortgage was clear. "Them Alabama Starneses can come and take it now," he said.

"Anyway, Hawkshaw did what he promised her, promised Mrs. Starnes," I said.

"Hawkshaw?" he said. "Is that what they call him? Well, I'll be durned! Hawkshaw. Well, I'll be durned!"

It was three months before I made Jefferson again. When I passed the barber-

shop I looked in without stopping. And there was another fellow behind Hawkshaw's chair, a young fellow. "I wonder if Hawk left his sack of peppermints," I said to myself. But I didn't stop. I just thought, "Well, he's gone at last", wondering just where he would be when old age got him and he couldn't move again; if he wouldn't probably die behind a chair somewhere in a little three-chair shop, in his shirt sleeves and that black tie and those shabby serge pants.

I went on and saw my customers and had dinner, and in the afternoon I went to Stevens' office. "I see you've got a new barber in town," I said.

"Yes," Stevens said. He looked at me a while, then he said, "You haven't heard?"

"Heard what?" I said. Then he quit looking at me.

"I got your letter," he said, "that Hawkshaw had paid up the mortgage and painted the house. Tell me about it."

So I told him how I got to Division the day after Hawkshaw had left. They were talking about him on the porch of the store, wondering just when those Alabama Starneses would come in. He had painted the house himself, and he had cleaned up the two graves; I don't reckon he wanted to disturb Starnes by cleaning his. I went up to see them. He had even scrubbed the headstones, and he had set out an apple shoot over the girl's grave. It was in bloom, and what with the folks all talking about him, I got curious too, to see inside that house. The store-keeper had the key, and he said he reckoned Hawkshaw wouldn't mind. So we went to see it.

It was clean inside as a hospital. The stove was polished and the woodbox filled. The store-keeper told me he did that every year, filled the woodbox before he left. "Those Alabama kinfolks will appreciate that," I said. We went back to the parlor.

There was a melodeon in the corner, and a lamp and a Bible on the table. The lamp was clean, the bowl empty and clean too; you couldn't even smell oil on it. That wedding license was framed, hanging above the mantel like a picture. It was dated April 4, 1905.

"Here's where he keeps that mortgage record," the store-keeper (his name is Bidwell) said. He went to the table and opened the Bible. The front page was the births and deaths, two columns. The girl's name was Sophie. I found her name in the birth column, and on the death side it was next to the last one. Mrs. Starnes had written it. It looked like it might have taken her ten minutes to write it down. It looked like this:

Sofy starnes Dide april 16 th 1905

Hawkshaw wrote the last one himself; it was neat and well-written, like a book-keeper's hand:

Mrs. Will Starnes. April 23, 1916.

"The record will be in the back," Bidwell said.

We turned to the back. It was there, in a neat column, in Hawkshaw's hand. It began with April 16, 1917, \$200.00. The next one was when he made the next payment at the bank: April 16, 1918, \$200.00; and April 16, 1919, \$200.00; and on to the last one: April 16, 1930, \$200.00. Then he had totalled the column and he had written under it:

Paid in Full. April 16, 1930.

It looked like a sentence written in a copy-book in the old time business colleges, like it had flourished, the pen had, in spite of him. It didn't look like it was written boastful; it just flourished somehow, the

end of it, like it had run out of his pen somehow before he could stop it.

"So he did what he promised her he would," Stevens said.

"That's what I told Bidwell," I said.

Stevens went on like he wasn't listening to me much.

"So the old lady could rest quiet. I guess that's what the pen was trying to say when it ran away from him: that now she could lie quiet. And he's not much over forty-five. Not much, anyway. Not so much but what, when he wrote 'Paid in Full' under that column, time and despair rushed as slow and dark under him as under any garlanded boy or crownless and crestless girl."

"Only the girl went bad on him," I said. "Forty-five's pretty late to set out to find another. He'll be fifty-five at least by then."

Stevens looked at me then. "I didn't think you had heard," he said.

"Yes," I said. "That is, I looked in the barber-shop when I passed. But I knew he would be gone. I knew all the time he would move on, once he had that mortgage cleared. Maybe he never knew about the girl, anyway. Or likely he knew and didn't care."

"You think he didn't know about her?"

"I don't see how he could have helped it. But I don't know. What do you think?"

"I don't know. I don't think I want to know. I know something so much better than that."

"What's that?" I said. He was looking at me. "You keep on telling me I haven't heard the news. What is it I haven't heard?"

"About the girl." Stevens looked at me. "On the night Hawkshaw came back from his last vacation, they were married. He took her with him this time."

RIVERS OF BLOOD

BY LLOYD LEWIS

THE dawn came up to shine red on the blossoms in Tennessee that Sunday of April 6, 1862. The magnolias were in bloom and the peach trees were flowering on the hills that rolled back from the Tennessee river around Pittsburgh Landing and Shiloh meeting-house. Among the fluttering petals uniformed men stood up and blew into their bugles.

"The-devil-is-loose, the-devil-is-loose," snarled the horns, and in the tents through the hills thousands of farm-boys awakened to remember that they were soldiers, face to face with another day of drilling. Slowly the facts came back to them: they were far from home, away down South where they had come to whip the Secessionists out of their boots. The job, they believed, would be easy. All the politicians, preachers and recruiting agents up North had told them so.

For days the Army of the Tennessee had been gathering at this rendezvous, getting ready for what everybody said would be a great campaign in the West. For almost a year the war had been a failure in the East. Nine months before, both sides, North and South, had fought, run away, fought and run away again at Bull Run, and the Unionists, who ran away last, had been the eventual losers. Since then there had been nothing but a naval battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* to enliven the quietude that lay on the seaboard while Federal and Confederate armies collected along the Potomac.

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In the valleys of the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee and the Mississippi it was felt that the war would be won or lost in the West, and in the Union army around Pittsburgh Landing there was young, strong, innocent assurance of swift victory.

Few of the men—not twenty per cent—had yet smelled battle-smoke, but they believed themselves superior to "the chivalry" which opposed them. Nor was it so unreasonable an idea, for in the West the North had plainly outdone the South in both political cunning and battle skill. Its statesmen, acting boldly, had prevented the Secessionists from capturing Missouri and Kentucky, and its soldiers had won a victory as far South as Arkansas, not to speak of Grant's capture of Fort Donelson in February, 1862. The stubby little general's terms at Donelson had already given him a mysterious air of invincibility. "Unconditional surrender": the slogan was on every tongue.

After that victory the Union moved 33,000 men, the Army of the Tennessee, down the river to the Landing, where they climbed off steamboats on to a rickety wharf and waded up yellow mud roads to the bluff-tops and pitched their tents among the peach-blossoms. Five miles back up the river were 7000 more men under General Lew Wallace, and still further back, but within easy hail, were 20,000 others under the testy and brittle General Don Carlos Buell—in all, 60,000 men. And they were officered by such willing fighters

as Grant, Sherman, John A. McClernand, William Wallace, B. M. Prentiss and other Westerners who did not share the Eastern talent for delay.

Twenty miles away across the woods lay 40,000 Confederates at Corinth, Mississippi, the railroad center for Confederate operations in the West. It was to strike this key that Grant was massing his forces and it was to defend it that the Southern forces under General Albert Sydney Johnston had gathered there. To Grant and Sherman, the Union position on the hills seemed so well fortified by Nature that no intrenchments were needed. It was not likely that the Confederates, with 40,000 men, would come into a region where 60,000 men awaited them, and if they did they would have to march into a neck of land that narrowed down between Owl creek on one side and Lick creek on the other, each stream swollen by the Spring rains. To strike at the Landing the assailants must come like men walking down the ribs of a giant fan toward the handle, and where the fan measured two miles in width the Union army waited on a semi-circular line.

Grant was so certain that the enemy would not attack that he spent his nights on a steamboat at Savannah, nine miles up the river. The division commander of whom he was surest, Sherman, held the most exposed part of the line, the Union right, centering at the little log Shiloh Church, where but lately gaunt preachers had called God to witness that human slavery was His special creation.

In Corinth, however, a Creole with handsome, heavy eyes, and a nobly moustachioed Texan were completing plans for the very thing that Grant felt sure would not be planned—a Confederate surprise attack. General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, the Creole, and General Albert Sydney Johnston, the Texan, are each

given credit by partisans to this day for conceiving the scheme; the issue burned in the South for two generations after the war, and will probably never be determined. All that is certain is that Johnston was in command of the West, and Beauregard of the Corinth sector, and that between them they started with their legions for Pittsburgh Landing at noon of Thursday, April 3.

Only one thing seemed to cast doubt upon the success of the movement: the discipline and equipment of the Southern force were wretched. But, had Beauregard and Johnston only known it, the Union army was in no better condition. Indeed the two great masses of men thus drawing slowly together for battle were but collections of innocents ripe for slaughter—two armies of martial apprentices heading for the bloodiest day's fighting that the continent of North America ever saw.

Eighty per cent of each army had never smelled battle-smoke; the average soldier had never fired an army musket; thousands had never drilled with the guns they carried. "Three of the five [Union] divisions were entirely raw," said Grant, "and many of the men had only received their arms on the way from their States to the field. Many of them had arrived but a day or two before and were hardly able to load their muskets according to the manual. Their officers were equally ignorant of their duties." Sherman's division was made up entirely of men whom he described as "perfectly raw". None of them had ever been under fire.

"But few of my command had ever made a day's march," said the Confederate General Braxton Bragg, who, assisting Beauregard, had almost lost his methodical, Puritanical mind in the chaotic condition of his camp. "A very large proportion of the rank and file had never performed a

day's labor." The gentry in the South had been the first to rush to arms.

One Southern brigadier admitted: "I was as ignorant of the military art as it was possible for a civilian to be. I had never seen a man fire a musket. I had never heard a lecture or read a line on that subject. We were all tyros—all, the greenest, rawest recruits, generals, colonels, captains and soldiers."

II

Thus two herds of country-boys, averaging no more than twenty-two years in age, homesick, disgusted with man's cooking, faced each other. The Union privates, trying to bake bread with their issues of flour, produced strange indigestible messes. Rice they ate in such quantities and in such grotesque forms that they soon gagged at the sight of it. Most of the men in both camps had diarrhea and, in an attempt to cure it, consumed sugar in sickening amounts. Thousands of veterans, after the war, could not eat sugar the rest of their lives. The worst of the trouble was that their officers and surgeons insisted upon treating their illness with jocosity rather than with medicine. Boys of the 4th Minnesota said that when they complained that the regimental hospital would not receive them, their officers told them to try red-hot poker. Sanitation and drinking water were both very bad, almost as bad as the discipline.

If anything insubordination was the worse in the Union camp. Pioneer farm-boys, trained to be independent and self-reliant, were difficult to compress into the docile automatons that the Northern West Pointers required. Privates sassed officers and openly threatened to cut down all men who were tied up by the thumbs for breaches of discipline—indeed, they some-

times did set such offenders free. Many regiments had elected their own officers; now martinets were warned that they would not be wearing shoulder-straps at the next election. Western democracy was going to war!

The Southern boys were more respectful to authority; possibly their social system had prepared them more fully to follow "big" men. As the two armies came together, however, they were so much alike that in the battle-tangle they would have difficulty in telling themselves from the enemy.

The uniforms in each force were weird, some of the Federals being dressed in gray and some of the Confederates in blue. Curious home-made imitations of fancy foreign uniforms were common. Red-necked farmhands strutted about in fantastic Oriental attire, scarlet bloomers and fezes. "One Irishman and three yards of red flannel make a zouave," the saying ran. Here and there a Northerner clanked about in a steel vest for which he had given \$7.50 to some oily-tongued salesman back in Missouri or Kentucky.

Weapons were weirder still. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the Southerners were armed with shotguns because there were not enough muskets. Others sneered at the guns that had been issued and fondly patted Bowie knives in their belts. Most of the Union men shouldered old-time flintlocks remodeled into percussion-cap weapons. A few had new Enfield rifles with wicked saber-bayonets. More of them brandished cumbersome foreign pieces that had been bought in a hurry from shrewd European armorers.

On the way down the Tennessee river to Pittsburgh Landing, the Union boys, howling with excitement, banged away at flocks of wild geese from the steamboat decks, refusing to quit when their officers

objected. And when on Thursday, April 3, the Confederate horde swarmed out of Corinth for Beauregard's surprise attack, the Southern youths kept testing their muskets to see if they would work, in spite of the pleading of their officers that quiet was necessary to a military surprise.

On Thursday night rain fell in torrents, turning the yellow roads to mire and dribbling down the backs of officers' necks as regimental and brigade commanders squabbled with each other about the right of way. Orders were misunderstood and repeated in comic jumbles. Old Bishop Leonidas Polk, a fighting general, got in the way of the advance, stalled his men, held up the whole movement, and, when reprimanded, produced orders that cleared him.

So ridiculous were the delays that it took the Confederates more than forty-eight hours to march the seventeen miles between Corinth and their last bed-ground three miles from Pittsburgh Landing—one of the slowest marches on record. In the downpour many privates grew fearful that their powder had been dampened and fired their guns into the air; they whooped and cheered when wild deer broke cover at their approach; they ate up their five-days' provisions in two days and threw their haversacks away.

So bungled had been the advance that when Saturday night came, Beauregard wanted to give up the whole thing, arguing that the Federals could, by no amount of stupidity, have missed discovering the approach of 40,000 yelling, shooting men. "We'll find the enemy entrenched to the eyes," he said. All the other Confederate chieftains but Johnston agreed. He, as the actual commander—Beauregard was a sort of guest-advisor on the expedition—was determined to go ahead. His underlings, circulating among the men, reported that

if the army retreated it would melt away in disappointment. So Johnston announced that even if the enemy were ready, the fight would come off. "I would fight them if they were a million," he announced and ordered the attack for dawn.

Johnston and Beauregard, as professional soldiers of Mexican War experience and long service, knew too much about the military art to comprehend the naïveté of the Northern farmers before them. These neophytes actually had no suspicion, even on Saturday night, that a vast army was so near. They had paid no attention to the fusillades of shots in the woods. Their own pickets were always banging away at chipmunks by day and owls by night. Even Sherman, who was so alert and apprehensive as to have been called "crazy" a few months earlier, thought, now, that there were no more than a couple of enemy regiments and perhaps a battery reconnoitering on his front.

For weeks he had been listening to wild-eyed pickets rush in with scary tales of massed armies out there, and always he had found on investigation only squads of Southern scouts scampering away. So he was exasperated with the imaginations of his novice-mob, and when on Saturday afternoon Colonel Jesse Appler of the 53rd Ohio, holding the most advanced position, sent him word that a big force was coming on, he answered: "Take your damned regiment back to Ohio. There is no enemy nearer than Corinth." That afternoon he wired Grant, "I do not apprehend anything like an attack upon our position," and Grant relayed a similar opinion to his superiors.

So all Saturday night, 33,000 Federals snored in their tents while 40,000 Confederates crouched within a mile or two—two virgin armies ready for their maiden embrace.

III

The night was starry; the dawn red. "The sun of Austerlitz," the Confederates said to one another, filled as they were with Napoleonic mottoes and standards. No bugles blew; the whole Southern army awakened quietly and got into line. "Tonight we will water our horses in the Tennessee," said Johnston dramatically, his large moustachios flaring. At 5:30 the brigades, spread wide, came marching down the ribs of the giant fan, all aiming at the Landing in the handle. The marchers in the ranks carried their guns at right-shoulder shift; the skirmishers ahead bore their muskets like quail-hunters. Johnston's battle-scheme was to strike the Union right, and then let the Southern line, as it came up, roll down the whole length of the Federal front.

"What a beautiful morning this is," said boys of the 81st Ohio as they washed their faces in front of their tents. The birds and insects sang with that especial loudness which they seem to possess on Sundays. In the swamps were "frogs so big they bleated like lambs." The men of the 15th Ohio stuffed their shirt-tails inside their trousers and stretched themselves. Breakfast was cooking. Shots popped among the trees, far away. "Those pickets again," everybody said. In reality, they were skirmishers whom the Union General Prentiss had sent out to reconnoitre.

Colonel Appler, the timorous leader of the 53rd, took alarm at the sound as he was sure to do on all harmless as well as deadly occasions, and had the drums sound the long roll. His men, grumbling at his nervous habit, took their time about forming in line. Suddenly a private of the 25th Missouri, one of Prentiss' skirmishers, stumbled out of the thicket, holding a wound and yelping, "Get into line! The

rebels are coming!" Appler despatched a courier to Sherman, who sent back word, "You must be badly scared over there." Neighboring regiments, accustomed to Appler's chronic uneasiness, went on with their breakfasts.

An officer of the 53rd who had gone into the bushes, half-dressed, came scrambling back howling, "Colonel, the rebels are crossing the field!" Appler hurried two companies out to see and one of their captains returned with the news, "The rebels are out there thicker than fleas on a dog's back." At that moment the quail-hunting skirmishers of the Confederate advance stalked into view within musket-shot of Appler's right flank. "Look, Colonel!" an officer shouted. A Union skirmisher dashed in yelling, "Get ready, the Johnnies are here thicker than Spanish needles in a fence corner!"

"This is no place for us," wailed Appler and, ordering battalions right to meet the Southern threat, shook in his shoes. Cooks left their camp kettles and ran. The sick, one-third of the regiment, were carried to the rear. Sherman, one orderly behind him, rode up and trained his glasses on a part of the field which was as yet clear. The quail-hunters raised their rifles. "Sherman will be shot," cried the 53rd. "General, look to your right!"

The general looked, threw up his hand, snapping, "My God, we're attacked." As he said it the Confederates fired and his orderly fell dead. "Colonel Appler, hold your position. I'll support you," shouted Sherman, and spurred away for reinforcements. Appler received the encouraging news, walked over to a tree and lay down behind it, his face like ashes. His men, none of whom had ever had a battalion drill, began to shoot at the Confederates, whose main line, guns flashing in the sun, came out of the woods. "Retreat! Save your-

selves!" bawled Appler and, jumping up from the shelter of the tree, he bounded away to the rear and so out of the Civil War.

The 53rd wavered. Some boys followed their colonel. The rest began to shoot. It was all new and puzzling. When a man fell wounded his friends dropped their guns and helped him to the rear, staring at the blood with horror and curiosity. There were no stretchers, no first-aid kits, no hospital attendants. Men bled to death because no comrade knew how to staunch their blood with a twisted handkerchief. One boy of the 53rd was hit a glancing blow in the shin and sat down, rubbing the bullet-bruise and squalling loudly. It hurt!

Private A. C. Voris of the 17th Illinois, which stood close by, left his regiment and came over to help the leaderless 53rd. He had served at Fort Donelson and was therefore a veteran in the eyes of these apprentice-killers. Walking calmly among them, Voris taught the trembling youngsters how to use their guns. "I've met the elephant before and the way to do is to keep cool and aim low," he would say, then shoot, continuing as he reloaded, "It's just like shooting squirrels, only these squirrels have guns, that's all." The 53rd began to do better. Soon Voris, seeing that his own regiment was moving off, called good-bye and left, but the Ohio boys never forgot him, even if, a little later, they all ran away. Back in the rear, however, they reformed, promoted Captain Jones to the vacant colonelcy and marched back into the fight to die in scattered units.

Recruits like those of the 53rd were scampering away from all parts of the Union front before 8 o'clock and soon a number, estimated by Grant to be 8000, were hiding under the bluffs by the river, screeching in terror. Grant, who had hur-

ried down from Savannah at the first sound of guns, wasted no time trying to reform the fugitives. "Excluding those troops who fled, panic-stricken before they had fired a shot," he said, "there was not a time during the day when we had more than 25,000 men in line." This 25,000 learned fighting quickly. Considering their lack of training it would not have been surprising if they had all fled the field.

Major-General Halleck, commanding the Department of the West, thanked Sherman for holding the Union army from collapse. "It is the unanimous opinion that Sherman saved the fortunes of the day," he reported to Washington.

With his face and red beard black with powder, Sherman raged up and down the line, reforming regiments as fast as they crumbled, plugging leaks in the human dike, drawing back his force step by step, and succeeding, somehow, in keeping the noisy tide of Southerners from breaking through. Four horses died between his knees. A bullet went through his hand. Without taking his dancing eyes off the enemy, he wrapped a handkerchief about the wound and thrust his hand into his breast. Another ball brought blood from his shoulder, still another ripped through his hat. At times the Union dead and wounded piled high before his horse. Now and then he would be within easy pistol-shot of Albert Sydney Johnston, just across the field.

IV

It was his frenzied defense that prevented the Confederates from rolling up the whole Federal line like a sheet of paper. Nevertheless, the Southern rush smashed through to the camps of three out of the five Northern divisions. They shot some Yankees floundering in their night-clothes and left

them dying on the tent ropes. Some of these audacious attackers owed their success to the fact that Union batteries had let them pass unmolested because their uniforms were blue.

What helped the Union line from complete disaster was the eagerness with which the Southern boys fell on the captured tents and looted them. It had been almost twelve hours since many of them had eaten, and they forgot the battle in their hunger for the half-cooked breakfasts that stood on Union stoves. They rifled haversacks, they drank whiskey in the larders of Federal officers, they read the letters of privates which fluttered on tent-floors. Twenty-three Union cannon were taken and the whole line of defense battered back a mile or more toward the Landing.

The cost, however, had been ruinous. Novices though the Northern boys might be at war, a great percentage of them were trained squirrel-shooters, and once they had mastered the complexities of these new-fangled muskets, they did lavish execution at point-blank range in the enemy's ranks. After the first flush of excitement, nothing could terrify them, not even the rebel yell, which, as an institution, seems to have been born that day. This battle-cry, incoherent and wordless, was distinguished by its peculiar shrillness from the deeper, more throaty bellows of the Union warriors.

By ten o'clock the Federals were steady enough to begin counter-charges, the 20th Illinois, for instance, fighting back and forth through its camp a half dozen times. At this hour the battle had settled down into what most of the participants would, ever after, describe as the fiercest of the whole war. They could only remember blasts of flame; the endless zip-zip of minie balls, buckshot; the whistle of canister,

case-shot, shells; dirt, gravel, twigs kicked into their faces by artillery-fire; splinters slicing open bodies with scalpel precision.

A man dimly recalled tearing paper cartridges, ramming them down his musket barrel, capping his piece, firing it—and, often enough forgetting to remove his ramrod, not missing it, in fact, until he saw it quivering like an arrow in some enemy's throat fifty yards away. Sense and hearing were stunned. Death-shrieks no longer attracted notice. Fountains of warm, wet blood sprayed on the faces and hands of the living, brains spattered their coats. Men fought on, wondering if this moment—now—would be their last.

Major Levaning of the 34th Illinois lost a bone in his neck during a shower of canister and lay on his stomach among his men, his dead face completely reversed and staring up from between his shoulder blades. Private Leander Stillwell of the 61st Illinois saw a dead Confederate who had been struck in the forehead while loading his musket and who had frozen in the act, his long, snaggy tobacco-yellowed teeth still biting the cartridge, his right hand still tugging at the bullet, and his eyes wide open and "gleaming with satanic fury." Among the cocklebur meadows in front of Sherman's riflemen, the Southerners of Cleburne's brigade lay so close together that a man could have walked over the whole field with bleeding bodies for stepping stones.

Prentiss, driven back, anchored his Federals in a sunken road and shot down Confederates so fast that the sector was dubbed the Hornet's Nest. For six hours the Southern boys butted their brains out against this wall. When a Union volley struck their charging line it waved like standing grain hit by a breeze, or as other observers thought, it wobbled like a loose rope that is shaken at one end. At times the ap-

proaching men simply bent their heads as to a snow-storm as they walked into the blast of lead.

For beginners, these Southerners learned the business of dying with incredible facility. Few deaths on either side came from bayonet wounds. Hand-to-hand fighting was uncommon here as elsewhere in the war. One line or the other was almost certain to break before steel met steel.

Here and there exploding shells set grass and dead leaves afire, and among the flames the wounded of both sides crawled about begging for somebody, anybody, to end their misery with bullets. Now and then a Federal's ribs would be seen protruding from a rent in his futile steel vest. A youngster of the 14th Illinois Infantry came up to Colonel Cam fumbling at his entrails, which were trying to escape through a shell-hole in his abdomen. The slippery intestines kept working through his fingers. "Oh, Colonel, what shall I do?" he whimpered and Cam laid him softly behind a tree, wept for a second, and then walked back into the killing.

Officer Johnson of the same regiment spurred his horse after an aged Confederate officer who was retiring, shot him through the body, and reached out and seized his victim by the hair. To his horror the man's whole scalp came off as he slipped out of the saddle, dead. A roar of laughter rose above the battle-clash and Johnson saw that he held a wig. Private Robert Oliver of the 55th Illinois saw Private James Goodwin walk off the field looking like Mephistopheles in a play. "He looked like he had been dipped into a barrel of blood," said Oliver. Goodwin had been hit seven times. Captain Tim Slattery of the same regiment now and then raced after deserters, spanked them with the flat of his saber until they returned to the line.

Sergeant Lacey of this regiment saw

George F. Farwell, Company C's bugler, sitting against a tree reading a letter. Lacey shook him and found that he was dead, his sightless eyes still fast upon his wife's words. Colonel (afterwards General) Joseph Wheeler of the Southern force said, "The Yankee bullets were so thick I imagined if I held up a bushel basket it would fill in a minute." A boy of the 53rd Ohio, joining another outfit, was wounded and sent to the rear, but was soon back saying, "Captain, give me a gun, this damned fight ain't got any rear." Units were surrounded at times without knowing it and were rescued only by the equality of their enemy's ignorance.

The most ghastly killing of all took place when Albert Sydney Johnston assailed the Peach Orchard, a knob at the left of the Union center. Six Southern regiments, four of which were veterans of some earlier and trivial skirmishes but two of which were novices, charged the orchard, where General Hurlburt's men lay on their stomachs in a double row, firing as at rabbits "a-sitting." The Confederate boys withered and refused to try again. John C. Breckenridge, but lately Vice-President of the United States and now a Southern general, tried to lead them in a charge. They would not budge.

Then General Johnston rode along the front. In one hand he carried a little tin-cup that he had picked up in the sack of a Union camp and forgotten to drop. He touched his soldiers' bayonets with the cup, crying, "Men, they are stubborn; we must use the bayonet". Johnston was magnificent, the soldiers thought, and his horse Fire-eater was beautiful, but they didn't want to go into that flame of death again. Suddenly Johnston turned his horse toward the foe and shouted, "Come, I will lead you," and the boys, feeling the red blood in their veins again, followed him, rushing

past Fire-eater to take the Peach Orchard, even if they left comrades in solid rows behind.

Fire-eater was hit four times and his rider's clothes pierced. One ball ripped the sole of Johnston's boot. He kicked his foot gayly, making the sole flap. "They didn't trip me that time," he laughed. Then he reeled in the saddle. Quick hands lifted him down and searched his person for wounds. At last they found a boot full of blood and Johnston was dead at 2:30 in the afternoon. A tourniquet would have saved him from the thigh-wound had the hole been discovered in time.

V

The capture of the Peach Orchard had not, however, been decisive. Hurlburt fell back to another strong position and the firing went on. Groves of saplings and thickets were shaved down by bullets as by a gardener's shears. Between the lines was a pool to which both forces stole for water, drinking it even after the wounded men in it had turned it red. The Bloody Pool it is called to this day.

In the retirement from the orchard two wounded artillerymen tried to remove their cannon with one horse. Mud stalled them. They tugged at the wheels. No use. All at once a ball struck the horse at the base of his tail and with an astonished grunt, snort and lurch, the animal took the gun off to safety.

Bragg, who at Buena Vista in the Mexican War, had learned how to give an enemy "a little more grape", drove so hard that he mortally wounded the Union William Wallace and captured Prentiss with 2000 men. Grant, however, blandly patched up a new front line, massed sixty cannon on a ridge three hundred yards from the Landing and set himself to annihilate the

next attackers. They never came, for Beauregard, succeeding to the high command, felt that his men had had enough. Their organizations had broken up. In the hurly-burly they had shot into their own regiments that wore blue uniforms. Thousands of them had left their commands to go over and stare at the 2000 Union prisoners.

Furthermore a dull, heavy and monotonous pum-pum had begun to sound from the river. The Union gunboats had arrived and their mortars began knocking branches and limbs on to the Confederates in the woods. On the Landing Buell's men were disembarking from steamers. They stepped over piles of wounded that the 8000 fugitives had already trampled as they milled under the bluffs. Heavy cables had been dragged across the bleeding men; they were caked with mud and dried blood—black beyond recognition.

Buell's fresh legions cursed the cowards who crouched against the banks, whimpering like sheep who have been terrorized by killer-dogs. In answer to these taunts, the deserters answered, "You'll catch it! You'll see! They'll cut you to pieces." General William Nelson, one of Buell's leaders, wanted to fire on the wretches. General Ammen found a clergyman in his path exhorting the refugees. "Rally for God and country! Oh, rally round the flag, rally!" Always a pious Episcopalian, Ammen forgot himself this once and burst out, "Shut up, you God-damned old fool! Get out of the way!"

Buell, arriving some hours ahead of his hurrying men, had come on the field soon after Johnston's death to find Grant and Sherman glad to see him but not worried over the outcome. They had stopped the enemy and could win without help, they said. General Prentiss, a prisoner over in the Confederate ranks, was at that moment

telling his captors that they could not win. Sleeping with old friends among the enemy that night, he joked about a Union victory on the morrow, and next day departed for a Southern prison unabashed. He made fiery Yankee stump-speeches from the rear platform of the train that took him away and in jail kept up incessant oratory, urging his men to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" till the cell-bars rang. Highly embarrassed, his captors moved him from prison to prison until at the end of six months they were so worn out that they eagerly exchanged him and sent him home.

Back on the field of Shiloh, Bragg grew hysterical begging that the battle be continued. Complete victory would follow one more charge, he pleaded, but Beauregard was determined, and military critics of a later day agree that in view of his losses and demoralization the Creole's judgment was the better.

Night fell with the screams of wounded and the roar of navy guns ripping the air. Surgeons, overwhelmed with their task, cut and slashed at arms and legs in desperate haste. Flies had swarmed in the hot Spring sun and had been blackening wounds all day. A mixture of whiskey and chloroform was the only antiseptic on hand, and when it was poured on mangled flesh it brought out maggots "on a canter", as the sufferers said. Rain fell, bringing misery to the tentless warriors and relief to the burning lips of the wounded. Still holding most of the Union camps, the Confederates ate and drank and wondered where in the devil their regimental headquarters were.

Accompanied by Beauregard, Bragg, in sardonic humor, spent the night in the tent of his pre-war friend Sherman. He thought victory would come on the morrow. But Beauregard knew better. So did

Colonel (later General) Nathan Bedford Forrest, who walked through the camps collecting his men and confiding to friends, "If the enemy attack us in the morning they will whip us like hell." Over on the Union side Grant was agreeing. Strange little man with mysterious, unfailing confidence, he had not lost his assurance all day long, and now at midnight he hunted out his commanders and told them to attack at dawn. To General Rusling he said, "Whichever side takes the initiative in the morning will make the other retire, and Beauregard will be mighty smart if he attacks before I do."

As the night grew gray with morning, Lieut. William George Stevenson of Beauregard's staff rode the field searching for his chief. Stevenson had seen a cannon ball take off the head of an earlier mount and was sick of everything. His new horse balked at a little ravine. "He hesitated," said Stevenson, "and I glanced down to detect the cause. The rain had washed leaves out of the narrow channel down the gully some six inches wide, leaving the hard clay exposed. Down this pathway ran a band of blood nearly an inch thick, filling the channel. Striking my rowels into the horse to escape the horrible sight, he plunged his foot into the stream of blood and threw the already thickening mass inropy folds up on the dead leaves on the bank."

The blood from Sunday's battle received additions in plenty on Monday morning as the Union men, with 20,000 additions, drove the Confederates backward. In addition to Buell's reinforcements, Lew Wallace had brought up in the night 5000 men. The future author of "Ben Hur" had started early on Sunday morning to march the five miles to Shiloh Church, but had wandered around the country all day within sound of the battle without being

able to find it. Whether the mistake was his or his superiors' was never settled.

At three o'clock Grant, gathering up fragments of regiments, led them in one last charge that broke the Confederate resistance—and Shiloh was won. That evening the cold, drizzling rain resumed and gradually turned to driving sleet and hail, which bruised the butchered Confederate boys who had been piled like bags of grain into open wagons for the jolting trip to Corinth. The hail pummeled the Union wounded, too, as they lay shrieking on the field of victory.

VI

In the next few days horror spread North and South as the extent of the carnage became known. Grant was assailed as a bloody butcher who had allowed his innocent army to be surprised. Sherman rushed into print denying that there had been any surprise. Prentiss, in 1882, explained it most sensibly when he said, "We were not surprised, but we were not prepared."

The two days' battle cost the North 10,162 men in killed and wounded, Sunday's battle 7000 of these, a loss which, when combined with that of the South, makes Shiloh's first day the most costly of the war in proportion to the number of men engaged.

What the losses of the Confederates ran to is difficult to determine. Beauregard set his killed and wounded for the two days at 9740, with 6500 of them credited to Sunday. There are good reasons for believing his figures to be too low. For one thing, he said that his dead numbered only 1723, whereas Grant, notably candid in such matters, declared that Union burial parties had, by actual count, covered up more than that number in front of two Union divisions alone—Sherman's and

McClelland's. This return did not include the corpses around the Peach Orchard or the Hornet's Nest, admittedly the most murderous sectors of the field. Grant's grave-diggers estimated the Southern dead on the whole field at 4000 when they buried them on Tuesday.

This latter figure is probably too high, for the lowest ratio of killed to wounded in Civil War battles of Shiloh's magnitude was one to four, and the presence of 4000 dead would thus argue 16,000 wounded, or a total of 20,000 casualties, half the Southern army. Such a loss seems beyond belief and it is fairer to estimate the Confederate killed and wounded for the Sunday and Monday fighting at around 13,000, with 9000 of them awarded to the first day's battle, when the whole Confederate force was on the offensive for almost ten hours. Beauregard in his report of the battle admitted that 20,000 of his original 40,000 had vanished before roll-call on Monday morning. Thousands of these had, of course, wandered off toward Corinth, but many of them were wounded men who were never included in the casualty lists. Furthermore, the number of dead Confederates found scattered through the woods in the days after the battle indicated that a much higher percentage of these missing men were killed than Beauregard admitted.

Accepting then, Grant's loss on Sunday at his own figure, 7000, since the army that holds the field has a much better opportunity to count its losses than has a retreating force, and putting the Confederate loss for the day at 9000, it appears that the North saw 280 men hit in every 1000 of its 25,000 men who were exposed, and that the South similarly lost 225 men in each 1000 of its 40,000 effectives.

This computation waives the claim of the Southern General Joseph Wheeler that there were only 30,000 Confederates, not

40,000; and it also ignores other officers who believed the attackers to have had no more than 35,000 men under fire. If those contentions should ever be established the Southern proportion of loss would be correspondingly higher.

There were Civil War battles in which one contestant or the other lost a greater percentage of the men engaged, but none in which both parties lost in a single day so heavily as at Shiloh, where the Sabbath saw blood flow from 252 of every 1000 men on the field. At Stone River the combined average was 245, at Antietam 190, at Fredericksburg 84—all of them one-day struggles. The little battle of Allatoona in Georgia cost 267, but the forces were small: Union 1500, Confederate 2000. Gettysburg's average of 256 for both forces—212 for the North, 301 for the South—was the greatest vintage of blood that the grim presses extracted in any three days of the war, but the number of men in the two armies was so much greater than at Shiloh that it is most unlikely that any one of its days touched the grand percentage of the latter. The Battle of the Wilderness, lasting eight days, cost Grant 296, but the Confederate loss, while vaguely reckoned, was not guessed to be over 140. Cold Harbor, held up in the schoolbooks as the supreme example of Grant's indifference to the lives of his men, cost him, in actuality, only 111 out of each 1000.

As a matter of fact the statistics do not indicate that Grant ever merited the title

of butcher. Livermore's "Numbers and Losses in the Civil War", a statistical summary of the Official Records, makes it clear that Grant, across his career, lost fewer men in proportion to his effectives than did Lee. Grant's major engagements average a loss of 167 men hit as against Lee's 173. Sherman, cherished by the South as an ogre, lost the amazingly low ratio of but 60 men to every 1000 employed, while his adversaries averaged 90.

However far a modern investigator may stray among the treacheries of statistics, the fact remains that the veterans of Shiloh went about the nation, after the war, declaring that it had been the bloodiest in their experience. Orators would show that it had cost a higher percentage than Waterloo, where 230 men bled in every 1000. G. A. R. men at reunions had a by-word "as scared as at Shiloh." Grant thought that only the Wilderness could compare with it. Southerners said that it had been the "heaviest firing of the war". Sherman, who declared it to have been the fiercest fight he had ever seen, used to tell the Eastern veterans at conclaves: "So help me God, you boys never had a fiercer fight than we had there. I myself heard the bones of living men crushed beneath the cannon wheels coming left about. I saw 10,000 men lying on a field not more than a mile by a half mile."

George W. Cable, the Southern author, wrote, "The South never smiled after Shiloh."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Sociology

LAWS THAT CAUSE CRIME

BY BENJAMIN KARPMAN

WE HAVE in this country some legislative measures which can be shown to be direct factors in the increase of crime. One such is the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act, which prohibits the sale and use of narcotics. Previous to its enactment, we had always with us, as all countries have, a certain number of addicts, harmless in themselves. (I speak here, in the main, of morphine addiction.) They presented a medical problem, but hardly a social problem. We looked upon addiction as a disease, which it was and is, and handled it as such. So long as the addict was under the control of a competent physician, he was not only comfortable individually, but adaptable socially, for in many cases he could carry on social relations without arousing any suspicions. We gave him his drug because we had learned by experience that deprivation brought upon him such intense physical and mental suffering as often to end in death. At the same time we tried by various measures to combat his habit. Gradual reduction in the use of the drug and certain medicinal procedures were found to be effective in some cases; ordinary educational measures would probably fail almost universally, but psychotherapy has occasionally been decidedly successful, although it must be admitted that drug addictions are much more difficult to handle than the usual neuroses.

Now, while it is true that drug addiction has a certain demoralizing effect on the

individual, it concerns, as a rule, only that particular individual. There have been great men, such as DeQuincey and Coleridge, who were addicts, and one may argue whether they were great because or in spite of their addiction. In any event, granting the many evil features of addiction, its social influence as such was practically negligible. Until the enactment of the Anti-Narcotic Act addicts as a group contributed less than their share of criminality. There was no more reason for their being in prison than for hysterics or neurotics to be there. They were incapable of making serious crime a profession because professional criminality requires clearness of orientation, a certain mental agility, and a capacity for sustained mental effort, whereas in drug addicts there is a considerable reduction, if not degradation, of all the mental functions.

Thus addicts as a group are anything but criminally inclined; indeed, a striking psychic characteristic of them is that the drug makes cowards of them, or perhaps it is that they suffer from a state of chronic anxiety and the drug is taken to still the anxiety; hence the reappearance of the anxiety on withdrawal of the drug. The view that we are dealing here mainly with a neurosis finds support in the fact that the psychic manifestations are much greater than the physical symptoms would warrant and appear much earlier and in anticipation of the latter. The medical profession has thus long recognized in drug addicts psychically sick people who need a chemical crutch to get along. The worst

that may be said of them socially is that they are great liars.

Until the enactment of the Anti-Narcotic Act things seemed to have run along as smoothly as was possible under the circumstances. The physician was free to prescribe, the druggist to dispense, and the nurse to administer the drug, and so the addict was getting his due. There was no noticeable increase in the number of addicts because of this freedom, at least no greater than in other neuroses. Each addict considered his addiction as his own individual problem and did not attempt to gain converts, if for no other reason than that, fearing the stigma, he kept his failing to himself.

Then the law was passed and things began to happen. The supply of the drug, heretofore plentiful and fully equal to the demand, was suddenly and artificially curtailed, with the result that prices began to soar to almost impossible heights. Where one had been able to get a dose for but a few cents, one now had to pay such a high premium to a bootlegger that the price was quite beyond the means of the average addict. But the urge to have the drug is so compelling that the addict will stop at nothing in order to obtain it; he will lie, steal, rob and murder for the sake of obtaining a few grains. It is difficult, of course, to narrate events in their chronological sequence, but one of the first things that happened following the enactment of the law was an epidemic of breaking into drug stores and physicians' offices in order to obtain the drug, or to falsify prescriptions. That, of course, often led to the arrest and imprisonment of the offenders.

Many physicians were also caught in the meshes of the new law. Knowing what deprivation meant to the unfortunate patient and seeing his duty toward the patient clearer than his obligation to the State, the

physician continued to prescribe the drug whenever he thought it was called for. Many went to prison for that, along with the druggists who kept on supplying their customers. And as the supply became more limited certain disreputable physicians and druggists got into the game for what was in it. They too, eventually, and often very soon, got into prison. Meanwhile, it was becoming more and more difficult to get the drug in a legitimate way, and as the prices became prohibitive the addict had to have much more money than his ordinary earnings would permit. The chase for it followed next in the logical order of things, and the addict found himself confronted with the necessity of either getting money some way, any way, or going without the drug. He naturally chose the former, and he went into crime. Nor was it on a small scale, either.

So the prisons began to fill up. Confederates kept on supplying their imprisoned brothers, and drugs were smuggled in plentiful quantities. Instead of being, as heretofore, individualized, the drug addict found himself now in a large company. There was also noted a definite change, and for the worse, with reference to the use of the drug. With no one to control him or guide him, the addict lost all sense of proportion and on every occasion would load himself to the maximum, and the taking would be repeated with far greater frequency than he was used to before.

A new trait of character now made its appearance or at least, heretofore dormant, came to the surface. The addict became proselyting in spirit and missionary in zeal, ready to share his last grain of drug with anyone who came along. That was only natural, for the drug relieves the heavy depression and anxiety which usually pervade his being, and their place is taken by a feeling of comfort, well-being and elation.

tion, which everyone is ready to share with others. The prisoner who until now never used a drug was glad to find something that would relieve him of the deadly monotony of the prison. He was thus an apt pupil and converts were gained not by the dozen but by the hundreds. As they left prison on the expiration of their sentences they would join gangs and make new recruits to the cult. On this point no direct statistics are available, but it is safe to say that the number of drug addicts in this country has increased several fold, the increase being directly traceable to the Anti-Narcotic Law.

But the worst effect of the law was not that it increased the number of drug addicts, but that it increased the number of criminals. It is hardly possible to express the situation in figures, but one is, I believe, within fairly safe limits in saying that a large proportion of the crimes at present committed in this country may be laid directly to the door of drug addiction. As long as the addict has his drug, he is not likely to commit a crime. But when his need is on him he becomes desperate and fearless, especially if he can get a bit of drug in him, and many crimes have been thus committed. Thus many addicts are now arrested and imprisoned for crimes other than the possession or sale of forbidden drugs.

The addict differs in many respects from other offenders, both as a criminal and as a prisoner. As a criminal he resorts in the main to theft, because the one thing he has in mind is to get enough money to buy the drug and so tide himself over for the time being. Shoplifting and pickpocketing are thus very common among addicts, or they will accept a place in a store with the purpose of carrying away with them every day a few articles that can be quickly sold and the money exchanged for the drug.

While thus as a criminal he is relatively harmless, since he seldom perpetrates acts of violence, the addict will avoid and resist arrest in a most violent way, for he prizes his drug more than he values his safety. He is also a most difficult person to discipline, and it is a common observation that the presence of addicts in a prison lowers the general morale. This is probably due to the fact that they are constantly preoccupied by their need of the drug and their plans for obtaining more of it. Anything that interferes with that is an incentive for a violation of discipline—an incentive which other prisoners obviously do not have.

It need not be supposed that a physician or a druggist serving a sentence for the violation of the act will on his release return to his community to walk the straight and narrow path that the law prescribes. No doubt some have, but many feel themselves branded for an unjust cause, especially if they were betrayed by a professional stool pigeon. Both the consciousness of the stigma and the feeling of bitterness, plus the fact that he has seen people with the intelligence of morons making fortunes selling the drug, yet given much smaller sentences—all this is likely to stimulate the liberated prisoner to get into the game on the expiration of his sentence. Such an entrance of an intelligent man to the ranks of crime plainly adds both to its increase and to the difficulties of detection.

There is a relation between drug addiction and the Volstead Act which would fill a large chapter of its own. It suffices here to point out that with the advent of Prohibition many individuals turned from liquor to drugs. There is also a relation between drug addiction and the increase of prostitution; for just as the male drug addict will commit a crime to obtain the drug, so will the woman sell her body.

If one compares the Harrison and the Volstead Acts as causative factors in the increase of crime, the feather will have to be placed in the cap of the Harrison Act, for quantitatively it is responsible for more crime and more criminals than the Volstead Act. On the other hand, the criminals created by the Volstead Act commit deeds that are much more violent. Where petty thievery is the preferred specialty of the addict, the Prohibition violator is more apt to resort to robbery, not infrequently ending in murder, either of the criminal or of the law officer.

As a rule, the drug addict avoids joining the liquor gangs, nor will such a gang readily accept him as a member. He does not join because the gang operates in search of big money, whereas the addict is, in the main, looking for small sums to last him from day to day. Moreover, the gang is distrustful of him because of his reduced mental and physical efficiency.

A large part of the present prison population of the United States consists of drug addicts, and for every addict in prison there are many more outside. The habit is spreading far and wide, pervading all strata of society, from the workingman to the bookkeeper, and from the preacher to the movie actor. The law has failed in its proposed effect; indeed, it has been directly responsible for the tremendous increase. One can say with confidence that unless some drastic reform is undertaken in the near future, we shall soon have children using drugs. Some, in fact, use them already.

Corrective measures must consist in the repeal of the law and a return to previous practices. The medical profession should be entrusted with complete responsibility, which must be taken out of the hands of the police. If medical men were given the task of ridding the country as completely

as possible of drug addiction, and had full means to carry it out, they would approach the problem, not through any legal measures, but in a humane and scientific spirit. Medicinal, educational, psychotherapeutic and preventive measures would be adopted that would result in lessening the suffering of the individual addict and in diminishing his number. When the time came, if it ever did, when drug addiction was completely wiped out, we could pass a law prohibiting it, and such a law would accord with an existing situation. But then it would not be necessary.

In what I have said I do not wish to be interpreted as making an assault on the lawmakers. I have no doubt of the purity of motives and nobility of spirit behind the laws they have made, but that alone, it seems to me, is not sufficient. The individual physician is interested in the welfare of the individual patient he is treating; and as a member of the medical profession, he must be interested also in problems of social welfare. Psychiatry began its work with the study of individual patients and is winding up now with mental hygiene, which is its social extension. Individually or socially, the physician carries with him the consciousness of psychic rapport with his patient. There must be a better understanding between the lawmakers and the people for whom laws are made. This is something the lawyers lack completely, and in the nature of things they can not have it, for that would require a training in psychology such as no lawyer has or is likely to have; and when he has it he will be primarily a psychiatrist and not a lawyer. There are very few Platos among lawyers, and I question very much whether the ideal social state will ever come through them.

So far they have made a miserable mess of the drug situation, just as they have

made a mess of many other things. Even though their intentions may have been the best, legal measures that do not accord with public spirit are but provocations to disobedience. One is tempted to suggest here that some of the legal *intelligentsia* make a search to determine the actual extent of the crime that is due to unwise and unjust laws. I suspect that the results would astound even the cynic. As I see it, no law should be enacted in anticipation of crimes that *may* be committed, but only as a legal

recognition of already established relations. Forcing a form of behavior on people seldom brings good results. If it be true that social relations are in the main psychic in nature, then it would seem that it is high time that lawmaking should be taken out of the hands of lawyers.

It is respectfully suggested that the experiment be made of turning over the business to the psychiatrists. They certainly couldn't do any worse and the chances are that they might do better.

Dietetics

WHITE BREAD VERSUS BROWN

BY JAMES A. TOBEY

PERSISTENT and pernicious as has been the propaganda in favor of whole-wheat bread, the American public continues to favor the more refined white flour. Although this decortinized product has been characterized as a menace to health and as productive of the most dire results in those having the temerity to partake of it, the people as a whole continue to consume white bread with gusto and with no actually deleterious effects on their general salubrity and happiness.

The illogical extremes to which the opponents of white bread will go in their condemnation of this important nutrient is well illustrated by an article which appeared some time ago in one of the more vapid of the New York daily tabloid newspapers. Here it was declared blandly, and also naïvely, that the ingestion of white bread would cause the eater to develop criminal tendencies, though just why and how were not so clear. The same kind of buncombe has been spread about the smoking of cigarettes, with about as much scientific justification.

Arguments in favor of whole-wheat

breads and cereals are based on the fact that they are superior to the more completely milled products with respect to the content of proteins, minerals, roughage, and vitamins, particularly vitamin B. In this contention, the whole wheat proponents are undeniably correct, but what of it? The superiority is of comparatively minor significance in any reasonable dietary regimen. It has, moreover, been compensated for by the modern practise of making white bread with milk instead of water.

Bread is primarily an energy food. Its most prominent constituents are the carbohydrates and its chief use is as a cheap and reliable source of the fuel needed by the human system. Wheat contributes about one-fourth of the calories of the present American diet, an amount which all authorities agree is neither excessive nor undesirable. Man does not, however, live by bread alone, nor should he, for all bread is deficient in certain necessary food factors. Its use is justified as a proper portion of the well-balanced diet, but only as a part.

No one food is perfect. The nearest approach to the ideal is milk, which contains practically all of the elements needed

to nourish the human body, and as a consequence properly merits the appellation of "most nearly perfect food." A decade ago, nevertheless, it was virtually impossible to purchase a baker's bread which had been made with milk. Today it is the bread using water in its manufacture that is the rarity. So rapid has been the development of the use of milk, usually in the form of whole or skim milk powder, in our white bread that the Federal government has adopted for the protection of the buying public a standard for "milk bread," which requires that in bread so labelled not less than one-third of the water ingredient must be replaced by milk or the constituents of milk in the proportions normal for whole milk.

The public is, therefore, stultifying itself in no degree when it makes this kind of white bread a regular part of its daily fare. If, in fact, the people use plenty of butter on their bread and build their general diet around milk, fruits, and the green leafy vegetables, the amount or kind of bread eaten makes absolutely no difference. Even if the daily fare is not so well balanced and adequate, the kind of bread employed is still of comparatively little significance, notwithstanding the ravings of the whole-wheat fiends to the contrary.

A defective dietary regimen comprised of white bread made with water, garnished with vitamin-deficient oleomargarine, and supplemented with polished rice, sugar, and other one-sided aliments might be visualized, but in this day and age such a harmful fare is the exception rather than the rule, even though much improvement in our general nutritional habits is possible, desirable, and gradually being achieved. On the other hand, one can and does also conceive of the person who, having succumbed to the wiles of the faddist, uses whole wheat in excess,

with consequent irritation to the gastrointestinal tract and other possible harmful effects.

The bran contained in whole wheat is alleged by the advocates of this type of cereal to be of particular value. To be sure, this indigestible substance aids in the prevention of constipation, but a little of it goes a long way. Too much bran may be injurious. What can happen to the enthusiast who goes in for it in a big manner is well illustrated by a case reported by Dr. Walter C. Alvarez of the Mayo Clinic, one of the leading American authorities on digestion.

A woman who had never been addicted to bran, and whose health was entirely satisfactory, visited a sister who was a bran zealot, because its use had helped cure her of a serious case of constipation. The woman tried bran, liked it, and began to use it daily in rather copious quantities. "Very promptly," writes Dr. Alvarez, "she developed such flatulence, abdominal pain, and indigestion that she had to begin cutting out one food after the other in an attempt to find the offending one. In order to make up for the loss of these foods she ate more bran." By the time this deluded lady reached the physician, she was mostly skin and bones. As soon as the bran was eliminated from her diet, she regained her normal health.

This example does not, of course, mean that bran may not be helpful in many individual cases, especially in those where severe constipation is present, but its use should be directed by a competent physician. Not only may bran be as irritating to the intestinal tract as its verbose proponents are to the intelligence and emotions of those of us who crave sanity in eating, but the branny coat itself prevents to some degree the utilization of the protein of the whole wheat.

The proteins of wheat are not especially valuable, anyway, as they are distinctly inferior as nutrients to the proteins of animal foods, such as milk, eggs, and meat. The same may be said in a general way of the minerals of wheat. Much is made of the fact that whole wheat, rye, and graham breads are better sources of iron than is white bread. This is quite true, but again, what of it? We do not depend upon bread as our main source of iron, but turn to certain other food products, such as egg yolk, fruits, spinach, lettuce, and cabbage. White bread, even when made with milk, is not well fortified with iron, but due to the milk it is rich in calcium, a mineral of as much importance as iron, if not more, for the lime salts are essential to the development of bones and teeth.

Among the many asinine charges against white bread is the statement that its continued use causes injury to the teeth. Although science has demonstrated that dental decay can be prevented by means of a proper diet, especially one rich in vitamins C, the antiscorbutic, and D, the antirachitic, and the minerals calcium and phosphorus, it has also shown that the strength of the teeth is determined not so much by the later diet of the child or adult as by the diet of the mother during the prenatal period. The teeth begin to form in the foetus in the third month of pregnancy, even if they do not begin to appear until six months after the child is born. If the expectant mother has plenty of milk and other protective foods in her diet, the child is likely to have good teeth, and these organs will continue to be well behaved so long as its own general diet is reasonably sensible, regardless of what kind of bread or how much sugar it may consume throughout later life. Almost as much hokum is, incidentally, dispensed

about sweets as on the subject of white bread.

Another argument which seems to give the brown-bread proponents much comfort is the allegation that whole wheat retains vitamin B while white bread is lacking in it because of the refining process inflicted on white flour. The significance of vitamin B to health is unquestioned, especially since this vitamin has recently been shown to include at least twins, if not triplets, with both of the recognized fractions contributing to the general growth and welfare of the individual. Cereals are high in one part of this vitamin, now called vitamin B₁, but weak in the other, known as vitamin G, whereas milk, fruits, and vegetables are, in general, just the reverse.

As in the case of the other elements required for nutrition, we need not depend upon bread alone for our vitamins. The one which is probably the most important of all, vitamin A, is seldom if ever found in cereals, but is secured from milk and butter fat, egg yolk, and in lesser amounts from certain vegetables. Vitamin C occurs most abundantly in fruits, particularly those of the citrus variety, while vitamin D must be obtained from cod liver oil, egg yolk, or the action of the ultraviolet rays of the sun, or their equivalent, on the human epidermis. Important as are the vitamins, indispensable in fact, in contributing to strength, vitality, fertility, and longevity, the modern science of nutrition recognizes that an adequate diet can be constructed only from foods which yield fuel for energy, protein for tissue building, minerals for metabolism, and fluids as regulators, as well as the essential vitamins.

Rich as whole wheat may be in vitamin B₁, it is not sufficiently supplied with this important element for general needs. It

has been shown by Professor Agnes Fay Morgan of California that the addition of an extract of wheat germ to white rolls results in a marked increase of weight in underweight school children, when these rolls are given as supplementary food. Other investigators have also reached the conclusion that vitamin B₁ can best be made available by having the baker add it artificially to white bread rather than to have the miller try to keep it in naturally. This is a technical development which is already receiving the attention of the baking trade, or perhaps I should say profession.

Some of the foes of white bread condemn it because it is a starchy food which, they asseverate, is dangerous when mixed with acids. Much has been heard about acidosis lately, though not so much that is authentic. As a matter of fact, the digestive juices of the stomach are strongly acid, and it is here, after the initial effect of the salivary juices, that full digestion of the starches takes place, with the aid of the enzymes from the pancreatic secretions. Combinations of foods are, in general, more digestible than single foods. Thus, bread and milk are together more easily digested than either bread or milk alone. Strictures on the digestibility of white bread are usually figments of the imagination of those itinerant charlatans who pose as health lecturers.

This country is, as Dr. Morris Fishbein has put it, "singularly cursed with fad-dists." So vociferous have some of the cultists become, especially the whole-wheat-to-the-exclusion-of-all-else crusaders, that the baking industry has felt constrained to organize educational bureaux to combat the pernicious attacks of these radicals in the field of nutrition, although the extent and potential influence of their maunderings is probably not great. Every leading

authority on dietetics, McCollum, Eddy, Sherman, and others, agrees that white bread is a wholesome, proper, and nutritious part of the diet of the average normal person.

The consensus of opinion in this matter has been well expressed in a recent statement prepared by the food specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture with the collaboration of a group of the leading food specialists of the country. "White and whole wheat breads are both wholesome foods," begins this statement. "They are among the most important and cheapest sources of energy and protein in the diet."

The statement then goes on to point out that the composition and value in the diet of these two forms of bread vary not only with the differences of the flour, but with the amount and character of other added constituents. Attention is called to the greater susceptibility to spoilage of the whole-wheat and graham flours, and the statement concludes with the suggestion that the form of bread consumed "may be left to the choice of the individual when the remainder of the diet is so constituted as to contribute the necessary minerals, vitamins, and any necessary roughage." The desirability of a liberal use of fruits, vegetables, and milk is likewise stressed.

The presentation of the case for white bread in this article should not, of course, be misconstrued as an attack on whole-wheat and graham breads, which are obviously valuable foods. I consume brown breads regularly, along with white bread, and derive pleasure and possibly profit from doing so. Many persons, probably most, do not find the whole-wheat products as palatable as the white, though taste is largely a matter of development and adaptation. Many individuals do not like cod liver oil or acidophilus milk the first

time they are tried, but the taste for these beneficial substances can easily be acquired.

Not all of the advocates of whole grain cereals are charlatans, for there are, of course, many sincere physicians and dietitians, some of high scientific standing, who advise their regular use. With such persons there is no quarrel, but the fad-dist who ascribes all of the ills of mankind, from cancer to Saint Vitus' dance, to the occasional use of white bread by a healthy individual deserves only the most severe condemnation.

Throughout the ages the cereal grains have been fundamental parts of the diets of all races. To be sure, the pastoral peoples who have been possessed of numerous herds and who have utilized dairy products in abundance have always been the most virile and long lived—all the conquerors have been owners of cows rather

than reapers of grain—but even they have employed the cereal foods as supplements. In times of economic stress, the people always turn to bread as the cheapest staple foodstuff, just as, conversely, they indulge in more expensive foods when prosperity is rampant.

No matter what general economic conditions may be, all kinds of bread are valuable for all kinds of people. Each has its proper place, according to the likes and dislikes of the consumer. So long as pure milk is readily available at a reasonable price, the public will never starve on a continuous diet of bread and milk, but will thrive and grow healthy on it. There is no scientific reason why the general use of white flour should not be materially increased, a fact which no real authority on nutrition who has given any serious thought to the subject would have the temerity to deny.

BOYHOOD IN A COAL TOWN

BY JACK CONROY

THE Monkey Nest coal-mine tipple stood twenty years; its dirt dump grew from a diminutive hillock among the scrub oaks to the height of a young mountain. Stubborn shrubs, wiry grasses, and persistent dewberries struggled for a roothold on it, but the leprous soapstone resists all vegetable growth, even in decay. White and cold like the belly of some deep sea monster incongruously cast out of the depths, the dump dominated Monkey Nest camp like an Old World cathedral towering over peasants' huts. To begin with, Mr. Stacpoole, the owner, had christened the mine the Eagle, but the miners had decided otherwise. Somebody had dubbed it the Monkey Nest, and so it remained—so it is yet in the memory of those who recall it or its history.

I first saw the Monkey Nest's shaft when it was only head-high to Old Man Vaughan. Father led me to the brink and I peered over fearsomely, clinging to his legs. Old Vaughan caught me under the armpits and swung me down; then he threatened to keep me there indefinitely, but I knew better. I was used to miners' joshing. Three taciturn Italians were slicing the tough white clay with keen tile spades and throwing it clear of the edge, grunting "hah!" at each spadeful.

"Looky here, Jacky!" said Vaughan. "A dad-blamed crawdad's hole and a crawpappy hisself at the bottom of it. I've foltered that scoundrel from the grass roots and here's the bottom of his hole finally.

You know, when I've been digging a ditch or something, lots of times I strike a crawdad's hole, and wonder just how far it runs in the ground. But I never *did* see the *bottom* of one before, did you?"

The crawfish, a small lobster-like creature, angered and bewildered at this rude violation of his retreat, waved furious and menacing pincers. Vaughan was delighted, having realized a long cherished ambition; and I was tickled, too, because I had often wondered just how far a crawfish burrowed into the soil. I have felt that thrill of accomplishment only a few times since.

The shaft bored past the clay, past the blue hardpan, blasted through the rock and into the coal. The Monkey Nest's tipple rose; its hoisting engine vibrated the heaps of slag and soapstone, oftentimes starting miniature avalanches down the dump. Cages shot up and down the shaft like office-building elevators. A mine tipple is like a gallows, especially if you chance to see its black timbers etched against a setting sun; and the cage cable dangles from the cathead like a hangman's rope. I have thought whimsically when a miner's head has appeared out of the shaft, apparently supported by the cable only, that his tongue should protrude and his legs kick spasmodically.

My brother Dan went to work in the mine when he was only twelve. There were nine children at home, and Father had more than he could do to feed us. It

was against the law for a boy under sixteen to work in the pit unless he was with his father. But even with his father, the boy miner's cheeks blanch just the same; his shoulders stoop, apparently trying to fold in front of him like an angel's wings; and the hollow asthmatic cough begins before he is twenty—if he dodges rocks that long.

Expert miners thump the roof inquiringly with a pick handle before they venture into their "rooms" of a morning. They learn the meaning of a whole octave of sounds indicating the solidity or lack of solidity in the ceiling, but pot rocks slip out as though they were well greased. They give no warning rattle. And bell rocks spring like panthers, leaving a smooth, cup-like cavity. Always the rocks hang overhead like the fabled Damoclean sword, except that the sword was not too wide to allow some chance of jumping from beneath it.

When the cage delivered him up to the world of sun and daylight, Dan walked a quarter-mile bowed double before he could straighten his cramped spine. Evenings he lay on his back in the yard, staring at the stars. But he wasn't wondering where the Great Dipper or the Pleiades were located or whether there were people on Mars, as we used to do together. He never said a word, but only chewed the end of a timothy stalk. At nine o'clock, the very latest, he would limp into the house to bed, and when I came in from playing he would be snoring loudly with his mouth hanging wide open. I never snored that way till ten years later, when I shovelled gravel all day on the highway gang.

Our house wasn't a camp house. It had a neatly painted porch, and was a story and a half high. A barbed wire fence surrounded it and kept cows out of the yard. Below it the camp houses extended in a rough semi-circle at the foot of the hill.

The hillside was our commons, and on it we played wild horse, leap-frog, cowboy and Indian. Diamond Dick rode valorously to rescue his sweetheart Nell from scalping at the hands of redskins just in the nick of time; while Handsome Harry, the old sarpint of Siiskiyou, proclaimed to the world that he was an extremely pisen rattler possessing sixteen rattles and a button; moreover, he was not a bit averse to biting viciously if he were provoked sufficiently.

The farmer boys were our natural enemies, and because of our communal life we easily triumphed in every combat. The isolated farm houses prevented any kind of defense organization, so we ambushed the rustics singly and collectively. Smarting under the implication—and, alas, the conviction—of social inferiority, we battled with extraordinary ferocity, fashioning spears out of horse weeds that grew rank in the creek bottoms, and charging the fleeing hinds with all the fervor of King Arthur in the lists at Camelot. We raided their school-house and even hunted the teacher far away through the brush, stuffing the chimney with rags, and overturning the privy, which backed up to and squatted over a crick.

The older boys carried on the tradition, roaming the woods like satyrs, leaning against tree trunks and pumping doleful accordions, or sitting on fallen logs tootling merry flutes. They shot craps in the forest, and to the dour farmer youths they were mad and unholy. But the faunish farm girls giggled behind the buck bushes and squealed with mingled terror and delight when the miners chased them home. If one were imaginative enough one might fancy goat hooves and jaunty horns as the miners pursued their quarry through the second growth of oak saplings. Once a hired hand caught my brother Dick in a wild cherry

tree where he had climbed after the fruit, and pelted him with Osage orange hedge-apples, as large as a small grapefruit and as hard as a cocoanut.

II

Father came from Montreal. He wore a long and curly chestnut mane like that of a *fin de siècle* matinée idol and a most romantic mustache. Somehow he was always the Man from Mars among the miners. You could catch him muttering strange words to himself. He often sat stark still on the doorstep, thinking for hours.

It didn't take him long to win leadership of the miners' local union—or rather he had it thrust on him. When he spoke in lodge he used a deep rolling voice so much different from his ordinary tone that we called it his meeting voice. It was years before anybody discovered that he had been a priest in Canada, and it came out accidentally. He never liked to talk about *that*. At intervals, newspapers came from Canada, but they were printed in French. Certain items would be marked heavily in blue pencil. Father would sit and read them, then he would crumple the paper in his clenched fist and stare stonily across the fields.

My sister Madge and I were exploring his desk and found a faded velvet jewel-box containing a rosary and a crucifix. I took them to father to ask him what they were.

"Beads! Nothing but beads!" he said harshly, "and this is a bit of gold, nothing else."

Then he spoke more kindly: "But your grandmother gave them to me long ago. Put them back where you got them."

We were starved for print. Our school-books were worn threadbare, and this was before the Paper Trust began educating

the masses with *Western Tales* and *Love Confessions*. I have never overcome the habit of stooping to capture every vagrant circular or stray newspaper that I encounter abroad. It is atavism from Monkey Nest days.

Then Rodney Millbank began delivering the Indianapolis *News* every morning. This was before rural free delivery had begun functioning. Rodney made a whistle of hickory bark when the sap was running, and shrilled like a postman as the paper thudded against the weatherboarding. We pounced on the *News* with shrieks of delight and devoured it from the front page to the last editorial, even the advertisements. I recall a favorite comic strip labelled "The Terrors of the Tiny Tads," in which the unfortunate principals were constantly harassed by hyphenated beasts such as the camelephant and the panthermine. Abe Martin sat on his sagging barbwire and expectorated the *bon mots* that continued for twenty-five years until death silenced him. I shall always be grateful to the Indianapolis *News*. Wherever it may be or whatever it has grown to, it was to me a window and a door.

Such a transaction as buying a ton of coal would have seemed incredible to us. We bagged it in gunny sacks from the tippie, shifting the load continually in an endeavor to ease our smarting backs with a flat-surfaced chunk. We sank puffing to the sward half way home, and the surrounding terrain detached itself from the general landscape as though under a microscope. Maybe a busy tumble-bug patiently trundling his malodorous pellet, or a tribe of ants bearing a dead grasshopper. One had only to smash down with a stick or stone to feel like God loosing an earthquake or a tidal wave. We halted by a decayed log and placed our mouths against the ground, chanting: "Doodle, up! Doo-

dle, up! Doodle, up!" If we waited long enough a small black bug would squirm energetically out of the loam, and we were always sure that the doodle-bug came in obedience to our command, though tardy. It was a childhood legend.

Huge lumps of coal bounded down the chutes and into flat cars, side by side. A screen divided the rough from the fine, coal dust fouling the air like a thunder cloud. We spat black for hours. Often chunks rebounded to the ground, and these were our legitimate prey. My brother Tim stood back and watched, warning us when the top men were about to dump; but he frequently became negligent or mischievous and we darted from between the cars under a shrapnel of fine and a heavy artillery of larger lumps.

The hoisting engine was a perpetual marvel to us. Its steel cable wound around a glistening drum, and had cut grooves in it. The cable extended through a hole in the wall and across the cathead of the tippie. The engineer was proud of his job, and handled the levers like the pilot of the Cannon Ball Express, never deigning a glance toward the boys peering through the doorway. Behind his shack an exhaust sighed softly out of a rusty pipe from which condensed steam trickled in rust-yellow drops. Tim said if you held your hand over the end of the pipe, the boiler would blow up. When the spiffy engineer took notice of us long enough to chase us away, Tim hinted darkly that he would encompass the ruin of the whole shebang even if, like Samson, he brought down the fragments about his own ears. But he always relented before actual perpetration of the deed.

One day as we stood silently admiring the hoist, a miraculous contraption clattered down the slag road leading to the main highway. A revolving chain like that

of a bicycle whirled over sprockets at the side, and its one-lunged motor coughed cacophonously. The proud possessor of this marvel, none other than the mine owner, Edward Stacpoole, leaped to the ground and extended a hand to his wife, who had been holding on grimly as the vehicle jounced along. As the lady descended, I caught a glimpse of an elaborately frilled garter, the first I had ever seen. Coal miners' wives and daughters held up their stockings with rags tied just tight enough to support the weight without stopping the circulation.

My sister Madge had a fashion of rotating her tongue madly in a small circle when she was excited, and she approached this curious object with her tongue agitated like a snake's. A Little Lord Fauntleroy of eight had descended, and now darted from behind his mother and pushed Madge into a mud puddle, jeering meanwhile:

"Coal miner's brat! Coal miner's brat! Catch and eat a rat, eat lean and eat fat!"

Tim was standing close to the exhaust pipe, and darted behind the building. I was sure he would carry out his threat to blow the works to kingdom come, and awaited the explosion apprehensively. Mr. Stacpoole had disappeared in the engine-room, and Mrs. Stacpoole, attracted by Madge's wails, looked back, mildly reproving:

"Oh, Elvin! You *shouldn't* do that! Tell the little girl you're sorry. You hear mother? Tell her you're sorry, like a little gentleman!"

Madge was crying bitterly and smudging her already grimy face with muddy fists. Tim reappeared with both hands full of the greasy slush and filth that accumulates around all steam engines. Plop! Horrific and odoriferous gooey splattered over Elvin's straw hat and matted his golden curls. Splash! The second fistful

completed the wreckage by polluting his lace collar and oozing down his virginal blouse. It was the nativity of a bit of business which has since made Hollywood rich.

Tim fled, whooping derisively: "Now go home and wash *your* black face, smart aleck." I helped Madge to her feet and we cut and ran, but not as the vanquished decamp; for we felt that whatever glory hovered over the ghastly field was ours.

III

Mother was frying salt pork when Jimmy Kerns came to tell her about Dan. You have to parboil it to get the salt out, and roll it in flour before even a strong stomach can hold it down, but it was cheap. That's the reason we ate it. Mother was tossing the white puckered slices into the skillet when Jimmy knocked.

"Aha! Mrs. Conroy, hard at it, I see," he blurted out with a feeble attempt at jocosity. It was a full hour before the quitting whistle should blow. Jimmy's beady eyes flew about the room, and mother couldn't catch and hold them.

"Tell me, Jimmy! Is it Tom?" she cried, grasping both lapels. Miners' wives and mothers sense bad news intuitively.

"Why Missus Conroy, no! I . . . I just . . . y'see. . ."

"Then it's Dan. It must be Danny! I dreamed of black cold water last night."

She sank to a chair, her eyes dry and aching. She never knew the relief of tears. Four miners carried Dan in on a stretcher and eased him on to the couch; but when they had to pull the stretcher from under him, blood gushed from his mouth. He breathed in short jerks, his eyelids fluttering. Mother knelt beside him and held his hand; the palms were just beginning to callus. He was fourteen, but since he went into the mine at twelve his time had

been mostly divided between the pit and his bed.

"Where does it hurt you most, Danny?" mother asked.

He couldn't get the answer out, and in the night I sprang out of bed when Mike Crumley's wife began keening piercingly and our collie howled mournfully and melodiously, as they are said to do always when there is dead in the house. Dan had drawn the sheet off his feet in a final agony, and his toes stood apart like the fingers of a hand. A hemorrhage had finished him. Tim took his place in the mine, for he was already twelve and strong for his age.

IV

Everybody agreed that father was a funny man. For one thing, his best friend was a Frenchman and a Catholic. There were not many Catholics in that neighborhood, and less Frenchmen. The sons of these miners readily joined the Ku-Klux-Klan when the fiery cross was burned twenty years later. People said that Frenchy Barbour ate cats and snakes, and that he prayed to the Virgin Mary to make his shots roll out another ton of coal. His shack was so close to the dump that soapstone and empty powder kegs had rolled right into his front yard.

Every Sunday he walked seven miles to the Catholic church in town, and on the way back he stopped at our house. Father waited for him on the back doorstep, a big slab of rough stone. The earth around the back door was black and sour because mother poured dish water there. Frenchy would appear around the corner smirking and twirling his waxed mustache. His blue serge suit was often grey with dust, and his cuffs a little soiled where his wrists had sweated. Coal dust will come out no matter how many times you wash.

"*Bon jour*, Monsieur Tom," he would chirrup blithely, "how goes it everyt'ing?"

"Hullo, Marcel!" father would say. "Squat down and tell me something."

Then Frenchy would jerk a perfumed handkerchief from his vest pocket, dust off the step, hitch up his trousers to save the crease, and sit down. They talked, gouging in the ground with twigs blown off the maple tree in our yard and tracing geometrical designs in the walk. They laughed uproariously and sometimes seemed to argue heatedly. Then Frenchy would go home in a huff.

Frenchy would come into father's room in the mine at noon, and maybe give him a little home-made wine out of the water deck in his dinner pail. He would sit with his back against a prop, his legs extended stiffly before him, and draw pictures on soapstone with the smoke of his lard-oil lamp. Often they conversed in French, and this made the other miners sore because they fancied they were being discussed in a derogatory manner. I had to see the French section of Quebec, with voluble citizens gesticulating on the street corners, before I realized that Frenchy had supplied something in father's life that phlegmatic and practical miners could never give.

Madge and I waited for father at the pit-head. As the haughty engineer shuttled cages up and down, we speculated as to which would contain father and our brothers. The lard-oil torches appeared first, gleaming like smoky stars, then a coal-blackened face, then the torso with a dinner pail clamped under its arm, and the full body was resurrected from the depths.

We had been warned about going too close to the open shaft, so we contented ourselves with standing back and watching. We were a little early when they

brought Frenchy Barbour screaming off the cage, but so far away that we saw him first only when John O'Toole stumbled with his corner of the stretcher, draining the blood that had collected in the sagging middle. Frenchy almost rolled off, and the other miners gave John a mean look for his awkwardness. They laid Frenchy on the engine-room floor. He was panting like a rabbit. There was no telephone, but one of the miners rode like Paul Revere for the doctor. Frenchy swept the faces around him with a glance.

"Tom Conroy! Tom Conroy! Where is he?" he whimpered.

Father shouldered his way through the knot of men and knelt by his friend's side.

"Marcel! Marcel! Here I am!" he called out.

Frenchy gripped father's arm till white spots blossomed on his finger nails.

"Tom, *mon cher ami*! I die! I am dying—finished, I know. No priest, *sacre Dieu*, no priest here!"

"Now! Now! Marcel, you know what I told you about superstition. Don't you worry any. I thought you said . . ."

"Yes! Yes! I know, but it seems different now. Afraid! Yes, I *am* afraid! Soon it will be too late to be afraid."

He was going fast, gasping like a fish on a sunny bank. He chewed the ends of his mustache.

"Marcel!" father spoke again. "You remember what I told you about the monastery?"

"Ah, yes! O Mother of God! But quickly."

He began to mumble feverishly: "*Confiteor Deo omnipotente . . . beatae Mariae semper Virgini . . .*"

Father's "meeting" voice sounded clear and sonorous. I heard some of the words years afterward and remembered most of them. "*Dominus vobiscum et cum spiritu*

tuo . . . in nomine Patris . . . et Filii . . . et Spiritus Sancti. . . ."

Frenchy was about gone, but he heard and it seemed to do him good. His hand dropped across his chest before he had finished the cross. When his face set, I absurdly noticed that his lower lip fell in a snarling grimace, exposing squirrel-like teeth stained at the roots by tobacco. Father faced the astonished miners with a challenging look. I was grown before I read Balzac's story of how Bianchon marvelled at Desplein's inexplicable devotions. I comprehended then a little of the affection father must have had for the volatile Frenchman.

V

There were no conversational amenities at a miner's table. We ate seriously and wolfishly, scorning sprightly banter. But we would halt momentarily when father would vouchsafe:

"Looks like another strike the first of the month. We'll have to live on blackberries and sowbelly for a while."

And mother would scour the woods for the wild sweet blackberries, canning them against the days of famine, for it always settled down to an endurance contest. The mine-owners depended upon the miners' starving into submission; the miners upon the owners' cupidity dictating that it was cheaper to capitulate than to maintain the luxury of armed guards and inefficient workers who would themselves eventually organize.

The first days of a strike were always gay and exciting. Enthusiastic meetings, brave resolutions. Wagonettes loaded with strike-breakers appeared, guarded by detectives with menacing rifles. Each morning and evening the camp's population lined the road and the scabs had to run a

gauntlet of taunts and epithets, and on occasion an impulsive striker threw a stone and the guards clicked their rifles ominously:

"Scab! Scab! Scab!" shouted the men.

"Scab! Scab! Scab!" the women shrieked, shaking their fists.

"Scab! Scab! Scab!" howled the children with lusty hate.

Toddlers wobbled from the camp houses and piped "Scab! Scab!" They drew it in with their mothers' milk.

The wagonettes hurried by, the drivers whipping up the horses; and the scabs kept their eyes on the ruts ahead, but flushed purple and scarlet even under the coal-dust.

Mother counted the ebbing cans of blackberries and began slicing the last flitch of bacon. Father sat about moodily, and my brothers lay in the sunny yard with their hats over faces, for want of something better to do. Mr. Stacpoole sent word that he wanted to see father in his office in town; and I went along. Father took a flour sack, because he thought he might possibly get credit at some of the grocery stores. Miners used flour sacks and gunny sacks for shopping bags.

Mr. Stacpoole's lady clerk was a dazzling creature. She penned letters on elaborate letterheads bearing a more or less fanciful representation of the Monkey Nest, only it was always called the Eagle in this place. She wrote in a delicate Spencerian hand and her balloon sleeves drifted gently to and fro like miniature dirigibles. I thought they must have been blown up by a bicycle pump. Her heavy bust bulged above a waspish waist, but she was a baby doll in those days. The pen scratched and spluttered when it hit a flaw in the paper, and Mr. Stacpoole looked up.

"Oh, Conroy, I'm glad to see you here. I reckon you fellows know by now that

the Eagle can run without you just the same. But I ain't no hand to hold grudges—believe in live and let live. I'll have to let the wage cut stand, of course, because I've contracted all my coal out on that basis, but I'll take all the old men back, and I just been thinking if you wouldn't make a dandy pit boss. . . . That's a fine boy you got there; and I'll bet you he's a big help to you right now. . . . Miss Lotter has wrote out a contract, and if you'll just step around here by the desk. . . ."

"Yes, he is a fine boy, and this long trip *for nothing* has tuckered him out. We must be home by dark, and I got some groceries to pack, too." There was only mild reproof in father's voice, but Mr. Stacpoole was champing his cigar venomously.

Phelps, the grocer, who had known our family for a long time, was sorry but the strike had run him pretty close, too. The wholesalers were crowding him for their money.

VI

Storms had a good chance at our house, but father loved a tempest. He liked to stand in the back door and let the wind whistle through his hair. He liked to hear "heaven's artillery crash," as he called it, and he thrilled to the lightning's swift zigzag. He often seemed to resemble Ajax defying the Jovian thunderbolts as he declared:

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share.
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Along thy steps I follow, bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along
the sky."

We thought this sounded grand, and we often repeated it ourselves.

Wind worried our house until its ancient timbers snapped like rifle shots. Rats

milled through the attic, stampeding like wild horses when it stormed. Supple catapas flayed the warped cedar shingles like a mule driver's lash. You notice a storm more at night, too, I guess. Anyway, we didn't hear the man knocking for a while. When father opened the door, he stepped quickly inside, shivering. Rain drops dribbled down his pit clothes on to the floor, and bubbles squirted out of his soggy shoes. Father stood aghast and undecided; the door swung to and fro, sucked by the wind. Mother was trying to shield the kerosene lamp with her body.

"I'm workin' at the Monkey Nest," he chattered, his teeth clicking like castanets. "I must have went to sleep in my room, and nobody missed me. I found the shaft and climbed up the buntings. I don't know the way to town, and if you'll show me. . . ."

Before he finished father emerged from his trance and plugged him a resounding smack on the jaw. For a minute he lay with his feet in the door and his body outside. Then he scrambled to his feet and sloshed off in the night before father could wrench his shotgun from its antlers above the door.

"You scab! You damned scab!" he roared, the shotgun booming and a red flash momentarily lighting the doorway, for the wind had extinguished the coal-oil flame when mother had whirled to see what was happening. The room was in darkness and the air was pungent with powder fumes. Mother groped for the lamp and dropped the chimney with a sharp exclamation when it burned her fingers. She ignited the wick with a trembling hand.

My older brothers and sisters were swarming down the stairs. Tim and I were goggle-eyed. Father grasped each of us by an arm, crying with passion:

"Boys! Boys! Listen to me! If you must be one, be a thief, a murderer, anything, but don't ever be a scab! You hear me? Don't ever be a scab!"

"We won't never, pappy," we promised solemnly.

The Monkey Nest never gave Tim a chance to stray from his vow, because he cushioned the fall of a bell rock before he was sixteen. But I have never forgotten that night or the promise exacted.

VII

The strike came to an end somehow. Reminiscing about it, it is hard to say definitely just how it did end or whether it was won or lost. Somehow the miners seemed to lose the individual strike, but steadily progress along the far-flung battle line of their goal. The history of the miners' union of that period is punctuated with strikes. Each faction battled doggedly, but had to surrender something finally.

Years crowded in on the Monkey Nest. A mine dies young in the sparse croppings of Missouri; twenty years is a hoary old age. But the Monkey Nest left monuments to its memory in many cemeteries, particularly Sugar Creek graveyard, where the pine headboards bristle among wild blackberry vines and rampant tiger lilies that long ago burst the borders of prim beds and sent their progeny adventuring across the mounds. Frenchy Barbour's grave has caved in, for his coffin was cheap and not made to withstand much weight. Sand and gumbo must fill his skull, and stain his squirrel-teeth browner than tobacco did. Father and my three brothers are side by side.

When the time came to dig Tim's grave it was raining and the ground was treacherous with Spring thaw. The clay kept slipping as the men dug and they had to

pause frequently to clean off their spades with a discarded table knife. The sides crumbled so that Dan's coffin projected into the new-made grave, after five years. Somebody got the idea of masking it with canvas so that mother couldn't see it. I had been told that in the casket a man's hair and beard keeps on growing just the same, that his toenails and fingernails do not die. I wondered about this. Familiarity may breed a large contempt for death; but this morbid curiosity about it is also a typical characteristic of the mid-Western mind.

Worked-out mines marked only by a hummock of vegetation-defying soapstone or a rusty boiler tilted on one end, its flue holes resembling a great Swiss cheese, hedged the Monkey Nest in. Tunnels that radiated in all directions from the shaft were always breaking into abandoned works. Deadly black damp and water seeped in. Incombustible sulphur rock gleamed in the coal like gold, and the dwindling veins faded until a man must crawl on his belly like a snake to pick out the sparse coal.

Then the tippie fell in a whirlwind, and the stiff legs stuck ludicrously in the air like those of an overturned wooden horse. Time has had its way with the Monkey Nest. In its quiet grottos crumbling rails and phosphorescent ties are sinking in pallid slime, while flabby fungi cling to the rotting timbers. Bats scream and fight. A venturesome boy climbed down the shaft, but fled in terror when he was covered from head to foot with pulsing, furry bodies, before he could travel twenty feet into the main entry. It was lucky for him at that, because the black damp knocks you out without any warning.

To keep cows from falling in the open shaft, it was decided to fill it. The assorted urchins of a superannuated miner volun-

teered to perform this incredible feat, more stupendous than any storied Herculean labor. In casting about for a comparative peg on which to hang their undertaking, I must mention the persistent Mr. Beers of the poem who, amidst his neighbor's jeers, had been resolutely digging in his garden, with China as a goal, for forty-seven years. Think also of that prodigious rock in Svithjod land, a hundred miles high and a hundred miles wide. To it every thousand years comes a canary bird to whet his dainty beak. When that Gargantuan boulder shall have been worn to the level of the plain, preachers are fond of saying, it will be only breakfast time in Hell.

But the boys rigged up a coaster wagon that had been discarded by some more fortunate child, and began wheeling soapstone and slag to fill the gaping void. At first a faint splash was the only evidence of their toil, but within six months they could see bottom by throwing down a kerosene-soaked and ignited cattail. It took them a year to complete the job, but they were paid twenty-five dollars in cash, not in trade out of a company store.

So the Monkey Nest's mouth is stopped with dust, but in its time it had its pound of flesh. Yes, I figure it had its tons of flesh, all told, if laid side by side in Sugar Creek graveyard.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF MENTAL HYGIENE

BY GRACE ADAMS

IN THE days when Harvard was America's great temple of the mind, with James and Royce and Münsterberg its high priests, psychologists invariably dwelt within the sanctity of academic corridors. Some were to be found in philosophic seminaries, and others in laboratories hardly distinguishable from the workshops of more material sciences; but none ever wandered far from his university campus, and few doubted that the mind was consciousness.

In 1909 these content, complacent professors, though they did not then suspect it, heard a few strange words that foreordained the end of their supremacy in psychic matters. Some of these queer terms were *libido*, *complex*, and *fixation*; and their meaning was explained to a conference at Clark University by their creator, Sigmund Freud. From that day the picture of the typical psychologist as an empiric philosopher, or a mental physiologist, began to fade. In its place there emerged the figure of a benevolent, but rather suspicious, psychic physician regarding the whole world as the clinic he must diagnose and cure.

The American Psychological Association, of course, still bestows its highest honors upon sedate professors. But to the non-academic world which takes its psychology seriously, no pedagogues, however distinguished, seem quite such mental oracles as the psychoanalysts, Bernard Glueck, William A. White, L. Pierce

Clark, Adolph Meyer, and A. A. Brill. It is the pronouncements not of academic psychologists but of psychiatrists that are now listened to with the rapt, reverential attention that was once accorded the simpler and more chaste words of James and Hall and Münsterberg. Psychic history is being made less in university lecture-rooms and laboratories than in physicians' suites.

Next to Freud himself, the person most responsible for this shift in authority from teachers to doctors is probably Clifford Beers. Though his name is not widely known, it was he who started the whole movement for Mental Hygiene. His autobiography, "A Mind That Found Itself," has been reprinted ten times since it first appeared in 1908 and has been studied assiduously by all students of mental abnormality; yet it contains not one item of psychoanalytical terminology. Beers is neither a psychiatrist, a psychologist nor a neurologist, but he understands the deranged mind better than any of these more learned gentlemen because he has experienced it at first hand.

For three years he was actually insane, first delusionally, then maniacally. When he finally, by some miracle, became normal again, the intense feeling of persecution, which had characterized his phantasies, did not leave him as he reflected upon his experiences with straight-jackets and brutal guards. He determined to found a society which would improve as well as

expose the medieval conditions of the American asylums. For his project he received the enthusiastic endorsement of such men as William James, who advanced the first thousand dollars toward his work; Adolph Meyer, who coined the term Mental Hygiene to describe it; William H. Welsh, who is still the association's honorary president, and Cardinal Gibbons, who was the first to imbue it with the air of pious helpfulness that has always pervaded it. Beers also got more substantial financial support from Henry Phipps, Mrs. Elizabeth Milbank Anderson, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, and the Rockefeller Foundation. The National Committee for Mental Hygiene was officially organized in 1909, the same year that Freud lectured in America.

II

Today Mental Hygiene has become an international affair with branches in Canada, England, France, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Holland, Hungary, Finland, Czechoslovakia, Brazil, and Cuba. Upon the American committee are to be found Presidents Edwin A. Alderman of the University of Virginia and Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia; Professors Irving Fisher of Yale, Roscoe Pound of Harvard, and Henry van Dyke of Princeton; Bishop Lawrence of Boston and Mrs. E. Henry Harriman of New York; Senator Morrow, Governor Pinchot, and Secretary Wilbur. When the First International Congress on Mental Hygiene convened in Washington in 1930 it elected the Hon. Herbert C. Hoover its honorary president, and the Hon. Thomas W. Lamont its treasurer.

It is of course inconceivable that the society of which these august names are representative should habitually think

about human nature, whether deranged or normal, in terms of castration complexes and incestuous fixations. Nor were the earlier routine investigations of insane asylums, almshouses, and feeble-minded institutions strikingly analytical in concept. Yet the spirit of Freud has always hovered over Mental Hygiene, and quite naturally. Its most daring bits of research, such as Glueck's clinic at Sing Sing, were carried out by the more enterprising among the psychiatrists. And American psychiatry, when Mental Hygiene was launched, was in the first full flush of Freudian adoration. Its devotees have been able to employ the technique of the mental testers, and even, upon rare occasions, the terminology of the behaviorists, but the results of their labor have been customarily interpreted in accordance with the theories of Freud, Jung, or Adler—more usually of all three of them.

Until 1917 the work of the mental hygienists was confined to State institutions whose subjects had already been judged legally insane, defective, incompetent, or criminal. With the war came their chance to turn their attention to less selected groups and to ferret out neuroses and psychoses where none were hitherto suspected. And they were ready for the emergency. They had scouts on the Mexican border; and within a month after hostilities were declared Dr. Walter Salmon, with a generous donation from the Rockefeller Foundation, was in Europe studying the psychiatric condition of the Allied troops. And as officers of the Surgeon General's staff, several hundred members of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene were able to pluck hundreds of incipient maniacs from the first American division to embark for France. Before the Armistice they had detected thousands of others. They had also described, analyzed,

explained, and sought to cure 2000 cases of "shell shock."

It was, however, in the period which they like to refer to as that of "reconstruction" that the mental hygienists really hit their stride. Every newspaper and magazine told them that America was just entering a mental and spiritual crisis; and there were the heavily decreasing rolls of the churches and the lurid propaganda of the Department of Justice to bear out the dire predictions. With everyone else on the verge of insanity, the mental hygienists quite naturally saw themselves as the saviors of the nation. Irving Fisher declared that the one defence against the Red Menace of 1920 lay in Industrial Psychiatry.

With this endorsement of their entry into business by business's self-ordained prophet, the mental hygienists soon realized that there was no door forever locked against their technique of discovering *abnormalities among the seemingly normal*. Social Service, always adolescent at heart, easily succumbed to their blandishments. Smith College established a School for Social Work where feminine A.B.'s are taught the "psychiatric point of view," and pronounced M.S.S.'s (Masters of Social Science). The New York School for Social Work and the Simmons School for Social Work offer similar pedagogical service.

The psychiatric social worker, who invariably describes herself as her welfare agency's "liaison officer," is now rejoicing that since her technique has become psychoanalytical the case histories she so diligently collects and composes are no longer confined to "factual material" about the individuals who are their chief characters. Nowadays a person who applies to a really enlightened agency for succor must confess not only his lack of funds, his

need of a job, and all the embarrassing details of his unsatisfactory career; he must also allow the liaison officer to lay bare all the hidden conflicts, complexes, repressions and regressions that smolder within the depths of his unhappy soul. More than that, before the psychiatric social worker's task is done she has analyzed the "personalities" of the unfortunate one's "parents, foster parents, siblings, or whoever may have influenced the development of the person."

Mrs. Grace Corwin Rademacher, who is the psychiatric social worker of the Behavior Clinic of the Cleveland Day Nursery and Free Kindergarten, has disclosed how her job, which ostensibly has to do only with the toddlers and runabouts of working mothers, leads her into the higher psychic regions. There was, for example, the case of four-year-old Reginald who had been at the nursery two and a half months before he came to Mrs. Rademacher's attention. She then discovered that he was disobedient, "displayed temper," sometimes "wetted himself," had once bitten his mother, and when reproved in any way retorted, "I can do that at home."

Most of us, to our sorrow, have known a great many Reginalds, and we are usually so certain of what should be done to them that it is only with the greatest difficulty that we refrain from doing it ourselves. But does Mrs. Rademacher spank this particular Reginald, or stand him in the corner? Not at all. Instead, she begins to investigate him, and these are the facts she records as relevant to his case:

The home consisted of the mother, twice divorced, her invalid mother, and this child. . . . The father and mother had lived together only six weeks. The father was, no doubt, erratic, but the mother interpreted his every act as vulgar, crude, and especially aimed at making her suffer. A

five-year-old son by a previous marriage had died just prior to her marriage to Reginald's father. Her own mother had continued to live with her through both of her marital ventures. In fact, she showed definite signs of a marked mother fixation and other psychoneurotic trends, including an over-emphasis upon detail, a passion for cleanliness, and marked suspiciousness. These, together with the presence of the invalid grandmother, the frequent absences of the mother, who was a canvasser, and the consequent supervision of Reginald by a series of maids, the absence of the father, the increased emotional concentration on this child because of the loss of the first, the numerous psychological errors in home training, and the pyelitis and dull-normal intelligence, were thought more than to account for the difficulties. . . .

A good deal more than enough, in all conscience! But what was done about Reginald's naughtiness? That, we discover, was just a symptomatic but unimportant by-product of his parent's mother-fixation, passion for cleanliness, and marked suspiciousness of the good intentions of welfare workers. Mrs. Rademacher assures us that "treatment naturally assumed the form of working with the mother and with the child in an attempt to bring about a better knowledge and practise of Mental Hygiene principles. In addition to an interpretation of the physical and intellectual findings, the mother was given some insight into her own emotional problems and the part played by the grandmother." Alas it is all rather confusing. Perhaps it was the grandmother who bit the mother and said, "I can do that at home."

III

Though the mental hygienists were gratified when Social Science made its profound obeisance to Freud, they were by no means satisfied. Welfare work was too

intimately connected with the problems of delinquency and deficiency for its capitulation to psychiatry to be really spectacular. The mental hygienists, therefore, looked about for more normal fields in which to apply their principles. And their gaze rested upon education. Today the psychiatrists are getting even with the academic psychologists, who once snubbed them so rudely, by showing how necessary Mental Hygiene is to the proper development of students—even those who are most proficient in psychology as the colleges teach it.

For example, Mr. Donald Slesinger, psychologist to the Yale Law School, has suggested that professors need its healing balm even more than their charges. He points to "the repressed emotional and sexual life of the English professor who chuckles too audibly at Restoration literature, of the biologist whose experiments are too closely connected with the function of reproduction." To date, no college has required its faculty to be psychoanalyzed, but, beside Yale, both Dartmouth and West Point offer "psychiatric consultation service" to their students, while the Universities of California and Minnesota boast psychiatrists upon their staffs.

To many of us benighted ones it seems incredible that college boys should be in constant need of psychiatric therapy. But that is because we have not yet learned to view academic youth through the eyes of the medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, Dr. Frankwood E. Williams. Dr. Williams does not think of the typical sophomore as strutting nonchalantly, self-confidently, and happily about his campus; rather, he sees him "bumping here, bumping there, like a blue-bottle fly trying to get out of a room." In more detail Mental Hygiene's

medical director describes the "average" university student in this long sentence:

He rides into college on a sea of emotional problems—problems that are inherent in himself, problems that were not of himself, but that have been made a part of himself through the unfortunate activities of others; feelings of inferiority where, perhaps, inferiority does not exist or no longer exists; unhealthy modes of reaction to such feelings where, perhaps, there is some inferiority; feelings of guilt; unhealthy attachments to members of the family or to others; many confusions over matters of sex; problems growing out of efforts at emancipation from the family; healthy reactions misunderstood, and not well received, to unhealthy situations, thereby giving rise to a series of secondary problems; jealousy, unhealthy attitudes toward questions of authority, fears of various sorts.

If that is what the college boy is today he undoubtedly needs to be psychoanalyzed, immediately and continually. And so Dr. Smiley Blanton realized when he planned the Mental Hygiene régime for the University of Minnesota. Dr. Blanton immediately discovered that in dealing only with those "cases" whose peculiarities were obvious enough to have been noted by the college authorities he was missing some of Minnesota's most interesting neuroses. He therefore decided that the psychiatrist must have "an assured point of contact with the whole student body, and the best way in which this can be brought about is through a *course in Mental Hygiene* so arranged that every student will pass through it."

Now this course must not be confused with a conventional academic course just because they bear similar names. The student in Mental Hygiene does hear a few lectures upon such subjects as "the subconscious mind," and "the primitive fundamentals of ego impulses," but the

greater part of his time is taken up with studying his own "emotional and social life." He is required to write his own "life history," which his instructor uses as the basis for "personal interviews and discussions." And if he has neglected any complexes that may be lurking within his unconscious, his interviewer quickly discovers them.

Major Harry Kerns, who organized the Mental Hygiene programme at West Point, did not find compulsory psychoanalyses necessary. He was content to confine his probings to the minds of cadets who sought him out voluntarily or were sent to him by their superiors, but even so, he has found the academy a fertile field for his psychiatric endeavors. Not only does it disclose a heartening number of "feelings of inadequacy" and "inherent introversions," but by Major Kerns' careful estimate more than three-fourths of the corps is virginal.

He has worked so diligently and so effectively upon this material that he has sometimes cured his patients within the same day that he diagnosed their disturbances. There was, for example, Cadet A whose analysis was requested by his tactical officer and of whose case Major Kerns writes:

The patient lost no time in assuring me that the trouble was not with him, but with his superior, who, he said, was arbitrary, mean, and unreasonable. During the course of our talk it was learned that the boy thought his father had never understood him and had been unusually severe and unreasonable. . . . The analogy between the two situations, the parental and present, was pointed out to him. It was explained that his tactical officer (really one of the most just and efficient at the academy) was merely a symbol for the father and hence the recipient of all his resentment. A complete transformation came about in this lad within twenty-four hours. . . .

Many of Major Kerns' voluntary patients force him into regions more commonly supervised by the Beatrice Fairfaxes and the Dorothy Dixes; and his analyses of their problems indicate that they do not always choose sweethearts as chaste as themselves.

Cadet F was irritable, depressed and sleepless. The interview brought out the fact that about a week before he had learned that his mother had left home and had become pregnant by another man. He was filled with bitterness and hatred for his mother because of her infidelity; his heart ached for his father. He had quite resigned himself to the fact that his mother was a rotter and had put her out of his mind. But if the matter were settled in his own mind, why was he still depressed and sleepless? It was suggested to him that perhaps he had not quite resolved the conflict. Though for his mother he felt nothing but hate, its ambivalent opposite love had not been destroyed, merely repressed. This was his conflict. It was explained to him that he would always love his mother and that he might as well make up his mind to it. Within a few days he accepted this solution and regained his poise.

But soon he was back.

Some weeks later he returned to the hospital in the same mental state as before. The cause of his trouble this time was a letter he had received from his fiancée asking him to resign and marry her in order to save her from the disgrace that was sure to follow her intimacies with another man. And actuated, no doubt, by an adolescent idea of martyrdom, based, probably, upon an unconscious desire to make a propitiation for the sins of his mother, he had determined to throw himself in the breach. He was seen for three days and every argument was brought forth to dissuade him—he remained determined. A week later he wrote that he had met the girl, had met the man, had gone with them to the church, and seen them quietly married. And he added, "I am sure they will be happy."

IV

The problems in Mental Hygiene which confront Dr. Arthur Ruggles, psychiatric consultant to the Dartmouth student body, are different from those that occupy Major Kerns, but no less serious. Though the undergraduates at the New Hampshire college seem to pick less emotional, or at any rate less naïve, fiancées than the military, Dartmouth is beset by more insidious forces than erotic disturbances. Unlike the cadets, some of the collegians have begun to harbor Ideas.

It is curious but the mental hygienists, though so very liberal about all sexual aberrations, frown darkly upon liberality in any other direction. It is symbolic that Dr. Hoover is their honorary international president, for they believe in established authority as fervently as the Republican party. Dr. Ruggles was therefore distressed when he found one of Dartmouth's most popular students coming "into contact with a number of followers of a radical school of thought."

The result of it all was that he lost his sense of proportion and began to give himself up to day dreaming, his favorite dream being that he had enough money for a very nice house with a living room entirely surrounded by bookshelves. He would spend his days browsing among his books until he was tired of it, and then he would travel around the world with no responsibility at all to society.

Unless one remembers the Freudian symbolism of books or the Adlerian interpretation of radicalism, a desire to read and to travel may seem not inconsistent with the intentions of a liberal education. But Dr. Ruggles had made the Dartmouth student body privy to all the complexes and so he declared that it behaved very "wholesomely" when it asked that the day-dreaming young man be removed from its

midst. But Dr. Ruggles' own interest in his unfortunate case persisted and he followed it up even beyond the academic walls.

I made a report to a family physician whom I knew and in whom I had confidence, explaining the case to him and asking him to do what he could for the boy. I am sorry to say that he has not been able to do very much, as immediately upon leaving college, the boy got into touch with a wealthy associate who had also been dropped and the two started off on a trip around the world. It is all a great pity. . . .

As soon as the mental hygienists felt confident that their technique was making good headway among the colleges, they began to cast flirtatious glances at the high-schools, and then all down the education line to the kindergartens. The more advanced of the Progressive institutions responded warmly; the Walden School is almost as Freudian today as a dream of Al Smith's office building, and the Lincoln School of Teachers' College has a psychiatrist upon its staff. But the public schools have rudely turned their backs upon Mental Hygiene and stubbornly maintained that their charges are mentally sound and therefore have absolutely no need for psychiatric supervision. Dr. Ira Wile, who is now pleading as passionately for the introduction of Mental Hygiene into the grade schools as five years ago Dr. Williams did for its injection into universities, calls public education's indifference to his gospel of salvation "unhygienic." And he blames the educational psychologists, with their "standardized tests," for it.

The mental testers, it appears, have assured the grade teachers that if their pupils' I.Q.'s do not fall much below 90 their minds are normal and able to withstand the rigors of an elementary education. Dr. Wile, on the other hand, feels

that the educators are making an error in identifying abnormality with mental deficiency. No child, he believes, is really so normal that a skillful analysis cannot prove it to have "emotional disturbances." Against the day when all youngsters will be recognized for the neurotic creatures that their enforced intimacies with their parents have made them, Dr. Wile has sketched a "balanced" system of education, in which all teachers will be initiated into the mysteries of Mental Hygiene at normal school, and every grade will have its "adjustment clinic." In this gloriously hygienic future, should Susie not know her lessons or Johnny throw a spit ball, they will not be sent before the principal or kept in after school. Instead they will gather with their teacher, their parents, and their room mates in the adjustment clinic, where the "treatment régime" proper to their cases will be duly deliberated and prescribed according to the latest psychiatric custom.

While the public schools refuse even to consider Dr. Wile's charming programme, support has come to Mental Hygiene from an unexpected source. At the beginning of the century Stanley Hall and William James became rather fretful with one another as they argued the relation of religion and eroticism. Hall declared the two to be practically identical, while James asserted that "the religious life depends just as much upon the spleen, the pancreas, and the kidneys," as upon those other organs which psychologists of his day did not name so explicitly. Two years ago in an address before the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick definitely settled the question in Hall's favor. He even suggested that the Freudian transference provided the one sure method of combating spiritual backsliding. Said Dr. Fosdick:

V

A woman came into my office sometime ago saying she had lost her faith in God. I said, "All right, go on and tell me about it." She talked for about three minutes on how her theology had gone all to pieces. I said, "Tell me that love story of yours." She said, "What?" I said, "Tell me your love story. Of course I may be wrong. It may be you have lost your mother, but I am betting it is a love story." She said, "What do you mean?" I said, "What do you take me for? A fool? Do you think that you can talk as you have about lost faith in God without revealing that emotionally you are all messed up? Now you have had a love affair." She said, "All right, I will tell you."

Whereupon, I suppose, her complexes were unravelled and her soul was saved.

In keeping with their elevated social position the Episcopalians have outstripped the Baptists, no matter how Modern, in taking up this new therapy. At their General Theological Seminary the Rev. Dr. Batten gives instruction in "religious therapeutics" to the young fortunes whom God has called to represent Him among the best people. While down at St. Marks on the Bouwerie Dr. William Norman Guthrie marches some steps ahead of the parade.

His clinic is called "Body and Soul" and it is held three times a week in a salon especially accoutred with divans and sedatives. Its chief of staff is the alienist, Dr. Edward Cowles, one of the founders of American psychology, and once Stanley Hall's assistant at the Johns Hopkins. It is he who attends to the bodies of the 75 young men and women that the salon accommodates, by pressing "the closed eyes of the patient, using the fingers of one hand, and with the other hand taking hold of the patient's arm."

He then turns over his cases to a waiting group of ecclesiastics, who appropriately exhort their souls.

But in spite of the important part it now plays in the fancier forms of education and soul-saving, it is its conquests in the field of business that have recently given Mental Hygiene its greatest triumphs. There was really nothing extraordinary about its discoveries that adolescent youths, religious women, and the wards of welfare agencies might be slightly neurotic. But to detect inhibitions in a floor-walker, a lady buyer, a truck driver, or the girl at the notion counter requires real analytic genius. The mental hygienists have, therefore, accepted Industrial Psychiatry as a true challenge to their skill.

American psychology has not, of course, been traditionally blind to the benefits it might bestow upon the world of business. As early as 1912 Hugo Münsterberg had demonstrated experimentally his science of "psychotechnics." Through this new discipline, he then maintained, applied psychology could increase the efficiency of industry by eliminating from it those unfit to engage in it. The subsequent life histories of the discarded ones was no concern of his.

Dr. Münsterberg's science of psychotechnics was beautifully tuned to the business ethics of the decade in which he conceived it. At the beginning of the century all of the American industrialists were frankly and unashamedly out to make money. They regarded their employes as they did the raw materials with which they worked, as potential producers of executive wealth. But now Big Business, having succumbed to the idealism of the service clubs, cannot afford to be so forthright. It must assume an air of paternalism toward its underlings. It is this confusion of values that the mental hygienists are pressing to their advantage. Industrial

psychiatry, they say, is not another "rubber stamp science" like psychology, but "something practical in the shape of a new art."

The mental hygienists make business a higher offer than they make to their more academic brethren, for, being physicians more than scientists, their prime duty is not the discovery of facts but the curing of diseases. So "the ideal that guides the psychiatric approach to industry" is not the elimination of incompetents but their retention. The mental hygienists promise that through "a well rounded, thoroughgoing clinical study," and an "adjusting technique" they can make even the worst misfits fit. And though they have been in business only a few years, they are already giving the psychotechnicians a run for their money.

The psychologists can still boast that both Cheney Brothers and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company use mental tests in selecting their help. But the industrial psychiatrists can proudly reply that the whole personnel department of Macy's department-store is now on a clinically psychiatric basis with four *bona fide* psychoanalysts directing it and a host of psychiatrically trained social workers carrying out their orders. Dr. V. V. Anderson, who until he began analyzing Macy's clerks and cash girls was medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, has perfected "A Psychiatric Guide to Employment" in which he describes "the art and science of the psychiatric interview."

A person who goes to Macy's looking for work, whether as errand boy or as vice-president, must sometimes imagine that he has wandered into the observation ward of Bellevue by mistake. The psychiatric interviewers, he will find, are only moderately interested in his aptitudes and

talents, for, as Dr. Anderson has explained, "there are issues far more complex than the mere possession of abilities to perform the tasks required,—issues that are only understood through a well rounded, thoroughgoing clinical study." Therefore the dazed applicant is examined on the following counts:

I. *Facial expression.* Does the applicant look fearful, anxious, apprehensive, shy, timid, sad, gay, surly, hostile, suspicious, visionary, gullible, expressionless, intent, alert, eager, arrogant, cynical, fatigued, interested, indifferent, resistive, supercilious, etc., etc.?

II. *Movements.* Are there movements of the head, of the face, of the body, of the hands, of the feet? Are there wrinklins of the forehead, peculiar attitudes of the body, nervous twitchings of the hands, licking of the lips, biting of the nails, idling with pencils and paper?

III. *General Observations.* Does the employé speak voluntarily to the interviewer of his own problems? . . . Does he appear full of problems of an emotional nature? . . . Does he crave sympathy?

VIII. *Mental attitude toward himself and his own personal make-up.* How does he feel about his own personal defects and disorders? . . . Does he feel inferior, or ashamed, or shy, or timid, or superior and well satisfied with himself?

IX. *Psychoneurotic states.*

X. *Psychotic states.*

XI. *Other mental conditions.*

XII. *Recreation.*

XIII. *Summary of Personality.*

The gathering of such clinical material is the simplest part of the psychiatric interviewer's task. It is his "facility at analysis and interpretation" that gives it significance. From this information, and a great deal more concerning the patient's suppressed desires, constipation, social position, the emotional life of his mother and father, his relations to his playmates and friends, his appetite, his emotional conflicts, the emotional lives of his brothers

and sisters, his digestion, his marriage and home problems, and the driving forces of his personality, the psychiatrist gathers data which must be "summarized, analyzed, coördinated and interpreted" before he can decide whether his case should become "a marker or a cashier, and whether he should be put in the Order Checking Division on the Tenth Floor where the work is centralized, or on the Ninth Floor where it is more individualized."

The assignment of definite jobs is, of course, only the beginning of the psychiatric technique. Dr. Anderson is convinced that "many issues that bring about work and personality maladjustments are already present, and must necessarily be present at the time of hiring. For we have made quite clear the impossibility of our ever being able to secure what may be classed as absolutely 'good' material for every job. Our interviewers will recognize . . . the potentialities for failure that may lurk in many a fairly promising employé;" therefore, "our persistent inquiry into each individual's employment history, physical and mental health, home life, interests, habits, amusements, recreations, attitudes, personality make-up, etc., no matter whether he has become a great business success or not."

Some might call this persistent inquiry nosiness, but to the mental hygienist it is follow-up work. If it discloses a case's home life, amusements or recreations to be below par, then she is submitted to a "treatment régime" whereby she gains "insight into her personal problems." In their treatment of maladjusted patients the psychiatrists at Macy's have made an important contribution to analytic practise: they have discovered the "therapeutic effects of certain jobs in developing extroverted tendencies in introverts." New Yorkers will probably find it cheaper to go to Thirty-fourth street than to Zürich to have these personality defects

righted. Apparently the only patients for which Macy's sanatorium has no cure are those who are still ignorant of the beneficence of the Freudian transference. The unfortunates who are forced back into the maladjusted world always seem to have histories that read like this:

Case 8 . . . is unwilling to discuss psychiatric treatment for the solution of her difficulties. . . . Neither patient nor family will admit the need for psychiatric treatment. We can only recommend the termination of her employment.

Case 10 . . . refused to submit to psychological tests, or bother to talk to anyone but "the Doctor." . . . "Could not take my time for trifling things." . . . She is not likely to improve on her job, inasmuch as she has no insight whatever into her mental condition and resists absolutely all treatment suggestions. If retained she is likely to become a serious liability to the firm. We have been unable to get her support or that of her family in any treatment.

VI

It would of course be grossly unfair to estimate the benefits of Industrial Psychiatry at this precise time. The mental hygienists have not been connected with business long enough to avert its crashes and depressions. And business today has little time to moon over "human salvage;" it is too intent upon salvaging dollars and cents. So it may be quite a while before the Mental Hygiene of Industry can do much expanding. But as they await more profitable days there is another field of human endeavor to which the psychiatrists might well turn their skill. Having psychoanalyzed history, literature, education, religion and business, their logical step upwards would seem to lead to politics. A detailed, clinical report of Senatorial inhibitions and Presidential narcissism might make very popular reading.

HENRY GEORGE

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

IT WAS in 1887. I was fourteen—an age at which, normally, the heavenly maiden, Maya, organizes her fashion-show of Ideals and Illusions in the souls of youngsters. I was selling cigars in a store at the corner of Seventh and Market streets in Philadelphia. The show-cases, loaded with their precious treasures of two-fers and Pittsburgh stogies, were so high and I was so small that I had to use a stool to get a good look at a customer. Thus I waited on hundreds of Quaker City nickel-squanderers.

A word or two about the morning news, the weather, a near-smutty anecdote between geysers of Battle-Ax juice or oracular puffs from their Lancaster filler and Connecticut wrapper, and they were gone. I could feel cocoons and embryos of ideas pullulating in my skull. I awaited a fertilizing word from one of the customers, but they were all as cut-and-dried and predestined to eternal stupidity as a Philadelphia councilman.

However, as Swedenborg says, “the attractions are proportioned to the destinies.” He who devoutly desires Glad Tidings—even though he be impounded in a Philadelphia cigar store—shall receive Glad Tidings. So one day they loomed through the door with a sea-rolling gait, wearing white duck trousers that flapped like a pair of awnings, a turned-down proletarian collar with a parson’s white tie and a dirty-white sombrero which shaded a fat, angelic, smooth-shaven face, starred with two

large blue eyes in which swam Mirage. He seemed somewhere in his fifties. I stood on my stool to wait on him, the look-out in my brain whispering, “This fellow is different—he has Tidings!” In a deep, prophetic voice, which belied his childish face, he asked for “the best three-for-five cigars you have.” I noticed that under his arm he carried in the manner of street newsboys about a score of papers called the *Standard*. My curiosity all aflame, I asked him about the *Standard*. It was a summons to his vasty deep. He laid the papers down very carefully, as if they were a serialized Torah, tucked the best three-for-five in his coat pocket, beamed over the case right into my face—ah! the Master and the Young Seeker!—and began:

“Young man, the *Standard* is the organ of the greatest economic movement that the world has ever known, the paper of Henry George, who——”

And then, raptly, ardently, oracularly, he went on for ten minutes, expounding to me the gospel of the Single Tax and the messiahship of Henry George—he the Ancient Mariner of a fixed idea and I the arrested Bridegroom of his tale.

Although Henry George had run the year before for mayor of New York, he was still only a name to me. Beside, the year before I had been pre-puberty and mentally closed, hence a dyed-in-the-carpet Republican, with the Philadelphia *Press* as the Way, the Truth and the Life. All I knew of Henry George was that, according

to the *Press*, he was a nihilist, an anarchist, a socialist, a confiscator, an enemy of the Flag, a man compared to whom a Philadelphia Democrat was almost a human being. Yet here was a man who looked to me as harmless as a tenor, and he was telling me that Henry George was the greatest man who had appeared in the world "since Our Lord." . . .

Suddenly I remembered that when I was eleven or twelve years old I had heard a street fiddler whom we used to call Crazy Joe say precisely the same thing about a poet who lived over the river in Camden. But Pop Ziegler, our neighborhood saloon-keeper, before whose place Joe used to play, assured his customers that Joe was, for all that, quite harmless. . . . Yet such are the sudden antics of pubescent idealism—the blessed state that I now found myself in—that I was quite prepared for the enormous heresy that the only sane people were the crazy ones.

My new angel-faced friend lived by peddling the *Standard* and preaching the doctrines of Henry George in the towns and villages of the East and Middle West. He had been in jail—"occasionally martyred for the cause," he called it—many times. He thus grew to enormous proportions in my newly-hatched Seeking. He left no stone unturned to convert me, which was easy. He discovered my lunch hour and laid for me. We walked up and down Market and Seventh streets eating apples—Yogi and his little Kim—, he syringing me full of Single-Tax redemption, denouncing the rich and hoisting Henry George higher and higher in the empyrean; I toddling along under the great sombrero, catching the pearls from this Oyster of Truth with wide-open brain, mouth and ears. Like Mother Church, he had caught me young. I never knew him to sell a *Standard*. He never seemed to

want to sell one as long as he could talk.

The manager of the cigar store was Smitty, an old Englishman of military carriage who looked like Lawrence d'Orsay in "The Earl of Pawtucket." Smitty and my new friend—whose name I never knew, but whom I called "George," at the sound of which he blew out like a balloon—were instantaneous enemies. It was said that Smitty had been at Balaklava, which, when I informed George of it, caused him to say loudly in the hero's hearing, "There'll be no Balaklavas when the people own the land!" Smitty's only answer was to spit on the floor and tousle his deciduous mustachios. He could not afford to argue with a daily three-for-five customer.

The Hobo of the Ideal disappeared from my life as apocalyptically as he had come. He stood with me in front of the window of the *Press*, pointed to a bulletin saying that the Chicago anarchists had been hanged, and whispered to me, "The time has come!" Solemnly ordering me to save up enough pocket-money to buy a second-hand copy of "Progress and Poverty," he shook my hand grandly, and I never saw him again.

Ten years afterward I hurried to New York to walk, at nightfall, from the Grand Central Palace to Brooklyn Bridge behind the body of Henry George, to the continuous strains of Chopin's "Funeral March" and "La Marseillaise." The sidewalks were packed with men and women weeping over the death of the American Karl Marx. Where was "George"—he who had injected into my head my first heroic illusion and given me my first baptism in the waters of the Dead Sea of political economy? Henry George, my "George," and all such fellows—all were buffoons of the Absolute, not untouched by the grace of the sublime and the pathos of futility.

II

The American—and by American I mean him of Anglo-Saxon-Puritan stock—is a theocrat. He is a mystic, an absolutist. He believes himself the Superior Man just as inexorably as the orthodox Jew believes he is of the Chosen People. The Anglo-Saxon-Puritan is *Ipse Dixit*; he is *Ex Cathedra*. Conquest and dominance have fixed his mind in dogmatic, narrow, inelastic molds. Always the conqueror, he believes himself to be of divine origin, and so his religious, moral, social and economic concepts are absolute, world-redemptive. He produces order, but not a high degree of civilization. He can never become wholly civilized because he is without humor or skepticism.

His democracy is only a veiled theocracy. He believes that the doctrine of majority rule is of divine origin. He makes war to force it on those who will have none of it. His country is God's country. His two major home-made religions—Mormonism and Christian Science—are founded on revelations. They are absolutes. His dollar-worship, his materialism, has the fervor of this absolutism. Methodism, Baptism are absolutes. His manners and morals are absolutes. Good and evil, virtue and vice are absolutes. This is true and good from all eternity; that is false and bad from all eternity. He is incapable of the European point of view or any point of view except his own. Every variant, every new idea, is subversive of the race, the species itself, in the eye of the Anglo-Saxon-Puritan. When he becomes a radical, a liberal, an atheist he is still absolute in his radicalism, his liberalism, his atheism. The plexus of beliefs may change; his sensibility remains dogmatic, intolerant, propagandist. The mold is never broken, no matter what new liquids are poured into it.

Every great American (and all real Americans who achieve fame are necessarily *great*), from Washington to Hoover, is a blood-relative of *Ecce Homo*. If no one will salute him as such, he salutes himself, as Walt Whitman did. He could not conceivably say, "Well, maybe you're right after all." His answer is always—it is congenital, pre-natal; he cannot help it—: "By God! you ought to be hanged for those ideas! You ought to be deported!" The fury and gusto which go into the living of life in other races—notably the Latin and the Slavic—in the Anglo-Saxon-Puritan go into "converting" the world, punishing "crimes against public morals," "uplifting" the masses, and suppressing all spontaneous life. Even Anglo-Saxon-Puritan multi-millionaires, when they grow old, make of their philanthropies a mystical rite; they "hold their moneys in trust," as God put the coal mines of Pennsylvania into the keeping of George Baer. In a word, the Anglo-Saxon-Puritan soul is messianic—even when it is shooting down defenseless natives at Amritsar or murdering recalcitrant Nicaraguans.

Out of the very belly of this messianic absolutism popped Henry George in 1839, in the Protestant Rome of absolutism in politics, morals and religion—Philadelphia. He was of English, Welsh, Scottish blood. Superimpose on this hyperboreal combination a family life which radiated from St. Paul's Episcopal Church (Low Church); a mother fanatically religious, whose main activities were given over to redeeming Philadelphia and the heathen over-seas; a devout father who published Church books, and Sundays given over to the most austere devotions—and you have the sources of the man. Even on week-days young Henry had to read "Scottish Chiefs" surreptitiously, for his mother thought it was "irreligious."

With this inheritance, this family environment and a city in which everything was as precise and invariable as the steady growth of its Sunday speak-easies and cemeteries, the mind of Henry George could not be otherwise than mathematical, unimaginative, absolute, messianic. He will, later on, broaden, develop; but he will always be the fanatic, the man with a fixed idea, a mental monorail. The psychological root and bark of his environment will always remain the same. The complexion of hereditary dogmas will change, but the mold of cocksure dogmatism will remain. Religious sensibility will color all he says and does. The hard-and-fast theology of his ancestors, of his parents, of his upbringing, will reappear as the Single Tax. The conception of Original Sin will transform itself into the sin of private ownership in land. Hell-fire will become Poverty. Heaven will become Progress. The Citadels of Sin to be destroyed will be custom-houses and tax-offices. As in the cases of Tolstoy, Karl Marx, Lenin, Bernard Shaw and other religio-economic crackpots—who merely preach the old theological slave-morality of envy under the mask of the modernist sensibility, with murder and hell-fire still burning fiercely in their eyes—George will devise a scheme whereby the poor shall inherit the earth and Lazarus shall have the wealth of Dives.

It is all very logical, this Single Tax scheme of redemption—as logical as the predestination of Calvin or the fatality of Jonathan Edwards. The mistake that all such crackpots make is in believing that logic and truth are identical: the fact is that logic is merely a mental deduction made from a temperamental prejudice or an illusion called a premiss, which anyone is free to invent. Henry George had his premiss chosen for him by his Anglo-Scotch-Welsh ancestors. He assumed that

God gave to man equal rights in earth, air and light. Assumption, first of all, that God exists; secondly, that He knows of the existence of men; thirdly, that He has given something to them; fourthly (implied assumption derived from Christian ethics), that He loves only the poor and the disinherited. Granting the assumptions of Joseph Smith and Mrs. Eddy, their religions are just as sound. As I shall show later, this whole fantastic matter was “revealed” to George. He, too, produced his Bible, “Progress and Poverty.” Also he had those other characteristics of the founders of Utopias—honesty, sincerity, fearlessness. There was nothing of the mountebank about him. He was as true to form as his mother, who did so much to redeem Philadelphia from sin.

III

At 16 young George felt a stirrin’ of the bones in his domestic sepulchre. He got the sea in his brain and shipped for \$6 a month to India and Australia. He kept a journal, which reveals a mind totally destitute of imagination, poetry, or, indeed, thought of any kind. It is nothing but a ship’s log. Returning to Philadelphia, he took up typesetting at \$2 a week. (Philadelphia in those days, as always, paid the highest wages.) The first break with his parents came at this time over the question of slavery. They upheld the institution on the ground that it was sound Scripture, and for the added Scotch reason that it would cost too much to destroy it. Henry was for redeeming the Negro. He burst other buttons about this time. The sea had taught him tricks; he boxed, fenced, drank red-eye, and joined a literary society where they read Byron and frisked the girls. He made out a rather remarkable analysis of himself based on his cranial bumps. He

admitted self-esteem, destructiveness, a minimum of mirth, combativeness, and a "large individuality." When home irked again, in 1858, when he was nineteen, he took ship once more, this time for California. A letter awaited him there from his mother. See what he fled in Eternal Philadelphia:

There is nothing stirring or startling in this great city. Religion seems to be the all-engrossing subject. Christians are looking for great results from this outpouring of the spirit. Look to Jesus, my dear child!

But young George had no intention of looking to Jesus. His eye was on the Golden Calf. Gold, in fact, was Jesus out there. He caught the fever and headed for the Frazer river, where there was a strike. Here he made his first prophetic economic observation: "The condition of those who have to work for their living must become not better, but worse." All historic facts would have told him this was not true, but what are facts to a budding messiah? Back to San Francisco, broke. He peddles clothes-wringers, becomes a weigher in a rice-mill, tramps it, grows Walt Whitmans and becomes more and more unbuttoned in his dress. Ticket-taker for a fellow named Sam Clemens, who came to Sacramento to lecture. Married, begat children, and often went to work without breakfast.

The ills of Lazarus were full upon him. He relieved himself by doing his first bit of writing, "On the Profitable Employment of Time." In this essay I once more verify my belief that all religious, philosophical and economic theories are the product of some defect or need in some individual—in the last analysis, always a physical need or defect. "I am constantly longing for wealth," he says. ". . . It is my principal object in life to obtain wealth." That is the whole burden of the essay. We

shall see how the growing maggot of poverty and privation developed into a colossal Chimera. Empty bellies produce Utopian-thievish dreams.

His bump of destructiveness, which he admitted as a boy, together with the natural instinct of those who are penniless to smash anything or everything at hand, went into action when Lincoln was assassinated. George led a gang to clean out the Democratic *News-Letter*, but when he got there he found that his friend, I. Trump, and his Republican yannigans, in full-blown patriotic-homicidal ecstasy, had done the business. There is only a toy-bridge length between venom and sentiment, so Henry, finding no building for good patriotic hands to loot, hurried home and wrote an article, in glowing sweat and fervor, on Lincoln. He sent it to the *Alta Californian*, and it got for him the job of editorial writer. I pick the most beautiful sky-rocket out of this basket of fireworks:

And when on plains and uplands, where now the elephant and spring-bok roam, farms shall be tilled and homes arise; and on great lakes and rivers, now the haunts of the hippopotamus, a thousand paddles shall beat, the mothers of nations yet unborn shall teach their children to call him [Lincoln] blessed!

At this phase in his evolution he suddenly felt a call to defend the Monroe Doctrine, and so joined a gang to get Maximilian out of Mexico and help Juárez. They were all nabbed for technical piracy. His next adventure was purely intellectual—he listened to a lecturer expound the beauties of the protective tariff and immediately became a free trader. The area of quixotic absolutism begins to spread. He next attacked the Associated Press and Western Union monopoly in California because the paper on which he worked could not get adequate service. This

brought him to New York, another convert, ultimately, from the corrupt simplicity of Philadelphia to the flagitious complexity of the super-Bagdad. Here, at the age of thirty, at about the same age that Walt Whitman received his well-known illumination, he got the first flash of his yet unknown Mission. He recorded some years later the following significant experience in New York:

Once in daylight, and in a city street, there came to me a Vision, a Call—give it what name you please. But every nerve quivered. And there and then I made a vow.

Symptomatic of the best-attested Pauline conversion-phenomena! This vow was nothing more or less than to do away with poverty; it was the startling contrast between the poor and the rich in the Big Town that caused the concussive flash. He asked himself, among other things, why everything in the universe was governed by law—and Society was not. Here again we see his fundamental defect, his inability to face and affirm the existence of facts that did not square with his growing sentimental absolutism. Nature and Nature's God and all "natural laws" are benevolent (Rousseau ga-ga). Only man in society is evil (more Rousseau ga-ga).

George could not face the fact—his theological ancestry forbade it—that poverty, evil, vice and crime, like everything else in the universe, are evolved according to inexorable natural laws. The moralist-sentimentalist-absolutist of his type will never admit, *must* never admit, that all society, no matter how highly organized, is only, and will always be, a thinly veiled cannibalism, and that his own absolutism, his own doctrine of pity and redemption, like Marx's, Shaw's and Lenin's, are expressions of that cannibalistic law with only an extra veil or two to cover them. Whatever is, is Moloch! George would have shaken

his fist in my face at this, with "That's a horrible, a hideous thought, young man!" My answer might have been, "Confer with your special Yahweh about the matter. Personally, I am not in the councils of the Omnipotent and I do not know why these things should be. But so they are, absolutist and sentimental blueprint Utopian crackpots to the contrary notwithstanding."

IV

Although now a free-trader, an under-dog liberator, a Jeffersonian Democrat and an ismist of the finest carat, he also became, on his return to California, an anti-Chinese propagandist. Maybe he still had some Philadelphia inhibitions to overcome. Or because his humanism had gone smack up against political aspirations? I hate to look for dirty common-sense motives in the soul of a World-Weeper, but here it was: Henry George was for hurling to the ground all tariff walls, but was hot for building a wall so high against the Orient that no Chinaman or Jap could ever hope to participate in our then few blessings on the coast. However, he salved his conscience by getting an anti-telegraph monopoly bill through the Legislature. Unluckily, he did not know how to hold a job. Great revelations, it seems, come only to the jobless, as we know from the New Testament—and the following:

He took to horseback riding, and it was while galloping over the rough California roads that the Sphinx—as his son puts it in his biography of his father—had the Great Riddle jolted out of her, and finally picked Henry as the repository of the Secret. Here is the Annunciation:

Absorbed in my own thoughts, I had driven the horse into the hills until he panted. Stopping for breath, I asked a passing teamster, for want of something better to

say, what land was worth there. . . . He said, "I don't know exactly, but there is a man over there who will sell some land at a thousand dollars an acre." Like a flash it came upon me that there was the reason of advancing poverty with increasing wealth. With the growth of population, land grows in value, and the men who work it must pay more for the privilege. I turned back, amidst quiet thought, to the perception that then came to me and has been with me ever since.

It is curious the part that humble animals play in the life of Inspired Men. Mahomet straddled a mule, another One rode an ass at a critical moment in His life, and there was, of course, Balaam's vocable burro. . . . Here was the Single Tax dogma at last!—born on a panting Rozinante in the California hills, a magnificent bladder-doll of a theory to be presented to his Dulcinea del Toboso, the transfigured wench of the House of Lazarus. Our hero's subconscious absolutism had broken through all dikes at last, and now swallowed up in his consciousness everything else. From this moment onward the mystical syllable Om became Land. Another Paraclete had been born.

He made his first onset against the California landsharks, Stanford, Crocker, Huntington and the Central Pacific Railway, in a paper of which he was the editor in Sacramento. Naturally, they bought the paper (O Moloch!), and he had to quit. He then tried to get into the Legislature. Licked to a tatter. In 1871 he was riding a mustang-pony (always the prophetic Balaam motive!) around San Francisco, blue-eyed, seedy of dress, with a sandy, messianic beard, lost in the absolute realms of Land. On March 26, 1871 (all his biographers insist on the Date), he sat down at his desk, and the Sphinx unriddled another wad of herself: "Our Land and Land Policy, National and State." All the facts

fitted his theories—naturally. All about "wages and interest," "the law of rent," and so on; if you know your Adam Smith, Ricardo and John Stuart Mill, you know the jargon. In this work, as in all his work, I find everything stated and re-stated except one simple fact: that might is right.

He found time to turn up at the Baltimore convention as a Greeley man. He was now the editor of the San Francisco *Post*, wherein he rode full-tilt against all "evils." In the manner of Socrates he used to stop stock-still on the crowded streets and remain thus for some time in profound meditation. No Xantippe, however, disturbed him, for every monomaniac achieves Nirvana. He renounced all churches and creeds—except of course his own, which behind his doctrine of Land was, consciously or unconsciously, that of Auguste Comte, who proclaimed the Religion of Humanity, which merely means throwing the current Pope out of the Vatican and putting Lazarus in his chair. But he was still, and always, intensely sociable, even participating in High Jinks at the Bohemian Club (pre-Sterling).

Now, however, like all Great Founders, he had his weeks in Gethsemane. His Sphinx battled in his soul with boodleneeds. He gambled in Nevada mining stocks. He got the gold-fever again in 1875. He lost all in both ventures. These Temptations in the Desert having been undergone, he took a State job as inspector of gas meters. It is somewhat pathetic, this phase, for between Sphinx-unriddlings he had to test the registry of meters by forcing a measured quantity of air through them in place of gas, fastening a brass seal on all that met the lawful requirement. He got a fee for every meter so tested and sealed. He then tried for the chair of political economy at the University of California, but his Sphinx was then bellow-

ing "Land!" so loudly that the earth-bound interests that controlled the university sent him to the right-about.

The Greater Date—September 18, 1877—had now arrived: he began "Progress and Poverty." Would this book ever have seen the light if he had got rich in his mining speculations or staked off a gold field or two? Another mean, dirty question, I admit, but I recall that he had announced that "it is my principal object in life to obtain wealth." His Sphinx, however, knew him far better than he knew himself. It is mum before Mammon; or maybe Mammon dines on Sphinxes. "Progress and Poverty," like all great Births, occurred amid terrible portents: strikes, panics, mutinies among the unemployed, Committees of Public Safety, and the bar sinister of illegitimacy on the 'scutcheon of Rutherford B. Hayes. The Land Reform League of California was formed for "the abolition of land monopoly:" the first attempt at propaganda for Henry Georgeism. He finished "Progress and Poverty" in 1879, and it is recorded that he sat down with the family with a far-off look in his eye, ate up all the tomatoes on the table, and then demanded why they did not give him any tomatoes. It is well these things should be recorded. Also, that he had to pawn his watch to buy the tomatoes! He sent "Progress and Poverty" to the Appletons, the publishers of Herbert Spencer, who rejected it on the ground that it was too "aggressive." They finally took it, however, after he had begun to set it up himself. He sent the first copy to his father with this messianic message:

It is with a deep feeling of gratitude to Our Father in Heaven that I send you a printed copy of the book.

Any American Reformer, Founder, Uplifter, New Thoughter might have written that. They are all Chosen.

V

George came to New York definitely in 1880. He was broke, as usual. The book went slowly, but it made converts of Henry Ward Beecher, Heber Newton, Poultney Bigelow, Charles A. Dana and John Russell Young. Young wrote to the author: "The truth—to be accepted in a sense of worship, *a dogma of political infallibility.*" George replied: "I do not see that a musket need be fired. But if necessary, war be it then! *There was never a holier cause. No, never a holier cause.*" The italics are mine. The Scotch-Puritan Torquemada in George's blood began to sniff smoke. For God, the Land and the Poor! Onward, Christian bayonets! But the Prophet had to have a job. So he ghosted for Abram S. Hewitt, then a rich member of Congress, at \$50 a week, writing official reports that appeared over the latter's name. "The first thing I shall do," he said, "is to get a suit of clothes." The presidential contest was then on between Garfield and General Hancock. George was for Hancock, who was beaten because he was a Federal commander without whiskers and because he told the truth when he declared that "the tariff is a local issue."

Ireland at this time was bleeding again over the land question, although Ingersoll had expressly told the Irish that the snake that was strangling their country had not crawled from London but from the Vatican. George sailed to "free Ireland." In London he met Herbert Spencer, who told him that the Land Leaguers ought to pay their rent. George recalled to him that he had said in "Social Statics," "Equity does not permit property in land." But Spencer had survived his early fiddle-faddle and had chopped up his adolescent absolutism into utilitarian bits. George denounced him as a renegade in a book he later wrote

called "A Perplexed Philosopher." Spencer ignored him, kept developing, and finally announced that, "strictly speaking we do not know anything." He was on the way to Cosmic Humor—when he died—something George would never have forgiven. Spencer had also said that if the land belonged to everybody, then by exactly the same reasoning "so does everything I've got on, including my watch" (which had been presented to him by his American admirers).

Meanwhile, there was Dr. Edward McGlynn, of St. Stephen's Catholic Church in New York, who had come out for "Progress and Poverty" in a fiery speech, thereby nearly splitting the Church in half. As a Christian he had made a fatal mistake—he had gone Lazarus one hundred per cent. The Prefect of the Propaganda in Rome wrote to Cardinal McCloskey ordering the suppression of "the priest McGlynn" for making speeches "opposed to the teachings of the Catholic Church." ("The meek shall inherit the earth." Bah! said the Pope.) McGlynn was finally excommunicated because he would not go to Rome to recant. He made such inroads with his Fiery Crusade for George, however, that Cardinal Satolli restored him in 1892. McGlynn dictated the terms and got a clean bill of health from the Catholic University at Washington. George dubbed him Galileo McGlynn. During this famous fight, which brought the Church to its knees, burial in consecrated ground was refused to anyone who had any connection with McGlynn or his Anti-Poverty Society. When two Ordained Absolutes got to scrapping —!

George came back to America from Ireland famous, with "Progress and Poverty" going strong, but he had no sooner got home than he was called to England to lecture. He was now almost as famous

over there as Gladstone. He got in as another Absolute, Karl Marx, passed away in London. It was just as well, for these rival Utopians would never have got along together, although their tears both fell into Lazarus' pot. Tremendous meeting in St. James' Hall. Labouchere (Labby) presided. He emitted this epigram: "Four Georges have muddled England. Now comes George the Fifth!" The progress through England had a Peter-the-Hermit smell. And there was world publicity. Where was Bernard Shaw? Biting his nails in a vegetarian dump and mumbling, "My racket will beat yours, Henry"?

Came 1886. George was nominated for mayor of New York by the Trade and Labor Conference. Against him was Abram S. Hewitt, Tammany, and Theodore Roosevelt, Republican. George exposed Hewitt as the recipient of his unholy ghosting. Hewitt came back with the charge that he had to fire him for ramming land-reform stuff in everything he wrote. The whole campaign turned on the land question and attracted universal attention. The most beautifully gilded Star of Hope between 1776 and the advent of Bryan appeared in the American firmament. George's fixed idea that the Single Tax was the long-lost Aladdin's Lamp had now reached its apogee. Everything under the sun went into that furnace in his skull. He called for the instant abolition of customs houses and all taxes save the land tax, the abolition of saloons, brothels, almshouses, Tammany, poverty, and all sumptuary laws, and the confiscation of land—out of the débris of which he saw himself stepping as Grand Concert Master of an Eisteddfod of Human Happiness which should last forever and forever, for he believed in the immortality of the soul.

There is very little doubt that he was elected. This was before the Australian

ballot, when Tammany gorged the ballot-boxes while you waited. The Hall, however, as a sop to the labor vote, allowed him to run a good second and made Teddy a rank third.

George then founded the *Standard*, and ran for Secretary of State of New York in the Fall of 1887. He was licked again, his vote in New York City being cut in half. But there was some compensation in the conversion to the cause of Tom Johnson of Cleveland, millionaire steel manufacturer and street-railway magnate. Tom announced that he was now convinced that all his wealth had been stolen. He posed as Dives waiting for Lazarus to relieve him of it—legally, of course, he added (the sly rascal!). Then came the Anti-Poverty Society, which was organized at Chickering Hall with McGlynn as president and George as vice-president. Here the Lord's Prayer was cheered to the echo. (Note always the evangelical, truly American root of this movement.)

Before the *Standard* blew up in 1892 George had a tilt with Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley published an essay in 1890 denying the doctrine of "natural rights" in land or anything else. George called Huxley Professor Bullhead. This is what, I believe, psychologists call the unconscious auto-descriptive retort. Strangely, though, George liked Schopenhauer. He had no notion of art. The magic deviltries of a Liszt, the frozen lyricisms of a Rodin, and the fairy-worlds of a Keats were beyond him. He adored Falstaff, probably because he was unlanded, and hated Coriolanus, probably because he belonged to the landed gentry. At this time also he wrote a most curious article for a magazine entitled "To Destroy the Rum Power." Nothing illustrates better than this article the grotesque logic of the absolutist mind. He opposed Prohibition and high license

and advocated the lifting of all taxes whatsoever on drink. No taxes, he argued, would make rum purer. "Drug store whiskey is reputed worse than saloon whiskey, and the worst whiskey of all is Prohibition whiskey." All restrictions make drinks more deadly. "As for the saloon, the license system makes it more gorgeous and enticing, while Prohibition drives it into lower and lower forms." If all taxes, therefore, on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors were abolished everybody would want to go into the liquor-selling business. Competition would thus destroy it (!). "If everybody were free to sell liquor we would all have to go out of business." (Would we, though!) "The cheaper and easier a thing is to get the quicker it will fall into disuse." (But does not thirst spring eternal in the human gullet?) And he winds up:

Intemperance today springs mainly from that unjust distribution of wealth which gives to some less and to others more than they have fairly earned. . . . It is the vice of those who are starved and those who are gorged. . . . Free trade in everything would abolish intemperance.

The dear old *gobe-mouches*!

In 1897, his health failing, he ran for mayor again, conducting a terrific four-cornered fight, with his fanaticism distended to the bursting point, against Judge Robert Van Wyck, Benjamin F. Tracy and Seth Low. He called himself the party of Thomas Jefferson—"what I stand for is the rights of all men." It may have been so, but, as Huxley annoyingly asked, What *are* those rights? There are none except to grab, to have and to hold. He collapsed before the campaign was over and died. Thus ended the life of an admirable man, the last forlorn tatter of doctrinaire Individualism, a buffoon of the Absolute.

FIGURES OF FIGHTING MEN

BY JOHN HUSTON

Maxie

IN THE gymnasium a wrestler is working out with the bag. He is a deep-chested, powerful man, thirty-five or forty years old. There is a bulge of muscle on his neck at the base of his shaved skull, and he carries a hump of muscle on his back. The veins swell and stand out over his heavy arms and legs. He throws his weight against the bag, and a spray of sweat settles to the floor. Then he grunts and capers into position for another blow. The bag swings slowly upward, and there is a moment's terrific tableau before it comes rushing back.

How different the fighters, underdeveloped and spidery, look beside this big Greek wrestler. Some of them are strikingly effeminate in their grace. Their hips sway, and they teeter in their steps as though they wore high heels.

Maxie, the middleweight, is positively girlish as he skips the rope. He dances over the floor scarcely lifting his feet. Maxie is a cruel fighter. He was only thirteen when he had his first professional match, and he is a past master at all the little tricks that take the heart out of a man.

He has climbed into the training ring with a red-headed young heavyweight, and he snipes away with little short jabs at his nose. In a few seconds the boy's face is bloody. The blow travels only a few inches. It is more a flick of the wrist than a clean punch. The tip of the glove just

brushes the end of the boy's nose. Maxie picks away. The boy's eyes are watering. He raises his guard and tries to protect his nose with his right hand. But it is no use, Maxie feints it down. It is a game. Maxie won't hit him any place but on the nose. The boy's middle is a wide open target, but Maxie only feints toward it and the boy gets another flip on the nose.

Sometimes his mark is an eye, or the ribs, or an ear. Maxie has probably heard more ears pop than any fighter in the business. An evil smile has Maxie, fleeting as his slapping, tap-dancing style of fighting. His victims have been known to weep between doses of his medicine. They never throw their arms around him after the fight.

2

The Old Timer

A few years ago he fought the champion of his class for the title. Now he is on the march back through the ranks of the preliminaries. Tonight he is second on the card in a small club. A dozen more matches and he will pass out of the picture.

He has taken too much punishment. His brain is getting cloudy. Head down, his misty eyes on the eyes of his man, he comes doggedly in. The younger fighter is trying to put over a knockout. His right fist is on a line with the old timer's jaw, ready to whip across. It circles slowly, like

the head of a snake about to strike. There is a shock. The old timer's knees buckle. Then he shakes his head and comes forward again.

Perhaps he doesn't even know how badly he is being beaten. He doesn't hear the bell at the end of the round, and he has a hard time finding his corner. His second slaps him on the face and blows a mouthful of water over his chest. His head lolls back and he breathes with difficulty, like a horse whose wind is broken. But when the bell rings he is on his feet instantly.

There is a flurry of gloves, then a long clean blow right to the point of the old timer's jaw. He sways, half turns, and staggers across the ring, out standing up. The young fighter is after him, to finish him off. He swings all his weight into every blow, and they land without mercy, right, left, on the old boxer's bloody face. But he does not go down. Somehow he manages to hold himself up and fall into a clinch. He is not very strong. The young fighter rips away at his middle, but he hangs on and his head clears. The referee breaks them up. And now the old timer is leading again.

In the days of his youth, the old timer was a very showy boy. He fought in the young Griffo style, slipping and dodging like a ghost, and making a fool of his man. In more than a hundred fights he hadn't a knockout to his credit, but he was as hard to hit as smoke.

Then, in what amounted to no more than a training bout, a second-rater dipped his gloves in rosin and rubbed them in the old timer's eyes during a clinch. His sight was ruined, but his fighting days were not over. Now he showed them he could take it. He became a punching bag in the small clubs. His pretty boy face was knocked lopsided. In a few months he was one of the old men of the ring.

3

Ain't It a Shame?

On a table in the dimly lighted dressing room a boy who has received a vicious body beating is asleep. Every now and then he wakes up and gags. He has a colored manager, and an hour or so before the fight the two of them sat down to a meal.

Whenever the boy awakens the colored man holds a bottle of water to his lips. He fills his mouth, throws back his head, gargles, and spits the water on the floor. Then he sighs and goes to sleep again.

At last he is slumbering peacefully. His manager pulls back the cover, and stands there looking at the welts and bruises over the boy's middle. He shakes his head dolefully, and repeats over and over, ever so softly, so as not to disturb the sleeper:

"Ain't it a shame? Ain't it a shame? Ain't it a shame?"

4

The King

The Irish boy has a half-frightened look on his face. His body is tense, the muscles are flexed in his big rigid arms, and his movements are short and jerky. King, the colored heavy, outweighs the white boy nearly forty pounds, but his advanced years more than make up for it. He is old enough to be the boy's father, and there is something fatherly about the way he handles him.

Old King's big brown figure, the muscles softened a little, the waist a trifle full, his black shaven head, his golden smile, and his movements, slowed down, but so purposeful, strike a rich chord. The King is an old warrior. His nature has ripened. The killer in him has been dead a long, long time.

He talks to the boy, but not in a way to frighten him. He might be giving him a boxing lesson.

6

Ad

Don't keep your hand down, boy. Lift it up. And shoot 'em out straight, don't swing so. And don't jump around like that. You'll get wore out. What's ailing you? You ain't scairt, are you? . . . You see? I told you to keep that left hand up. That's right. Now shoot 'em out straight. They ain't *no* trouble to stop when you swing thataway. I just reach out and stop 'em like that,—see? Don't be scairt.

As the rounds go on the Irish boy forgets his nervousness, and the pace of the fight evens out until the very sound of the blows falls into a monotonous rhythm.

5

The Champion

He is trained down to several pounds below his natural weight, and his face shows the strain. He looks like a sick boy of ten or twelve. There are pin points of sweat on his pale forehead, and he shivers.

His trainer and seconds hover over him while he touches gloves with the man he is about to fight, and when he listens, head bowed, to the referee's instructions. One of them slips the robe off his shoulders. How white his flesh is! He has been working out indoors, away from the sun. He has a starved, sick look.

The house goes black, a pyramid of light hangs over the ring. The bell rings. He crosses himself rapidly, and comes out of his corner. It is all over in an instant. From a shivering, sick child the champion is transfigured into a flashing wraith, elusive and beautiful as a flame, who bewilders his victim, lashes him into position for the knockout, and drops him with a blow.

Two boys in the training ring begin to mix it up, and old Ad stares at them with ferocious intensity. His gray eyes harden, and his shapeless face takes on a keen look.

"Kill the——!" he cries, in his high, sing-song voice.

Everyone turns. The colored boxer in the ring smiles, and the white boy slows down his pace. There is a ripple of laughs.

Old Ad's forehead is covered with scars chalked on in a lifetime of fighting, and his ears are like two peonies. Ad had the fighting heart. He always said he would take one to give one. Ad took one too many. He thinks he is still the champion. He has stopped in today to see the boys work out, and to make arrangements for a fight with a man who has been dead ten years. The dead man was the one who took the championship away from him.

Everybody likes Ad. He gets along by the quarters and half dollars they give him around the gym. Sometimes young fighters box a round or two with him. That is like a drink of whiskey to him. It loosens his tongue, and he tells the stories of his old fights, round by round. The fire still burns in his heart. His voice thins to a snarl and comes through his teeth with terrible energy. Slowly he works himself into a fighting rage. His tale breaks off, and a stream of curses follows. He dares any man present to raise his hands and fight him.

Then at the peak of his fury the thread snaps. His face clears, like the sky after a rain. He shakes his head, smiles, and he is back again in that dim, hazy heaven, where the boys who liked to take it spend their days.

MUSIC

ON LISTENING TO MUSIC

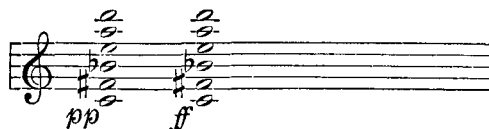
BY OTTO ORTMANN

AFTER a performance of Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," which unfortunately had been given without the ballet, a perplexed audience debated whether to go or to stay. Was what they had just heard "The Dance of the Earth," of Part 1, or "The Dance of the Chosen One," of Part 2? No one seemed to know, nor did the rather elaborate programme notes furnish a sufficient clue. Not until the players began to leave the stage was the audience convinced that the work had been played *da capo al fine*, and then, on all sides came the question: "Well, how did you like it?" Some enjoyed it, others did not; some found it interesting, others were bored; some called it clever, still others crude; some were enlightened, others perplexed; some saw the hand of a master, others that of a charlatan. What a variety of response to a single stimulus!

But *was* it a single stimulus? Do any two people in an audience hear the same thing when listening to music, or do location in the hall, momentary mood, direction of attention, effects of training, familiarity with the score, differences in auditory acuity, and, finally, personal prejudice, actually alter the sensorial registration and interpretation of the stimulus, so that when people discuss their reactions they no longer really talk about the same thing? If it can be shown that these elements do function in listening to music, will we not have a logical means for bringing some order into the chaos of con-

flicting opinion, which has built up an æsthetic of music, the *Leitmotif* of which seems to be *chacun à son goût*, and the coda: *de gustibus non est disputandum*.

Any one familiar with the principles of architectural acoustics accepts differences in the propagation of sound through the auditorium without question. The conductor, standing among his players, cannot possibly get the sound effect of an auditor some distance from the stage. A person facing the brass hears a tonal balance differing from that heard by those on the opposite side of the hall. This is not supposition; it can be proved by direct observation, or better still, by modern methods of sound-photography, which actually show these differences in the composition of the sound waves. It could not be otherwise, since diffusion, reflection, diffraction, echo, and reverberation are normally not individually controlled. Then, too, intensity of sound decreases as the square of the distance from the source, and tone- or chord-quality, to a great extent, depends upon the absolute intensity at which it is heard,—a fact, unfortunately, that many of our young composers constantly forget. The same chord may be pleasant, played *pianissimo*, but unpleasant, heard *fortissimo*. Examples are many; the so-called Chord of Scriabin is, for many listeners, an instance:



Differences in location, however, are rather a minor cause for differences in re-

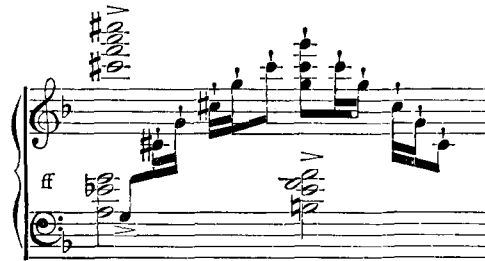
actions to music. More important are differences in mood. There is the traditional tired business man, present because of the efforts of his wife, who has bought a new dress for the occasion and simply must wear it. There are the music students with their miniature scores, earnestly analysing instrumental timbre and devices of orchestration. Present also are the music lovers, often of considerable natural ability, who, bored by the routine of their daily work, seek an emotional outlet in the charms of the art. There is further the professional musician, a highly complex reactor, constantly bringing past performances into play, the days of Nikisch or Gericke; or the instrumentalist, naturally interested in a particular instrument of the orchestra. Here and there are young children brought by fond mothers to speed up their music education. (They should be at home, playing folk-tunes.) Finally we have the critic, fortified with bibliographical data rather than critical acumen, wrestling with the problem of what he shall write.

The mere listing of this miscellany—a typical concert assortment—should suffice to indicate that we need not expect uniformity in our reactions to music. The tired business man takes a nap; bejewelled ladies cast appraising glances at their neighbors; the music students are concerned with the technical aspects of the composition; the music-lover gives himself wholeheartedly to the emotional content; the professional musician listens at one time analytically, at another time, synthetically; the instrumentalist complains about the bowing, the tone, or the embouchure; the children squirm in their seats and distract the attention of others; the critics, instead of listening, jot down some pertinent comments because copy must be in by midnight. How can we ex-

pect any uniformity in the reactions of such an audience?

These are gross, and, perhaps rather obvious differences. But similar differences exist even when we restrict the analysis to the purely auditory field. For music can be heard sensorially, perceptually, or imaginally. That is to say, we can react to the elemental sounds as such, we can hear them combined into higher units, and we can let our imagination add not only subjective sounds, but visual or other imagery as well. And the attitude we take helps to determine the affective aspect of our response.

The following example heard sensorially is quite ugly, especially at the given intensity and pitch; heard perceptually, that is with the attention directed to the sustained harmony, to the diatonic steps or to the arpeggio figure, it may become interesting as a problem in intellectual analysis; heard imaginally, that is with allowance for the poetic or programme basis of the excerpt, a monster flying over a sea of fire, the thing may become gruesomely fascinating:



This hearing of music as a whole or in parts is a rather basic distinction, since it forms at least one line of demarcation between the trained and the untrained listener. The former hears a mass of sound, and has its pleasantness or unpleasantness determined by the physiological pattern which is set up in his inner ear. The latter, on the other hand, detects parts in the

whole and frequently traces out melodic, harmonic, or rhythmic lines, holding any of these in the focus of consciousness, and relegating the others to the fringe, where their emotional effects are considerably modified, if not entirely eliminated.

The modern composer frequently orchestrates his work in independent or semi-dependent lines (the so-called horizontal music), and counts on differences in instrumental timbre to aid in the linear differentiation. The trained listener thus has a choice of several simultaneous melodies, often rather attractive in themselves. Vertical combination, the harmonic structure, in such a scheme, is rather incidental. But the untrained listener hears vertically, or at most follows the highest melodic line, since he is still on the sensorial level; and what is for one an interesting and even pleasing variety, may become for the other an unpleasant, incomprehensible sound-mass.

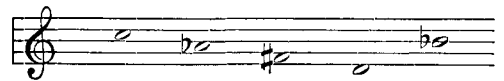
Training helps materially in the shift of viewpoint from the sensorial to the perceptual level. For this reason a person familiar with the score differs materially in his reaction from the person merely hearing the music, whether or not this be the first time. The popular belief that the layman gets as much enjoyment as the trained listener is based upon the false assumption that all listening is restricted to the sensorial type. This, of course, is not true.

Training, however, will not entirely eliminate another cause of differences in reaction to music, namely, fundamental differences in auditory acuity. In tests such as pitch discrimination we find variations in acuity even among selected groups, ranging from less than one vibration to more than fifteen vibrations, or a difference of several thousand per cent. Similar differences are met with in time- and

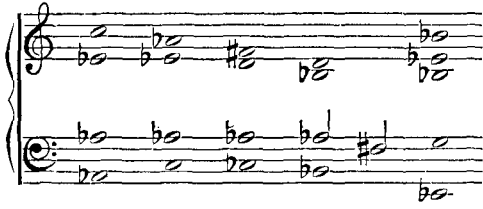
chord-discrimination and in elementary memory tests. I recall a particular instance of a little prodigy of twelve memorizing, without error, a relatively complicated piano passage, after two hearings and without having seen either score or keyboard. Naturally, as a listener, he would hear not only much more than, but also far differently from those of less acute sensibility. The case cited is extreme, but less clearly marked differences exist among all of us and are constantly operating in our reactions to music.

Because of such differences, in-tuneness and out-of-tuneness, accuracy and inaccuracy of rhythm, degrees of dissonance, length of phrases—in short, all the elements that go to make up the art-work, are not entirely objectively determined. They are matters of individual sensation and perception, relative rather than absolute, and with wide ranges of variation. Necessarily, their æsthetic counterparts will vary; what is pleasantly correct for one is unpleasantly incorrect for another; what is a harmonious unit reaction for A is discordant multiple reaction for B.

But training and natural aptitude go still further, and frequently, through tonal imagery, supply backgrounds and variations that are not present in the stimulus itself. This addition of imaged material can readily bring coherence into an otherwise incoherent group. The following group of notes seems, at first hearing, to have no connection:



but harmonized—and such harmonization is readily imaged by the talented listener—it takes on the nature of a cadence formation which changes radically the effect of the original group:



In the concert-hall this play of imagery takes place in many ways. Progressions are constantly anticipated, elaborated, and supplemented by persons possessed of good tonal imagery. And a passage that seems tiresomely simple to some can remain perplexingly complex to others. The one needs greater variety in the unity; the other greater unity in the variety.

And, finally, we have the most serious and least necessary cause for variations in our reaction to music, namely, personal prejudice. There is, for example, the critic, who because he had been initiated into the world of Brahms through the rather heavy and dark gateways of some of the quartettes, maintained to his dying day that Brahms never wrote a beautiful melody. Brahms of the "Feldeinsamkeit," the sextettes, the symphonies, the—but why go further!

Then there are those who feel that because a thing is modern it must, *ipso facto*, be bad; and their opposites, who worship blindly—or better, deafly—at any shrine of tonal modernism. We have, further, the interpretationists, one-half of whom are outraged because a conductor lets Isolde love a bit more passionately than tradition warrants, with the other half incensed because an interpretation lacks sufficient individual contour. The idiomists insist that each composer must be played in that composer's idiom, failing to allow for the variety of expression that is the very earmark of greatness in a composer. And so on. Each brings an *idée fixe*, with the result that the work is seldom heard as it

should be heard, namely, on its own merits. What, then, can result but multiple reaction, confused and distorted by all sorts of entangling alliances, many of which have little or nothing to do with the music itself? The composer, the composition, and the performance suffer in turn.

A simple remedy does not exist. But improvement will come when, through adequate training in music, there is first-hand acquaintance with the literature, non-professional practice of some instrument and of ensemble playing in any form; not the non-discriminative passive attitude of the radio fan, nor the effusive emotionalism of the club-read listener, but intelligent active participation, preferably under the guidance of competent teachers, at levels of advancement adapted to the capabilities of the individual.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

CONCERTO in D Major, Op. 35.

By P. I. Tschaiḱowsky. Violin & Orchestra
\$10. 4 12-in. records Victor Camden

The soloist is Mischa Elman, who did so much to popularize this concerto during his first years in the United States; the conductor is John Barbirolli, presiding over the London Symphony Orchestra. The music, not so impressive as it used to be, is still sure-fire stuff for the virtuoso even when, as seems to be the case in the present instance, much repetition has bred occasional carelessness. On the whole, a good performance, but not at all so good as Elman can make it.

"CAPRICCIO ITALIEN," Op. 45.

By P. I. Tschaiḱowsky. Orchestra
\$3. 2 12-in. records Brunswick New York

The fourth face of this release is given to the polonaise from Tschaiḱowsky's opera, "Eugene Oniegin." The rhythms lack crispness, and the middle section is blurred. The conductor and his men—

those of the State Opera, Berlin—fare better with the caprice. The composition, at best, is little more than a potpourri,—an Italian salad with Russian dressing; but Alois Melichar whips it into quite palatable fare.

“SIEGFRIED IDYLL.” *Orchestra*
 By Richard Wagner. *Brunswick*
 \$3. 2 12-in. records *New York*
 “SIEGFRIED IDYLL.” *Orchestra*
Ibid. *Victor*
 \$4. 2 12-in. records *Camden*

Here is a pretty experiment in subtleties: the famous Wagnerian birthday gift is played by the same symphonic organization—the orchestra of the State Opera, Berlin, under two conductors, Otto Klemperer (Brunswick) and Karl Muck (Victor). Each recording is something more than satisfactory, yet the Muck version rings, while that of Klemperer rarely leaves the literalness of the notes for excursions into the empyrean. . . . The Siegfried for whom it was written has lately joined his famous parents; the idyll has become a dirge. It was a happy conception and remains among the greatest of Wagner’s non-operatic compositions.

“DER BÜRGER ALS EDELMANN.” *Suite for Orchestra*
 By Richard Strauss. *Brunswick*
 \$7.50. Album of 5 12-in. records. *New York*

This recording of the suite drawn from Strauss’s incidental music to Molière’s “Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme” is fuller than the album recently issued by Columbia; it contains the usually omitted Scene of Cléonte. Moreover, Strauss himself conducts the ubiquitous State Opera Orchestra of Berlin, so that, even when the touch lacks the spirit of the Columbia version under Walter Straram, it is at least authentic. . . . The music bears re-hearing, and it is not easy to understand why the Cléonte episode should so frequently be left unrepresented. Strauss now and then—and not here alone—is commonplace, obvious, thin; yet the turn of a phrase, a modulation, still one’s objections, or, at least, coax reconciliation out of opposition.

FAVORITE MELODIES OF VICTOR HERBERT. *Volume II.*

Solos, Orchestra & Chorus
Victor

\$6.50. Album of 5 12-in. records *Camden*

The selections embrace the operettas “Eileen,” “The Only Girl,” “Princess Pat,” “The Rose of Algeria” and “Babette.” “Natoma,” Herbert’s attempt at grand opera, is represented by two orchestral excerpts. Other instrumental numbers (“Pan Americana,” “Fleurette,” “Under the Elms”) complete a good and varied offering. Nat Shilkret, a skilled hand at such matters, directs a fine band and an equally fine group of singers. The whole makes for a very melodious and entertaining album; it is a pity that Herbert is not served as well when his robust music is revived on the stage.

CAPRICCIO. *Piano & Orchestra*
 By Igor Stravinsky. *Columbia*
 \$4.50. Album of 3 12-in. records *New York*

Let us venture the heresy that the versatile Igor does not make the best interpreter of his own compositions. His conducting of “Le Sacre du Printemps” actually softens the savage rhythms for which it is famous; in this recent mélange of styles labelled a caprice he plays the piano solo and again succeeds in refining away its rhythmic nature. The Capriccio, for that matter, hardly belongs with Stravinsky’s salient pieces. It is mildly amusing, but that is about all. . . . Nor does the playing of the Orchestre des Concerts Straram, under Ernest Ansermet, serve the occasion any better than the composer himself. With vivid memories of the caprice as recently performed by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it is easy to believe that they do not always order those things better in France. . . . Finally, the recording is poor.

“PATIENCE.” *Comic Opera*
 By W. S. Gilbert & Arthur Sullivan

His Master’s Voice
 \$20. Album of 10 12-in. records *London*

This is the jubilee year of “Patience.” It has outlasted by decades the æsthetic foibles upon which it was a keen-edged com-

mentary. Gilbert, wisely hitting upon the permanent characteristics underneath the contemporary "ism," provided a text that can almost stand upon its own feet, without the aid of music. Sullivan has preserved the Gilbertian ditties in some of his most melodious—even if not most original—tunes. . . . Of the performance under the direction of Rupert D'Oyly Carte, with Messrs. Sargent and Byng in charge of the orchestra, there is but to repeat what we have become habituated to saying of its immediate predecessors in this delightful series that was the Savoy. It is jolly, rollicking, lilting pleasure, in which rare matter of the musical stage is recorded with unusual felicity, in a gramophonic series that stands apart from anything else that the companies have attempted in English or in any other language.

SHEET MUSIC

TWO PIECES. *Piano*
By Henry Cowell. *Universal Edition*
\$1.65. 10 1/8 x 14 1/4; 17 pp. *Moscow*

Mr. Cowell, author of the too-little appreciated monograph, "New Musical Resources," is the first American to have been favored by the press of the Russian State Edition. The two pieces are "Lilt of the Reel" and "Tiger." An explanation in three languages (Russian, English and German) introduces the player to Cowell's tone clusters,—a method of striking (or rather, skilfully pressing) the keys of the piano in diatonic or chromatic groups, with the relaxed forearm. These effects—and they should hardly be judged without hearing them produced by a competent performer—require a new notation, which the composer provides. Curiously enough, the tone clusters are not inevitably cacophonous. They add to the expressiveness of the piano a tonal volume that may be made to sound portentous; nor are they incompatible with light execution, as is shown by the "Lilt of the Reel."

TOCCATAS. *Piano*
By J. S. Bach (Edited by Edwin Hughes)
G. Schirmer
\$1.50. 9 x 12; 85 pp. *New York*

Toccatas in D-minor, G-major, D-major, E-minor, G-minor, C-minor and F-sharp

minor, respectively, preceded by a discussion of the name, of the form, of the original manuscripts (none of them was published during the lifetime of the composer), adding authenticity to the collection. This is, indeed, the first complete American edition of the toccatas. They were evidently, Mr. Hughes asserts, written for the harpsichord, a less expressive instrument than the clavichord, but making up for this deficiency in a greater tonal range. After a few general hints on pedalling, the editor takes up each toccata in detail.

SOFT BOILED BALLADS.

Voice & Piano
Words & Music by H. W. Hanemann.
Harms
75 cents. 9 1/4 x 12 1/4; 19 pp. *New York*

The collection consists of ten parodies on the type of American popular song that flourished just before and immediately after such 3/4 effusions as Chas. K. Harris's "After the Ball." While ragtime at once got busy evolving into jazz, the sob ballad settled down to an immortality of inanity. Essentially, it is as hollow and stupid today as ever it was. Mr. Hanemann's verses and tunes would seem funnier if the thing that they seek to parody had not been so funny—unintentionally—in the first place. Nothing he descends to is as grotesque as, for example, these lines from a song by the recently deceased Harris:

Somewhere a soul is drifting

Farther and farther apart.

And not even his music is worse than what our fathers and mothers used to sing in the Gay Nineties. Mr. Hanemann, in brief, has parodied a parody.

BOOKS

MUSIC COME TO EARTH.

By Adolf Weissmann.
E. P. Dutton & Company
\$1.90. 5 1/4 x 7 1/2; 148 pp. *New York*

This is the last book by the late German critic, and was published originally in 1926, as "Die Entgötterung der Musik." The very capable translation is by Eric Blom, from the second edition (posthumous) of 1930. Weissmann's pithy monograph is replete with provocative, debatable

pronouncements, on opera, jazz, the machine age, the pounding rhythms of contemporary art, the vanishing of the divine spirit from modern music. He makes no pretense to impassivity; he has his thesis and drives it home from numerous angles. The machine, democracy, psychoanalysis and jazz are his arch-enemies,—the devils that drag his divinity from the skies. And yet, toward the end of his glorious diatribe, he all but gives in to the foe by admitting that the machine may liberate as well as enslave. This inconsistency, if it be such, makes his work the more human. It should receive the wide attention that it merits.

LETTERS OF HANS VON BÜLOW.

Edited by Richard Count Du Moulin Eckart.

Alfred A. Knopf

\$7.50. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$; 434 pp. *New York*

Here, in a translation from the German by Hannah Waller (edited by Scott Goddard) is the very model of what such a volume should be. The count's introduction—he will be remembered as the author of "Cosima Wagner"—at once surrounds the letters with an aura of excitement; the story of how they were rescued from oblivion by the aid of D'Annunzio is a fascinating international episode. The letters comprise selections from correspondence with Wagner, Cosima Wagner, Karl Klindworth, Carl Bechstein, von Bülow's daughter Daniela, and Luise von Bülow. Through the collection beats the personality of the pianist and conductor, self-sacrificing, even self-humiliating, solicitous, overworked, nervous, ill, jocular, devoted to the life-work of the Master with almost superhuman loyalty. Surely the letter which von Bülow wrote to Cosima from Munich on June 17, 1869, absolving her from all blame in the transfer of her allegiance from him to Wagner, and even applauding her motives and her actions, must take its place among the most amazing documents of modern times. The letters are valuable as musical history, as psychology, as autobiography. Indeed, they whet one's appetite for a full life of the writer. For Wagnerians they are indispensable; as sheer human outpourings they exercise an irresistible attraction. The book is indexed.

A HISTORY OF MUSIC IN PICTURES.

Edited by George Kinsky & Others.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$8. $9\frac{3}{4} \times 12\frac{3}{4}$; 363 pp. *New York*

This is a happy idea, felicitously achieved,—an iconography of musical evolution, illustrating through a careful choice of material the tale of the art from 3000 B.C. to Igor Stravinsky: instruments, manuscripts, events, personalities, places,—whatever associates itself with the theory and practise of music. The book thus becomes, in fact, a pictorial supplement to one's musical library. The pictures (aside from short introductory notes by Messrs. Kinsky and Eric Blom) are allowed to speak for themselves. So much book illustration is perfunctory that it is surprising to come upon a book that is all illustration, in which all suggestion of perfunctoriness disappears. There are three indexes: for instruments, for places, and for names. Herr Kinsky's pictorial atlas supplies admirably a want that every library must have felt, and will doubtless add to the pleasure and instructiveness of any musical collection. Not only this; it stands out independently as a most meritorious contribution.

THE ART OF VIOLIN PLAYING.

Book II.

By Carl Flesch.

Carl Fischer

\$8. 9×12 ; 237 pp. *New York*

This is not to be confused with the ordinary violin method. The major portion of the book, indeed, is not musical illustration but solid text, in which Herr Flesch, by virtue of a simple, colloquial style, produces the illusion of personal presence. He is at the student's shoulder, pointing out significant detail, referring to the notable violinists of yesterday and today, and always enlivening his instruction with memories out of a rich and far-traveled career. In fact, apart from its character as teaching, the book stands out for its eminent readableness,—for its interest, strangely enough, as narrative, memoir and commentary. The author touches on stage-fright, on violin literature, on every conceivable related subject. As a result, he has produced a very helpful volume.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Curse of Prejudice

CHRISTIANS ONLY, by Heywood Broun & George Britt. \$2.50. 8 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 5 $\frac{3}{8}$; 333 PP. New York: *The Vanguard Press*.

WHAT part Mr. Britt had in the confection of this book I can't make out. He appears on the title page as the collaborator of the Hon. Mr. Broun, but throughout the text the latter speaks in the first person, and much of the matter presented is derived from his personal experiences. Can it be that, in his old age, Broun is turning illiterate, and so, like Henry Ford, needs a ghost-writer? If so, the phenomenon ought to get some public notice. But whatever the fact, the book itself is a very interesting work, and presents a mass of material that is not otherwise accessible. Broun shows that even in New York, with its immense Jewish population, the old prejudice against Jews is still more or less alive, and that sometimes it takes very humiliating and damaging forms. It is measurably harder for a Jew to get a job than it is for a Christian, and harder to get an education. He is constantly challenged on the ground of his faith and race, even when he has renounced the one and well nigh forgotten the other. No trade or profession, not even that of an Episcopalian clergyman, bars him completely, but in almost every one, including such apparent Jewish specialties as medicine and dealing in stocks, he faces what amounts to a quota. Most New Yorkers, I take it, commonly think of Columbia University as predominantly Jewish; indeed, there is a familiar joke to the effect that all of its professors

have to know Yiddish. But even at Columbia an effort is made to keep down the ratio of Jewish students, and the means by which that end is effected are sometimes unfair, disingenuous and insulting.

Mr. Broun has gone to great pains in assembling his facts, and they make a very impressive record. Despite his recent venture into politics, he is a man naturally tolerant, just and decent, and so they annoy him excessively. But it seems to me that he comes to little when he attempts to account for them. All he has to suggest is that Christians dislike Jews for three principal reasons: (a) because the Christian mythology, as it is commonly taught in Sunday-schools, makes the Jews its inevitable villains, (b) because Christians are subtly irritated by the "rigors and complications" of the orthodox Jewish ritual, and (c) because the Jews, being the most numerous race now in process of assimilation in America, get the brunt of the ancient and apparently ineradicable American hostility to foreigners. There is something in each of these elements, but, to my way of thinking, they are not sufficient to account for the whole picture. There are probably other elements of equal importance, and one of them may be defined roughly as the tendency of Jews to remember that they are Jews at moments when the fact is really irrelevant. In other words, the sense of their separateness is kept alive, not only by Christian prejudice and suspicion, but also by their own excessive self-consciousness. They tend to stick together a shade too closely for it to be reassuring to the more skittish varieties of *Goyim*, espe-

cially on occasions when that sticking together is without logical motive or purpose.

This, of course, does not account for the fundamental prejudice that they encounter: it merely accounts for the recurring exacerbations of it. That fundamental prejudice, it seems to me, is so natural that it scarcely needs any accounting for at all. It is, indeed, one of the primary facts of human nature, like the sex urge or fear of the dark. Its effects, only too often, are highly discreditable to the race, but its origins are deep in normalcy. All groups of people, whether they stand on high planes or on low, have an incurable aversion to all other groups. It may be diminished by familiarity or concealed by policy, but it is never eliminated altogether. No man, however diligently he tries to rationalize his ideas and his conduct, is ever quite as comfortable in the presence of strangers as he is in the society of his own kind. Too many minute differences play upon him; he can never rid himself altogether of the unpleasant feeling that he is somehow exposed and insecure. I believe that this feeling, disregarding all logical reasons, is enough to explain the primary hostility to Jews in Christendom. They retain their differentiation better than any other intruding white race, and are thus chronic strangers. What is too often forgotten is that the thing cuts both ways—that Jews are frequently just as uneasy in the presence of Christians as Christians are in the presence of Jews. The same sense of strangeness is felt on both sides, and with it goes the same subtle and often unconscious hostility.

In the United States, where the Jews, on the whole, are safer than anywhere else, and hence under extraordinary pressure to surmount and outgrow this feeling, it nevertheless survives. Only too often, in-

deed, it is encouraged by their very security, for that security inspires the more truculent and foolish among them to seize upon every fancied slight, and to convert it into a deliberate insult. In nearly every considerable town in the country there are professional Jews who specialize in this imprudent business, and nearly every city editor of an American newspaper knows what nuisances they can be. They come in flanked by rabbis and advertisers, and make extravagant and inconvenient demands, thus leaving behind them an active anti-Semitism where there was none before. In some places they go to the length of exacting that the word *Jew* be abandoned in news writing and *Hebrew* substituted for it, apparently on the theory that the latter, in some mysterious way, is more elegant than the former. The Irish Catholics, led by ecclesiastics of the steam-shovel variety, sometimes give the same sort of show, but on the whole the Jews are at it more often.

Some time ago, in a somewhat amusing manner, I myself became the target of this bellicose touchiness about Israel's honor. In the course of a discussion of religion I attempted an estimate of the Jewish contribution to Christianity, and after paying a tribute to the noble and unparalleled achievement of the Jews as poets adverted casually to the fact that, like any other great people, they have their compensatory lacks and defects. The passage was mild in tone and filled only a few lines, but at once certain professional Jews on the East Side began whooping about it in the Yiddish papers, and presently I was being denounced uproariously as a *Judenhetzer*. The transparent absurdity of the charge did not stay these heroes: the chance to butcher a *Goy* was more than they could resist. In consequence the passage was widely reprinted, always without its con-

text—Mr. Broun so reprints it, in fact, in his book—and I daresay it gave a great deal of comfort, first and last, to actual anti-Semites. The net result of the whole preposterous episode was that an imaginary slander became a real one, and multitudes of people gathered the notion that the Jews had been up to something discreditable, and were being belabored for it.

Such shindigs give pain to decent Jews and do them damage, but I am not sure that anything can be done about it. Among professionals of the kind I have just mentioned there is a palpable dislike of all the doctrines and ways of thought that go under the name of Americanism, and they commonly show it, as everyone knows, by adhering to various kinds of political radicalism. I can sympathize with such dislikes, for I share this one, though it does not inspire me to radicalism. They are probably almost instinctive: one may keep them within bounds by the exercise of reason, but it is quite impossible to get rid of them altogether. Personally, I hate to have to think of any man as of a definite race, creed or color; so few men are really worth knowing that it seems a shameful waste to let an anthropoid prejudice stand in the way of free association with one who is. But I confess frankly that when a given man begins to speak English to me with a strange accent, or to demand holidays on days when I work, or to refuse to eat such food as I eat—I confess that such acts make me feel vaguely uneasy in his presence. This natural and inescapable uneasiness is probably sufficient to account for most of the prejudice which Mr. Broun denounces. It may lie beneath layers of special ignorance and acquired malignancy, but there it is all the time. The only way to get rid of it is to remove the differences that engender it. That is being done in the case of the Jews in the United States, but the

process will not be finished, I hope, for a long while.

With certain other peoples, indeed, it can never be finished. I point, for example, to the American Negroes. Their leaders struggle bravely to get them their common rights, and with no little success. Even in such savage States as Mississippi a colored man is now measurably safer among the Baptist crackers than he used to be. In the North he begins to win his way toward social as well as legal equality, especially if he happens to be superior as an individual. Perhaps in the long run intelligent and educated Negroes will be as well off in all the more civilized parts of the country as they are now, say, in Cuba or France. But I think they will be sadly misled if they look for a *complete* disappearance of their present disabilities. No matter how far they move from slavery, their skins will still proclaim them to be different, and that difference will be sufficient to make all whites, high or low, a shade uncomfortable in their presence. They will find certain white doors closed to them to the end of time, just as certain black doors will be closed to whites.

Some of the shrewder among the younger Negroes have taken in this fact, and proceeded to make the best of it. They argue that the intelligent thing for Negroes to do is not to try to edge nearer and nearer to the whites, but to admit and glory in their Negroism. This seems to me to be a sound position. It will probably bring them far nearer to equal rights and dignities, in the long run, than the effort of other leaders to obtain for them the complete equality that they can never really get. Beside, it is more self-respecting than the other scheme, for it involves neither charity nor patronage. Perhaps, as a member of a race lately in far worse odor among 100% Americans than either Jews or Negroes, I

can testify on this point. The Germans who held their ground calmly and correctly during the Wilson crusade, making no effort to conceal either their race or their feelings, are generally respected today, and even suffer from a certain excess of friendly attention. But those who put on false faces and began waving the flag—happily, I believe, a minority—are now held in contempt by both Anglo-Saxon Americans and their own people. Some of them got what seemed at the time to be valuable rewards for their desertion, but I know of none who is quite easy in mind today. They all know in their hearts that they were cowards and mountebanks, and they also know that everyone else knows it.

My preference among such minority peoples is for those who face the music without protesting too much. What confronts them is less mere ignorance and malignancy than a sempiternal law of human nature. It seems to me that if I were a Jew I'd far rather miss going to this or that university, however swell, than deny or conceal my race. Moreover, if the thing really inconvenienced me I'd be disposed to blame, not the university trustees, but old Jahveh Himself, the immemorial swindler of my people. My own differentiation from the American mass is somewhat less than that of the Jews, but it is still sufficient to keep me on the fire. No week ever goes by that a letter or clipping does not come in damning me as a Hun, urging me to go back to the Kaiser's chain-gang, and deriding my surname. Nevertheless, that surname remains satisfactory to me, and I have surely never made any effort to hide it under a bushel. So far as I can make out, I am barred from quite as many clubs and other organizations as Samuel Untermyer or Julius Rosenwald. But what of it? It seems to me to be not only inevitable that this should be so, but also, in a very real

sense, proper. I like to see people stick to their own. The dogma of the melting-pot has never quite convinced me: it is preached by too many palpable frauds. My belief is that it would be a calamity to the Jews, as to any other self-respecting and clearly differentiated race, to be amalgamated with the mass of Anglo-Saxon Americans. Their tenacious differentness is a valuable thing to American civilization, and on their own side it keeps the more resolute and manly qualities alive among them, and so promotes their happiness. I think that being deprived of a Yale A.B. or blackballed in some trumpery club is a small price to pay for sharing in an ancient and glorious heritage, beating the poor Anglo-Saxon at all his various games, and dining upon such magnificent virtuals as those the Jews who invite me to their tables commonly eat.

Superiority in the Young

GENETIC STUDIES OF GENIUS. Vol. III. *The Promise of Youth*, by Barbara S. Burks, Dortha W. Jensen, Lewis M. Terman & others. Stanford University, Calif.: *The Stanford University Press*.

BACK in 1921 and 1922 Dr. Terman and his associates in the department of psychology at Leland Stanford undertook a study of 1000 gifted children in the schools of California. Their inquiry covered all the colors and races met with in that region, and its findings were published in a stout volume in 1925. Ever since then they have been under more or less brisk fire, chiefly from persons, pedagogical and otherwise, who hold that mental tests for children are vain and foolish things, and that the very boys and girls who pass them with the highest ratings are apt to become policemen, Kiwanians, truck-drivers and movie actors, or female admirers thereof, in later life. But all the while Dr. Terman was laboriously following up his subjects, and now he pre-

sents the results of his reëxamination of more than half of them after nearly ten years. His report shows, in brief, that the superiority revealed by the mental tests is very real, that it tends to persist into later life, and that it is almost always marked by superior achievement. His thousand children stood clearly above the mass when he first investigated them, and those who survive and can be located stand clearly above the mass today.

Along with this main conclusion he arrives at several others, some of them flatly at odds with what is commonly believed. Most American parents, when they hatch a child who shows a taste for study, begin to grow uneasy, for they have been taught that such children often turn out to be sickly, and that almost always they are duffers at the sports by which infantile character is judged among us. But Dr. Terman finds that the exact contrary is the case. Not only are superior children not the weaklings of tradition; they are, "as a group, slightly superior to the generality of children in health and physique, and tend to remain so." And not only are they not duffers in the necking parlor and on the playing-field; in "social interests and play activities" they are "either normal or superior."

These conclusions are interesting and important, for they prove that the prevailing American distrust of intelligence is without ground. Bright children really make good citizens, even by American standards. I only hope that the news gets 'round, for it will allay a great deal of fear and foreboding at the domestic hearth. As things stand, a boy of unusual capacities is not only tortured abominably in school, but also viewed with distrust at home. In the class-room he is forced to adapt his progress to that of the morons who hedge him in, and to the professional incompe-

tence and private imbecility of the ma'm who presumes to instruct him, and at home he suffers from his parents' dread that he may turn out a diabetic, a clergyman, or a Bolshevik.

Whenever such a boy takes cold the usual family dose of castor oil, licorice powder, Glauber's salts and aspirin is not enough; the neighboring Hippocrates must be called in to make him really sick. But, as Dr. Terman shows, he is actually tougher than the average, and so he recovers despite the treatment, and lives to take a high, and what is more important, a decent place in society. Far from being puny, he is sturdy enough to digest bootleg gin. And far from being anti-social, he is a natural leader, and may conceivably reach the most exalted chairs in Freemasonry, Rotary or the Elks.

Dr. Terman believes that superiority in children is a natural function of superiority in parents, which is so sensible that many psychologists deny it violently. He showed in his first volume that the superior child tends to have far more distinguished relatives than the average child. Even when his actual parents are obvious dubs, it almost always turns out that he has an uncle or a cousin who has risen above the common level. Moreover, his brothers and sisters are usually superior also, even though they may not come up to his own mark. . . . All this, and much more, Dr. Terman and his collaborators set forth at length in "The Promise of Youth," a book full of ghastly tables of statistics, graphs and other such horrors, but still a book of absorbing interest. One sad thing, alas, is in it. The investigation disposes of the common notion that gifted boys are sissies, but it proves beyond the shadow of cavil—ah, woe!—that "gifted girls deviate significantly from the norm of their sex in the direction of greater masculinity."

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

GRACE ADAMS, PH.D. (Cornell), *was formerly instructor in psychology at Goucher. She has just completed a historical-critical survey of American psychology.*

JACK CONROY *was born in Moberly, Mo., in 1899, and has worked as a railroad hand, surveyor's assistant, auto worker, carpenter, ditch digger, farm hand, and newspaper man. He is secretary of the Rebel Poets, "the Internationale of Song," and editor, in collaboration with Ralph Cheyney, of "Unrest," the annual anthology of rebel verse. He has just completed a biography of Mark Twain.*

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES *is the author of more than a dozen books of criticism. He is an old newspaper man.*

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

WILLIAM FAULKNER's *latest novel is "Sanctuary." His other novels include "As I Lay Dying" and "The Sound and the Fury." He lives in Oxford, Miss.*

HARVEY FERGUSSON *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

MAURTIZ A. HALLGREN *was born in Chicago and educated at the university there. He entered journalism as a reporter for the*

Chicago Daily News, and has since served various other papers and the Associated Press. He was for some time a correspondent in Washington, and later was transferred to Berlin. He is now associate editor of the Nation.

JOHN HUSTON *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

BENJAMIN KARPMAN, M.D., *is psychotherapist at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C. He specializes in the treatment of criminals and neurotics.*

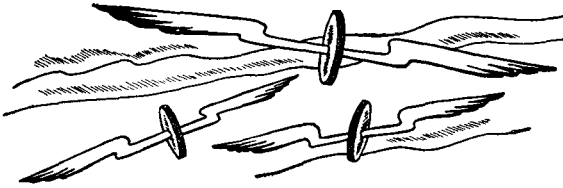
LLOYD LEWIS *is on the staff of the Chicago Daily News. He is the author of "Myths After Lincoln" and co-author, with Henry Justin Smith, of "Chicago: the History of Its Reputation." He is now finishing a biography of General W. T. Sherman.*

GEORGE MILBURN'S *"Oklahoma Town" was published recently. He is also editor of "The Hobo's Hornbook."*

OTTO ORTMANN *is director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore. His most recent book is "The Physiological Mechanics of Piano Technique."*

JAMES A. TOBEY *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

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EDITORIAL NOTES

HARVEY FERGUSON, author of a half dozen novels, whose latest book, "Rio Grande," begins as a serial in this issue, supplies the following autobiographical notes:

Eighteen-ninety is always named in the history texts as the year when the frontier period in the West came to an end, and it is somewhat less widely known as the time of my birth. During my tender and impressionable years my native town of Albuquerque was filled with the echoes and vestiges of the westward movement. My grandfather had been a



Harvey Ferguson

freighter over the old Santa Fé trail, beginning about 1850, and his house and the office of his flour mill were filled with relics of the wagon trade. There were moth-eaten buffalo hides, powder horns and archaic firearms, some of which I fell heir to. An enormous freight wagon with wheels six feet in diameter slowly decayed in the back yard, and there was also a bicycle with wooden wheels and iron tires.

New Town in Albuquerque had then still the appearance of a frontier town, with Joe Barnett's famous White Elephant doing a capacity business both as a saloon and as a gambling joint. Down in Third street the cribs were open, and on Saturday night a man could still ease his inhibitions in all the traditional pioneering styles, barring only second degree murder, which had recently become a crime. Old Town then was still a solid chunk of adobe and Mexicans—a small and dwindling fragment of mediæval Spanish-America, where the natives still carried an image of the

Virgin Mary through the streets and fields to bring on rain, and witchcraft was still in good standing. Pat's Place and the Sunnyside Saloon were in Old Town too, and since they were outside the corporate limits they kept the more picturesque phases of pioneer vice alive long after the W. C. T. U. had become a power in New Town. Wide-hatted men with silver spurs on their boots there danced with the original bobbed-hair and lipstick girls and once in a while there would even be an old-fashioned neighborly gun fight.

Indians were always wandering desolately through the streets, and I remember seeing a Pueblo buck string a bow and

Continued on page xx



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Editorial NOTES *Continued from page xix*

shoot at a bird on a telegraph wire. Every Fall we had a territorial fair which was a sort of pioneer circus. Navajos as well as Pueblos poured into town and put on war dances, and the best roping and bronco-busting talent was to be seen. Clay McGarnigal roped and hog-tied a steer in record time. There was always a troop of cavalry from Fort Wingate. Soldiers and cowboys, Indians and Mexicans overran the streets. Every day when the performance was over an army of horsemen would go charging down Railroad avenue in a cloud of dust as thick as a San Francisco fog.

I remember myself as a small, skinny, pop-eyed spectator of all these doings. I must have seen something of all the types and actions of pioneer society, and doubtless those early impressions, many of them long lost to conscious memory, are what furnish my imagination now.

The second instalment of "Rio Grande" will be printed next month. It is entitled "The Seven Golden Cities of Cibola", and deals with the rise and fall of a legend which was chiefly responsible for the Spanish invasion, conquest and colonization of the Rio Grande country.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN, author of "Do the Rich Give to Charity?" in this issue, is the author of three books on sociology. His previous articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY have been the following: "Is American Capital Intelligent?", January, 1929; "The Insurance Racket," September, 1930; and "Faith Cures For Unemployment," January, 1931.



Abraham Epstein

Continued on page xxii

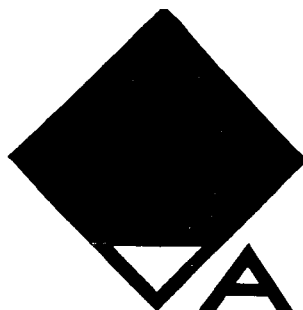
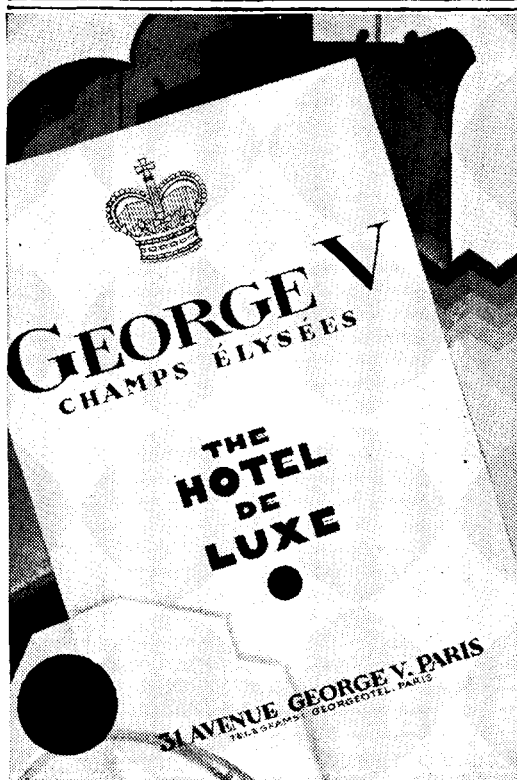
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EDITORIAL NOTES

Continued from page xx

Mr. Epstein is a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh, and did post-graduate work there and at Columbia. In 1918 he was made director of research for the Pennsylvania Commission on Old Age Pensions, which post he held for seven years. In 1920 he organized the Workers' Education Bureau of America, and was its first secretary-treasurer. He then spent a year abroad, mainly in Germany and Russia, and upon his return wrote about the U. S. S. R. In 1927 he organized, and has since been the executive secretary of, the American Association for Old Age Security. His numerous writings include the following books: "Facing Old Age," "Challenge of the Aged," and "The Problem of Old Age Pensions in Industry."

DR. JAMES A. TOBEY, author of "White Bread versus Brown" in this issue, has been professionally engaged in public health work for the past fifteen years. He was born in Quincy, Mass., in 1894, and was graduated from the Roxbury Latin School in Boston. He received the degree of S.B. in biology and public health from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1916, and returned eleven years later to get the first doctorate in public

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Blank-Stoller

Dr. James A. Tobey

health given by the same institution. In the meantime he served as health officer in Summit and West Orange, N. J., and with the United States Public Health Service at Chillicothe, Ohio. In the World War he was an officer of the Sanitary Corps of the Army. Afterward he served with the American Red Cross in its health work, and then became secretary of the National Health Council. In 1925 he made a survey of the health activities of the Federal government at the suggestion of President Coolidge, who proceeded to veto the legislation which resulted from this investigation. The same measure was signed by President Hoover in 1929. Since 1926, Dr. Tobey has been director of health service for the Borden Company of New York.

He was associate editor of the *American Journal of Public Health* for nine years and public health editor of the *American City* for two years. He is the author of a number of books, of which "The Most Nearly Perfect Food" and "Riders of the Plagues" are the most recent. At present he is working on a book on cancer, to be published in the Fall. He is a fellow of the American Public Health Association and an associate fellow of the American Medical Association. He lives at Rye, N. Y., is married, and has two children.

JOHN HUSTON, author of "Figures of Fighting Men" in this issue, sends in the following autobiographical notes:

I was born in Nevada, Mo., in 1906. When I was still in arms my parents took me to Weatherford, Texas, a town, I am told, that my grandfather came by in a poker

Continued on page xxiv

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxii

game. We lived there for two years. The next station I remember is St. Louis—and from then on life was a series of Middle Western dépôts, with now and then a longer train ride to the Coast, New York and Mexico.

My father is Walter Huston, the actor. My mother is a newspaper woman. What education I had was very scattered. I went to parochial, military, and public schools, and also had tutors. In my second year of high-school I called a halt to learning, and spent my time drawing pictures and boxing. I married when I was twenty. Then I started writing stories. Things stand just at that. "Frankie and Johnny," my first book, was published last year.

My life in New York is very sporty—a continual round of the fight clubs. My taste in writers runs from Lardner to Thomas Mann and includes Joyce. Right now I am at work on two books, one a novel, the other to be called "The Gambler's Rose," and to be made up of stories of artists, composers, etc., whose names have been forgotten, or were never known—mainly fly-by-nights, who had much to do with the culture of this country and who now rest in shallow graves.



John Huston

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for June will be the following:

"The Seven Golden Cities of Cibola," by *Harvey Fergusson*.

"transition: An Epilogue," by *Eugene Jolas*.

"Girls Gone Wrong," by *Eleanor R. Wembridge*.

"The Georgia Plan," by *Carter Brooke Jones*.

"Stunts," by *Joel Sayre*.

"On Being Deaf," by *Warren M. Smaltz*.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xiv

Mr. Eastman is far more effective in prose than in verse, as even his two brief essays in the present volume, the one on the sonnet and on poetry in general, show.

THE SCIENCES

THE RECOVERY OF MYSELF.

By *Marian King*. The Yale University Press
\$2 8 x 5; 148 pp. New Haven

There is a somewhat formidable preface to this little volume by Dr. Adolf Meyer, the Johns Hopkins psychiatrist, but the value of the narrative itself remains anything but obvious. Miss King became a veronal addict, and was sent to a Washington asylum for treatment. It does not appear that she was ever insane, nor does it appear that her adventures in the institution were in any degree unusual. She simply describes how she was deprived of the drug, what measures were adopted to keep her occupied and contented, how her rebellions against confinement were met, and how she was finally discharged as cured, apparently on the ground that she had come to admit that veronal did her more harm than good. Her story is based on her diary. It may be of use to psychiatrists, but the average layman will probably find it only mildly interesting. His effort to read it will not be promoted by the fact that it is printed in a square type without serifs, effective in a brief advertisement but very burdensome in a whole book.

EASIER MOTHERHOOD.

By *Constance L. Todd*. The John Day Company
\$3 7½ x 5; 199 pp. New York

Mrs. Todd is convinced that the system of colonic anesthesia developed by Dr. James T. Gwathmey at the Lying-In Hospital in New York has reached such a stage that it is now safe and effective in obstetrical practise, and the aim of her book is to induce expectant mothers to demand that it be introduced elsewhere. Unfortunately, there are competent obstetricians who have less confidence in it than she has. But though the concrete procedure she advocates is thus open to question, there can be no two opinions about the need of reducing suffering in childbirth. Thousands of American women still go through agonies that are unnecessary. The fact is discreditable to American obstetrics, as is the parallel fact that the maternal rate of mortality in this country is higher than in any other civilized land. Perhaps such books as the present one, despite their defects, may help to bring in a reform. Mrs. Todd provides a bibliography, a glossary and an index.

Continued on page xxvi

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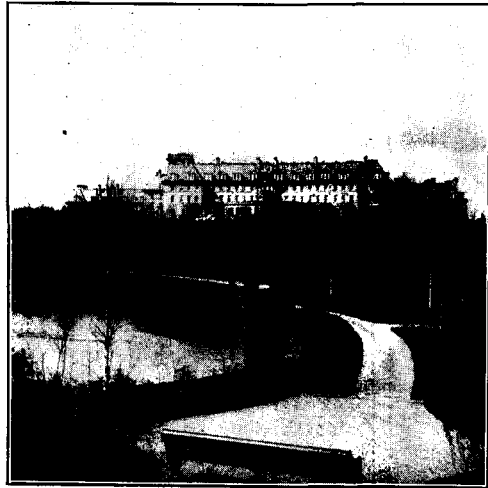
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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiv

TRAVEL

SILVER SEAS & GOLDEN CITIES.

By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Horace Liveright
\$3.50 8 1/4 x 5 1/2; 333 pp. New York

Mrs. Keyes here describes a journey which began with a visit to Spain and Portugal, included Venezuela, Brazil, the Argentine, Bolivia, Peru and Chili, and ended in Colombia. Her observations, in the main, are superficial. In describing Venezuela, for example, she treats the dictator, Gomez, with great consideration, and has nothing to say about his appalling butcheries. At the end she discusses the general subject of American relations, and points out the evil effect of high tariffs upon them. In Peru and Chile she seems to have encountered customs officials who were almost as brutal as our own. "My son waited ten hours in a freezing wind on an open wharf before he could persuade the authorities to release so much as a handbag when we first landed in Chile, [and] . . . we suffered every conceivable indignity at the police station where we were sent to secure *cedulas* of identification." At the end there is some useful information about the steamship lines running to South America, and about transport on the continent itself. The book is illustrated but has no index. Most of its contents first appeared in *Good Housekeeping*.

DJUKA: *The Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana.*

By Morton C. Kahn. The Viking Press
\$3.50 8 1/4 x 5 1/2; 233 pp. New York

The Dutch, who acquired Surinam from the English in 1674 in exchange for New York, began to bring in African slaves a few years afterward. But it was hard, in that wild country, to keep them in bondage, and by 1726 a large body of them had escaped to the jungles along the Saramacca river and organized a tribal government there. That government still exists. Theoretically, the blacks are now subjects of the Dutch Crown, but actually they are almost independent. Dr. Kahn, who is a medical man, went to Dutch Guiana in 1922 to study tropical diseases, and has since made five other visits. He has traversed the Djuka country and won the confidence of its people. Here he describes their government, religion, industries, arts and social customs in detail. He paid special attention to their wood-carving, which is very good, and brought back many specimens of it for the American Museum of Natural History. His book is pleasantly written and well illustrated, and has a good sketch-map and an index.

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RELIGION

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE GOOD LIFE.

By Charles Gore. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$3 8 1/4 x 5 1/2; 346 pp. New York

Dr. Gore, a celebrated English theologian, devotes the first half of the present book to a full historical and critical survey of the religions that flourished in the East before Christ, and then takes up Christianity, attempting to prove that it is superior to all of them and to all the idealisms and naturalisms that have been suggested as substitutes for it since the Eighteenth Century. "Within the compass of our possible knowledge," he says, "man remains the sole being who can be recognized as the conscious vice-gerent of God or responsible coöperator with a divine plan or purpose." Many concepts of the Divinity have been suggested, but that "presented to us in Christian monotheism, the idea of His personality, His unity, His absolute priority and self-completeness, and His creativity of all that is, is strictly more rational, or more acceptable to the enlightened reason than the various substitutes for it suggested by diverse schools of modern idealism." Ethically Christianity is supreme. "The spiritual nourishment offered by [it] has proved itself to be in the highest degree effective." It supplies mankind "with the grandest and strongest motives, the deepest and most efficient succours, for living the good life." There is an index.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE MODERN STATE.

By Charles C. Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Company
\$3 8 x 5 1/2; 419 pp. New York

The first edition of this book was published in April, 1928, and its exposition of the Catholic doctrine regarding the relations between church and state undoubtedly had some influence upon the national elections of the ensuing Autumn. Mr. Marshall, who is a lawyer in New York, is by no means a mere Pope-baiter. He has, in fact, a generally friendly attitude toward the Roman church, but he believes that its political theories and practises are inimical to the American system, and in support of that belief he brings forward an impressive body of evidence, nearly all of it from Catholic sources. The present (third) edition of his book contains three new chapters. One deals with outlawry and sedition, another with the encyclical on education issued by Pope Pius XI on December 21, 1929, and the third with the agreement between the Vatican and Mussolini. In a foreword the conflict between the church

Continued on page xxviii

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¶ For nearly a century the Spaniards followed the vision of these gorgeous cities, at the cost of thousands of lives. It is one of the most glamorous stories in American history, but the conventional historians have generally neglected it. Mr. Ferguson tells it with great skill and charm. He knows the Rio Grande country as few other men know it, and he makes its early heroes live again.

¶ The third article in the RIO GRANDE series, *The Feudal Lords of Spanish Days*, will be printed in July. The fourth, *The Rise and Fall of the Mountain Men*, will follow in August. There will be two more, making six in all.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxvi

and the British government in Malta is described. The book is calmly written and has survived Catholic attack. It deserves to be read by intelligent Catholics. The argument is heavily documented and there is a good index.

FICTION

ESKIMO.

By Peter Freuchen.

Horace Liveright

\$3 8 x 5½; 504 pp.

New York

Peter Freuchen went to Greenland with Knud Rasmussen, and lived there from 1910 to 1924. He was governor of Thule, on the northwest coast of Greenland, the farthest inhabited spot of the polar regions, and from there he made prolonged expeditions with Rasmussen into the remote lands of Northern Canada. He learned the Eskimo language, married an Eskimo woman, and lived among the people until her death. This novel—the story of Mala, a famous hunter, who goes down to the ships of the strange white men and is inevitably, tragically, undone—is a picture of Eskimo life to the smallest detail. Many of these details,—for example, the description of Mala's sons eating bird dung; Mala's frenzied murder of Taparte, husband of Aba; and his abduction of Aba, his second wife—are not for the squeamish. But they have the ring of authenticity and make absorbing reading. The book is translated by A. Paul Maerker-Branden and Elsa Branden.

TWO THIEVES.

By Manuel Komroff.

Coward-McCann

\$2.50 8 x 5½; 313 pp.

New York

The story of the two thieves who were crucified with Jesus: Barzor, an Arab, whose wife and child were killed during the reign of Herod, and who has sworn to overthrow the power that upheld him; and Rongus, a Jew, who hates the Romans as violently. They not only rob the tomb of Herod but concoct a conspiracy against Rome that barely misses being successful. A vivid tale.

OLD NEW ORLEANS.

By Frances Tinker & Edward Laroque Tinker.

D. Appleton & Company

\$5 7½ x 5; 4 vols.; 165+186+104+149 pp.

New York

"Widows Only", the first volume of this romantic chronicle of Old New Orleans, deals with plantation life in the 'sixties, just after the Civil War; "Strife," the second volume, describes the battleground that was New Orleans under carpetbag rule; the third, "Closed Shutters," relates the tragedy of the impover-

ished aristocrats of the 'eighties; the fourth, "Mardi Gras Masks," presents a comedy at carnival time in the New Orleans of the 'nineties. The stories in themselves are negligible; but they serve as the means for projecting a wealth of authentic historical detail.

GENTLEMEN ALL.

By William Fitzgerald, Jr.

Longmans, Green & Company

\$2 7¼ x 4¾; 314 pp.

New York

Colfax Pendleton, a young Virginian practising law with his cousin Bansil Armitage in Baltimore, settles his career once and for all when he returns to Virginia and marries Miss Ethel Taylor, a cold immaculate beauty, who holds him a slave to the Taylor plantation. His destruction is slow but insidious; at the end he is still struggling vainly, escaping to Baltimore for a last fling at the races and there drinking himself into insensibility. An unusually promising first novel.

READER, I MARRIED HIM.

By Anne Green.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$2.50 7½ x 5; 288 pp.

New York

Catharine Douglass, member of a family of impoverished Southerners in Paris, falls in love with Gilbert Hunton, an abnormally conceited young broker; loses him to Mary Mandeville, a rich heiress; woos him violently; wins him back just as she inherits a fortune from the fiancée of her worthless father; marries him, and is vastly relieved when his "surpassing love for her passes on to her innocent daughter Anne." An uneven piece of work.

WOMEN ARE NECESSARY.

By John Held, Jr.

The Vanguard Press

\$2 7½ x 5½; 234 pp.

New York

Edna Nichols, a poor orphan, becomes a prostitute after a career as telephone operator, waitress, and model for a phony artist. In the end, after a sailor cheats her, she inhales gas while "the radio continues with a slow dance tune." An undistinguished performance.

PICK UP.

By Eunice Chapin.

Brewer & Warren

\$2 7½ x 3¾; 312 pp.

New York

This story opens with Cherry Towne, a beautiful young stenographer, catching at the "handy brown tweed shoulder at her side" while her blue hat is lost in the traffic of Fifth avenue, and ends with her marrying the same pick-up—Niels Anderton, millionaire automobile manufacturer, after a series of adventures in the most modernistic New York manner. An uncommonly bad story.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

FROM THE 1931 SPRING LIST

THE GLASS KEY

BY DASHIELL HAMMETT

Author of The Maltese Falcon

Hard-boiled, exciting, fast-moving, this story of gangsters playing fast and loose in dirty city politics is characteristically Hammett—and that's enough for anyone who read *The Maltese Falcon*. These brutal, unscrupulous men and women are up Hammett's particular alley. He can record their conversations and breath-taking clashes in a rapid-fire style that caused such connoisseurs as Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott, Herbert Asbury, "F.P.A." and many others to agree with Ted Shane that "Hammett stands alone as ace-shocker." To be published April 24th, 5" x 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", 282pp., \$2.50

THE MAN WHO DIED

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

This short novel has previously only been available to the readers of D. H. Lawrence in an edition of 500 copies published by the Black Sun Press in Paris in 1929 under the title of *The Escaped Cock* at a price prohibitive to all but collectors. Though now for the first time in a trade edition, this novel was in its final form just as Lawrence wished it to be for some time before his death. To be published May 8th, 4 $\frac{5}{8}$ " x 7 $\frac{5}{8}$ " \$2.00

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BY L. A. G. STRONG

These stories by the author of *The Jealous Ghost* received an unusually fine press in England, moving *The New Statesman* to say: "A new writer of very uncommon quality. . . . *The English Captain* which gives its title to the book is a small masterpiece of emotional literary expression. . . . We predict a great future for Mr. Strong's work. . . . He has a sureness of touch which is as confident as it is delicate. . . . Possibly he will be the next great English novelist." To be published April 24th, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", 257pp. \$2.50



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Mary Hervey of *The Lovely Ship* and *The Voyage Home* faces her approaching end in London during the war, inflexible in her desire to pass on to her grandson the results of her years of effort. 459pp., \$3.00

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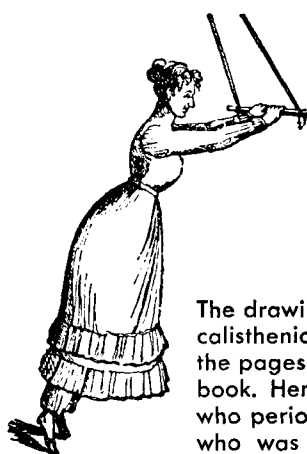
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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

AMERICANA DESERTA—Edited by Bernard De Voto



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The LIFE and ADVENTURES of JAMES P. BECKWOURTH BY T. D. BONNER

This biography of a mulatto who joined the famous Ashley brigade and lived to become a chief of the Crow nation is perhaps the goriest as well as the most interesting book ever written about the plains Indians. Beckwourth was a fur-trader, one of the first to open the trails to the Pacific, and he was also a magnificent liar. Introduction by Bernard De Voto. To be published May 22nd. 12 Illustrations. 5½" x 8¼", 464pp. \$4.00

TALL TALES of THE SOUTHWEST AN ANTHOLOGY OF SOUTHERN AND SOUTHWESTERN HUMOR. 1830-1860

Edited by FRANKLIN J. MEINE

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